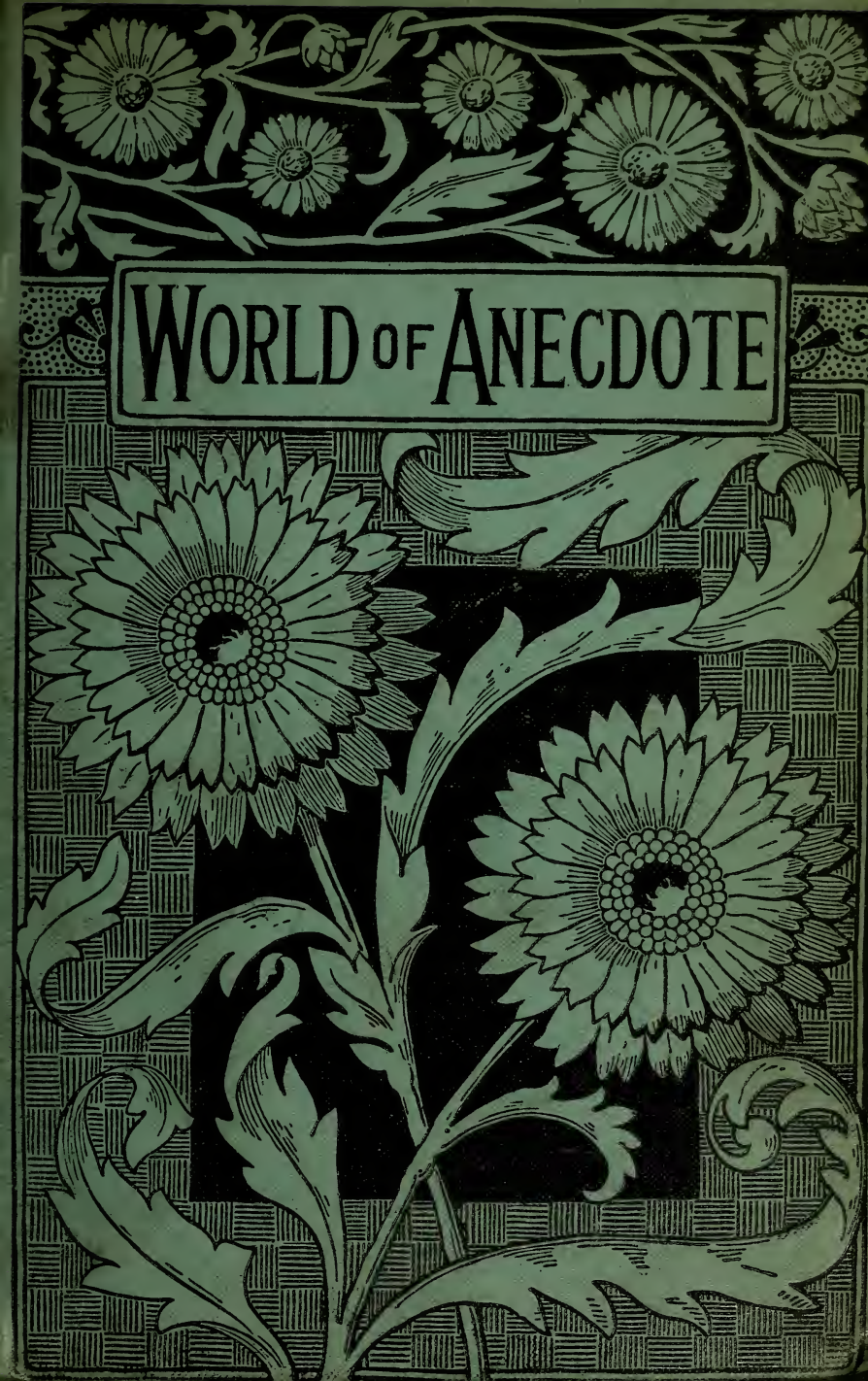
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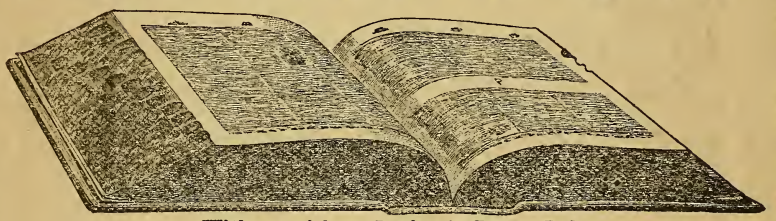

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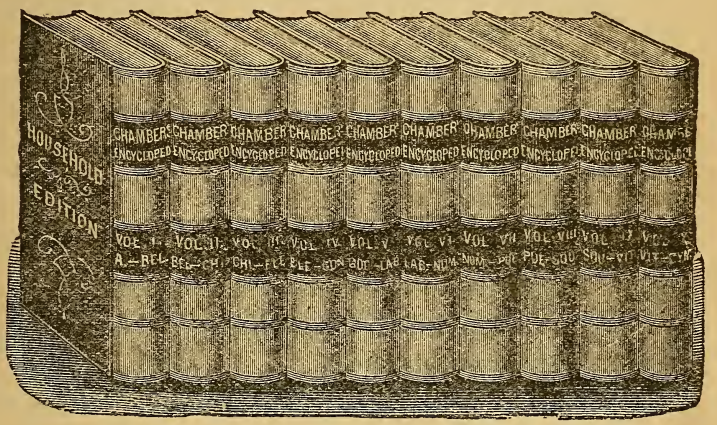

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Things Clerical, and some Pulpit Celebrities.

—o—

SINGULAR CONVERSION OF ANGELICA ARNAULD, ABBESS OF PORT ROYAL.

Scarcely had she attained the age of seventeen before God was pleased to effect her conversion. It was accomplished by means most unlikely. A Capuchin, wearied of a religious life, had emancipated himself from his superiors; his conduct had in many respects been reprehensible; he therefore determined to quit France, and to abjure the Catholic religion. It so happened that he passed through Port Royal on his way; this abbey is also the parish church. Being entirely ignorant of this man's misconduct, the abbess, from motives of civility, requested him to preach; the Capuchin, meanwhile, was as little acquainted with the characters of the nuns as they were with his. He imagined them to be eminently pious; he therefore preached a most alarming discourse; he expatiated largely on the misery and danger of sin, and on the power and blessings of true religion. He also dwelt forcibly on the dangers of the world; and portrayed, in the most lively manner, those peculiar advantages which are furnished by a monastic life. The young abbess was forcibly struck; from that hour she formed the resolution to devote herself wholly to God. And not only so; she resolved, by Divine grace, that as soon as she was converted herself she would strengthen her sisters, and reform every abuse in the monastery committed to her charge. At this period she was taken dangerously ill. During a confinement of several months her resolution strengthened, and her piety and experience deepened. Meditations, prayer, and reading the Scriptures divided her solitary hours. She came from her chamber a new person; her habits, her manners, her views were totally changed. Her mind was always powerful;

those powers were now exercised, not in the gratification of self, but in establishing a solid and beneficial reform.—*Mary Schimmelpenninck's Tour to Alêt,* vol. ii.

—o—

THE CURATE OF THE VILLAGE OF PITIEQUA.

A WOMAN directed us to a cottage somewhat superior in appearance to those contiguous. It had a small portico, which, if I remember well, was overgrown with vine. We knocked loud and long at the door, but received no answer; the voice of man was silent, and not even a dog barked. The truth was that the old curate was taking his siesta, and so were his whole family, which consisted of one ancient female and a cat. The good man was at last disturbed by our noise and vociferation, for we were hungry, and consequently impatient. Leaping from his couch he came running to the door in great hurry and confusion, and, perceiving us, he made many apologies for being asleep at a period when he said he ought to have been on the look-out for his invited guest. He embraced me very affectionately, and conducted me into his parlour, an apartment of tolerable size, hung round with shelves, which were crowded with books. At one end there was a kind of table or desk, covered with black leather, with a large easy chair, into which he pushed me, as I, with the true eagerness of a bibliomaniac, was about to inspect his shelves, saying with considerable vehemence that there was nothing there worthy of the attention of an Englishman, for that his whole stock consisted of breviaries and dry Catholic treatises on divinity. His care now was to furnish us with refreshments. In a twinkling, with the assistance of his old attendant, he placed on the table several plates of cakes and confectionery, and a number of large uncouth glass bottles, which I thought bore a strong resemblance to those of Schiedam, and indeed they were the very same. "There," said he, rubbing his hands, "I thank God that it is in my power to treat you in a way which will be agreeable to you. In those bottles there is Hollands thirty years old;" and producing two large tumblers, he continued, "fill, my friends, and drink—drink it every drop if you please, for it is of little use to myself,

who seldom drink aught but water. I know that you islanders love it; therefore, since it does you good, I am only sorry that there is no more." Observing that we contented ourselves with merely tasting it, he looked at us with astonishment, and inquired the reason of our not drinking. We told him that we seldom drank ardent spirits; and I added that as for myself I seldom tasted even wine, but like himself was content with the use of water. He appeared somewhat incredulous; but told us to do exactly what we pleased, and to ask for what was agreeable to us. We told him that we had not dined, and should be glad of some substantial refreshment. "I am afraid," said he, "that I have nothing in the house that will suit you; however, we will go and see." Thereupon he led us through a small yard at the back part of his house, which might have been called a garden or orchard if it had displayed either trees or flowers; but it produced nothing but grass, which was growing in luxuriance. At one end was a large pigeon-house, which we all entered, "for," said the curate, "if we could find some nice delicate pigeons, they would afford you an excellent dinner." We were however disappointed; for, after rummaging the nests, we only found very young ones, unfitted for our purpose. The good man became very melancholy, and said he had some misgivings that we should have to depart dinnerless. Leaving the pigeon-house he conducted us to a place where there were several skeps of bees, round which multitudes of the busy insects were hovering, filling the air with their music. "Next to my fellow-creatures," said he, "there is nothing which I love so dearly as these bees; it is one of my delights to sit watching them and listening to their murmur." We next went to several unfurnished rooms fronting the yard, in one of which were hanging several flitches of bacon, beneath which we stopped, and looking up gazed intently upon them. We told him that if he had nothing better to offer we should be very glad to eat some slices of his bacon, especially if some eggs were added. "To tell the truth," said he, "I have nothing better; and if you can content yourselves with such fare I shall be very happy; as for eggs, you can have as many as you wish, and perfectly fresh,

as my hens lay every day." So, after everything was prepared and arranged to our satisfaction, we sat down to dine on bacon and eggs, in a small room—not the one to which he had ushered us at first, but on the other side of the doorway. The good curate, though he ate nothing, having taken his meal long before, sat at the head of the table, and the repast was enlivened by his chat. "There, my friends," said he, "where you are now seated once sat Wellington and Crawford, after they had beat the French at Arapiles and rescued us from the thraldom of those wicked people. I never respected my house so much as I have done since they honoured it with their presence. They were heroes, and one was a demigod." He then burst into a most eloquent panegyric of El gran lord, as he termed him, which I should be very happy to translate were my pen capable of rendering into English the robust thundering sentences of his powerful Castilian. I had till then considered him a plain uninformed old man, almost simple, and as incapable of much emotion as a tortoise within its shell; but he had become at once inspired, his eyes were replete with a bright fire, and every muscle of his face was quivering. The little silk skull cap, which he wore according to the custom of the Catholic clergy, moved up and down with his agitation, and I soon saw that I was in the presence of one of those remarkable men who so frequently spring up in the bosom of the Romish church, and who to a childlike simplicity unite immense energy and power of mind—equally adapted to guide a scanty flock of ignorant rustics in some obscure village of Italy or Spain, as to convert millions of heathens on the shores of Japan, China, and Paraguay. He was a thin spare man, of about sixty-five, and was dressed in a black cloak of very coarse materials; nor were his other garments of superior quality. This plainness however in the appearance of his outward man was by no means the result of poverty; quite the contrary; the benefice was a very plentiful one, and placed at his disposal annually a sum at least of eight hundred dollars, of which the eighth part was more than sufficient to defray the expenses of his house and himself; the rest was devoted entirely to the purest acts of charity. He fed the hungry wanderer, and despatched

him singing on his way, with meat in his wallet and a peseta in his purse; and his parishioners, when in need of money, had only to repair to his study and were sure of an immediate supply. He was indeed the banker of the village, and what he lent he neither expected or wished to be returned. Though under the necessity of making frequent journeys to Salamanca, he kept no mule, but contented himself with an ass, borrowed from the neighbouring miller. "I once kept a mule," said he; "but some months since it was removed without my permission by a traveller whom I had housed for the night: for in that alcove I keep two clean beds for the use of the wayfaring, and I shall be very much pleased if yourself and friend will occupy them, and tarry with me till the morning."—*Borrow's Bible in Spain.*

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AN AMERICAN PREACHER.

It was evident that in his early life his study of Johnson had only been equalled by his admiration of him. His style had been moulded by that of the great lexicographer; and I suppose that the Johnsonian manner has never been carried to a higher pitch than by my friend. His sermons were most elaborately prepared, and delivered with the greatest fluency and unction. He poured forth his sonorous periods with the most weighty seriousness; yet I confess that I have not always been able to repress a smile when I have heard him utter a periphrase of this kind—"the small particle of aqueous fluid which trickles from the visual organ over the lineaments of the countenance, betokening grief." Riding into his yard once, in company with a friend, intending to breakfast with him, we were thus hospitably saluted: "Brethren, how are you? Alight, and allow me to conduct your quadruped through the orifice erected for ingress and egress into the stabulatory department, in order that he may obtain somewhat of the herbiferous and graminiferous, wherewith to sustain his strength; while ye yourselves shall tarry until ye have partaken of aliment furnished by the females in the domicile, and having attended to sanctimonious exercises go on your way rejoicing." The meal having been prepared, it was announced in this wise:

"Come, friends, bites are about to be distributed." The following is attributed to him, but with what correctness I cannot state; it is certainly characteristic of his merry moods. An old man, engaged in emitting dense volumes of tobacco smoke from an old pipe, until the atmosphere of the apartment became oppressive and sickening, was thus politely and humorously addressed:—"Venerable sir, the affumigation arising from the deleterious effluvia emanating from your tobaccoistic reservoir so overshadows the organistic power of our ocular, and so abflustrates our atmospheric validity, that our apparati must shortly be obtuned, unless through the abundant suavity of your eminent politeness you will disembogue the aluminous tube of the stimulating and sternutatory ingredient that replenishes its concavity."—*Milburn's Ten Years of a Preacher's Life.*

—o—

THE POET CRABBE IN THE PULPIT.

His style of reading in the desk was easy and natural—at any rate natural to him, though a fastidious ear might find in it a species of affectation, something a little like assumed authority; but there was no tone, nothing of sing-song. In the pulpit he was entirely unaffected—read his sermon with earnestness, and in a voice and manner on some occasions peculiarly touching; but he made no attempt at extempore preaching, and utterly disregarded all the mechanism of oratory. And he had another trait very desirable in a minister,—the most complete exemption from fear or solicitude. "I must have some money, gentlemen," he would say, in stepping from the pulpit; this was his notice of tithe-day. Once or twice, finding it grow dark, he abruptly shut his sermon, saying "Upon my word I cannot see; I must give you the rest when we meet again." Or he would walk into a pew near a window, and stand on the seat and finish his sermon, with the most admirable indifference to the remarks of his congregation. He was always like his own author-rector, in the "Parish Register," "careless of hood and band."—*Life of Crabbe.*

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BALM OF GILEAD.

Mr. Chine appointed Brother Carson to preach his "trial sermon" on the following Wednesday night, and requested me to hear him. He was not without honour in his own native village, for the chapel was crowded. I went prepared to hear an extraordinary sermon, and to take it down in shorthand. The following is as close a copy as it was possible to take. The text was, "*Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there?*" "There seems to me to be a very odd and new way o' makin' sermons now-a-days, or raather o' unmakin' em,—neamly a cuttin' on em up into I knowner how mony different peaces, what they callen divoidin'. Now I conner chop up a text in this way, as if I war choppin' tatoes for the pigs. I shall tak the text as it stands, and try to compound it as quick as I con, and then mak some practical remarks. The prophet axes a question, 'is there no balm in Gilead?' Now I needner tell ony on you what balm is; yoe know it 's what we putten into bread, to mak it light, to leaven it. Bread would be nasty, bitter, heavy stuff, if balm warner put in it. Now onybody wi' hafe a ee may see how this replies to the gospel. Doesner the Scripter say as a little leaven leavens the whole lump? The whole lump o' what? Why o' wheat. The wold is a great moighty corn-field. This corn-field mun be shear'd, and the wheat put in the garner o' the church; and it mun be threshed by the Holy Spirit, and grun by repentance, and kneaded by faith, and the barm put into 't, and made into loaves; and then baked in the oven o' Divine love, and made into a kind o' shewbread, shewing forth the praises of Him 'who has called us out o' darkness into His marvellous light.' And as my Sally has tried tatoes, and I knowner what, to mak bread light, but couldner come it, so you may try the pleasures o' the wold, or the flesh, to mak your hearts happy and light, but yo 'll foind as they'll make em sadder and sadder, and as nowt 'ull do but the precious 'balm o' Gilead.' I 've heerd a'ar Sally say mony a time, 'Is there no barm i't town to-day' and the reply has been, 'No, not a drop;' and she 's hed to put off the bakin' to some other day. But if onybody here axes, 'Is there ony balm o' Gilead here?' I tell em there 's

plenty; and they may hev it without money and without price.

'The balm o' Gilead is very good,
So it is, I think I hear you say;
The test o' ages it has stood,
And there 's plenty here to-day.'

"I mun now pass on to the next question, 'Is there no physician there?' I can answer you in the firmative. There is a physician there—Jesus Christ, the Good Physician. Now if onybody wants a doctor, they 'll get the most clever mon as possible and is noted for his cures; and he is thowt none the worser if he is kind and feelin'. But all the doctors in the world put together isner hafe so clever as the Gilead Physician, nor hafe so kind-hearted. For Jesus Christ is touched wi' the feeling of a'ar infirmities. No earthly doctor can be in this way. They may tell yoe as they be sorry for yoe, but at the bottom they be glad as you be so badly, for the worser yoe are the better it be for they, and they 'll be iver so long o' gettin' yoe well. But if yoe be gettin' the tick-rolaroo, and the doctor felt the peane as you feel'n it, they 'd be gettin' yoe well as soon as possible. Now the Good Physician is afflicted in a'ar afflictions, suffers in a'ar sufferings; so as in gettin' His peatients well, it 's gettin' Hissen well, when they be in health He be in health. The Good Physician understands all about us, for He made us. Who so likely to put a watch right, when it goes wrong, as a watchmaker? Who so able to put the soul right, when it goes wrong, as the soul-maker? Doctors, yoe know, often conner tell what 's the matter wi' their peatients. It war just so in the case o' a'ar Sally: none o' t' doctors know'd her compleant, and they physiced her till they kill'd her, and omost ruin'd me. But, thank the Lord, she war badly in her soul, and we called in the Good Physician, and He got her well in less ner hafe an hour. Doctors, yoe know, conner cure all; folks is dyin' iv'ry day. Squire Stubbs, as lives by us, tried all the doctors about a'ar parts, and none could do him ony good. He then went to Lunnun, to try the doctors there; but it war no use! they physiced him, and he soon went off. But there niver war a case yet as war above the hand o' the Good Physician. We hear now-a-days a great deal about 'cure alls.' You 'n

heerd about Morison's pills, they war to do wonders—to do iv'ry thing but rease the dead: but that 's all moonshine; iv'ry dog has its day, and they 'n had theirs. But the balm o' Gilead is a pacific for iv'ry disease—a unfealin' cure for iv'ry compleant. Some say as the age o' miracles is past, but I saas as it isner. For isner it no miracle to rease the dead? But them as war dead in trespasses and sins the Good Physician has quicken'd. But I mun be gettin' on, and inquire if there be sich a Good Physician, and sich good balm, why isn't the dowter o' my people healed? Now it 's to be obsarved as the prophet doesner say the son o' my people, but the dowter o' my people; and this seems to me to be the reason. Women, yoe know, is the weaker vessel; they is subject to more peans and aliments than men, and so the prophet wonders more as they doesner come to be healed? Some donner come, cos they donner know as they be sick. I go to a woman, and say, 'Mary, yoe be sadly diseased wi' sin.' She says, 'Dick, yoe be mistaen. I donner feel bad: you thinken me worser than I be.' I recommend her to go to the doctor. 'Not so, auther, Dick,' says she, 'it 'ul be time enough for that when I 'm badly.' Then I go to a mon and I says, 'James, yoe be diseased wi' sin.' He says, 'I know I be, and I shouldner mind bein' healed.' That 's good, thinks I, there 's some chance of Jim's rekivery. 'You conner do better,' says I, 'than call in my doctor.' I thowt it better to tell him what sort of doctor mine war, what physic He 'd gee him, and what rigement He 'd put him in. When it come to, I foind he doesner like the bitter hearbs o' repentance, and wouldner come into his rigement; so as nowt could be done for poor Jim. How many is there, as is in this way—wonner gee up the sweet things o' the wold—wonner come down to a waytergruel diet—and woll be peatients o' the worst doctor in the world. Which on yoe, I want to know, would employ a doctor as allas kills his peatients? Why none on yoe would. And yet yoe be really employin a doctor as hes killed iv'ry patient as hes iver ta'en his inscriptions. I know as he gees noice physic. But whosomiver heerd o' noice physic? You may be sure there 's some trick in 't; for all physic is nasty. Will yoe hev noice

physic and be kill'd, or nasty physic and be healed? Now all on yoe as is for the killin' physic, stand up. (No one rose.) Oh, I see as none on yoe loikes the devil's physic. Now all on yoe as is for healing physic, stand up. (All stood up.) The Good Physician is now agoin' round for peatients; He wonner charge you for visits, nor for physic, an He 'll gee yoe no more physic than 's necessary, and He 'd heal all on yoe afore yoe go out o't chapel. I mun now be a drawin' my discourse to a close. I ax agean, 'Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there?' I thank God as there is, a Good Physician, and plenty o' balm and quite fresh. His sarvants is goin' round the town iv'ry day, cryin' out, Barm! barm! barm! And thear 's places built in iv'ry place, whear it may be hed—ony quantity, and free gracious for nowt. Thear 's the Baptist barm-shop; the Calvinist barm-shop; the Established Church barm-shop; and, thank God, the Methodist barm-shop. I say as the Methodist barm-shop is the best. For the Baptist mixes water wi' their barm; and the Calvinists wants a ticket o' election, afore they 'll gie yoe ony; and the Church keeps theirs kivered up in formal pots and kettles, till it goes fusty and bad. Yoe mun allas remember as t' Church barm-shop isner ony better than a'ar'n, coz it 's established; for it 's ony established by a human cretur like wursens. The Methodists has got a licence to sell it to iv'ry body as axes for 't, and it 's quite fresh and undulterate. And if ther 's ony teetotalers here to-night, let me tell 'em as they needner fear this barm, as it 's quite unferment, and it 'ul do 'em no harm. We 've plenty o' barm here to night, and the Good Physician is here, and we shall hev a prayer-meetin' arter this sarvice is over, and the Good Physician's assistants, a'ar brothers and sisters, 'ul go round wi' the barm. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. Death is at the door, and afore to-morrow mornin' yoe may be in hell, and thear 's no Good Physician there, no barm there. You 'll be gettin' worser and worser. Hell 'ul be your hospital, flames of fire your bed, brimston and smoke your physic, the devil your physician, and damned spirits your attendants. May the Lord in His mercy save us from sich a case!" *All the people said Amen!—The Round Preacher.*

THE CHAPLAIN AND THE COOK.

The witty Earl of Rochester being once in company with Charles II., his queen, chaplain, and some ministers of state, the king suddenly exclaimed—"Let our minds be unbended from the cares of state, and give us a generous glass of wine, that cheereth, as the Scripture saith, both God and man." The queen intimated that she did not think the Bible contained any such declaration. The chaplain, being appealed to, agreed with her majesty. Rochester, deeming the king to be right, went to the kitchen to inquire among the servants if any of them were conversant with the Bible, and knew in which part of it the passage might be found. Finding that the Scotch cook was acquainted with the locality and meaning of the disputed verse, Rochester ordered him to be in waiting, and returned to the king. The "wine question" was still under discussion, and Rochester moved that David the cook should be called in. This was done, and the passage produced, and read aloud from Judges ix. 13. The king smiled, the queen asked pardon, and the poor chaplain blushed. Rochester now asked the parson to explain the text. "The poor craven chaplain said never a word." The earl therefore applied to David for an exposition. The honest cook immediately replied, "How much wine cheereth *man* your lordship knows: and that it cheereth God, I beg leave to say that, under the Old Testament dispensation, there were meat-offerings and *drink*-offerings. The latter consisted of *wine*, which by a metaphor is said to cheer God, as He was well-pleased in the salvation He had appointed; whereby His justice was satisfied, His law fulfilled, His mercy reigned, His love triumphed, and the sinner was saved." The king was agreeably surprised at his evangelical exposition; and Rochester recommended that the parson should be made cook, and the cook made parson!

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"THE GRACE OF GOD!"

An anecdote, illustrative of good humour, is told of one of the Selkirk men, and may be here set down. Mr. —— was a well-known wag, though an excellent man and diligent

pastor. There was a sort of infidel and scoffing character in the town where he lived, commonly called "Jock Hammon." Jock had a nickname for Mr. ——, which, though profane, had reference to the well-known evangelical character of his ministry. "There's '*the grace o' God,*'" he would say, as he saw the good man passing by; and he usually talked of him under that designation. It so happened that Mr. —— had on one occasion consented to take the chair at some public meeting. The hour of meeting was past, the place of meeting was filled, but no Mr. —— appeared. Symptoms of impatience were manifested, when a voice was heard from one corner of the hall, "My friends, there will be no 'grace of God' here the nicht." Just at this moment the door opened, and Mr. —— appeared, casting, as he entered, a rather knowing look upon "Jock Hammon," as he ejaculated these words. On taking the chair, Mr. —— apologised for his being so late. "I had," he said, "to go into the country to preside in the examination of Mr. ——'s school, and really the young folks conducted themselves so well that I could scarce get away from them. If you please, I will just give you a specimen of the examination. I called up an intelligent looking girl, and asked her if she had ever heard of any one who had erected a gallows for another, and who had been hanged on it himself. 'Yes,' replied the girl, 'it was Haman.' With that, up started another little girl, and she said, 'Eh, minister, that's no true! Hammon's no hanged yet; for I saw him at the public-house door this forenoon, and he was swearing like a trooper.'" (Upon this there was considerable tittering among the audience, and eyes were directed to the corner where *Jock* was sitting.) "You are both quite right, my little dears," said Mr. —— with a sort of "glaikit" look towards the first girl: "your *Haman* was really hanged, as he deserved to be; and (turning towards the other) your *Hammon*, my lambie, is no hanged yet, by 'the grace o' God.'" The effect of this upon the hearers was electric, and amid roars of laughter Jock rushed out of the meeting, and for a time at least he ceased to make the Secession minister the object of his scurrilous jokes.—*Macfarlane's Life of Lawson.*

DR. WAUGH.—SUMMER SACRAMENT ON STITCHEL BRAE.

On the whole, we are very thankful that our experience of sacramental services has been altogether of a more quiet —we will even dare to say, of a more hallowed—order. We are not insensible to the charm of these recollections of the Secession summer sacraments; and the beloved and venerated Dr. Waugh has commemorated them and the tent gatherings in words of great beauty, especially those on Stitchel Brae; and, indeed, the testimony of that holy man may be quoted as giving yet another picture :—

"Oh that I could again sit among them," he exclaimed, "and hear good old Mr. Coventry give us as much sound divinity in one sermon as is now found in ten volumes! It was a scene on which God's eye might love to look. Such sermons! and such prayers!—none such to be heard now-a-days. What are your cathedrals, and your choirs, and your organs? God laid the foundations of *our* temple on the pillars of the earth. Our floor was nature's verdant carpet; our canopy was the vaulted sky, the heaven in which the Creator dwells. In the distance, the Cheviot hills; around us, nature in all her luxuriant loveliness. There, fields ripening into harvest; here, lowing herds in all the fulness of supply for man. On the banks of that little rivulet at our feet, lambs, the emblem of innocence, sporting in the shade, and offering to heaven the only acknowledgment they could, in the expression of their happiness and joy. The birds around warbling praises to Him who daily provides for all their wants; the flowers and green fields offering their perfume; and lovelier still, and infinitely dearer to Him, multitudes of redeemed souls and hearts, perfumed by faith, singing His praises in 'grave sweet melody,' perhaps in the tune of 'Martyrs.' 'Martyrs,' so sung on Stitchel Brae, might almost arrest an angel on an errand of mercy, and would afford him more pleasure than all the chanting, and all the music, and all the organs in all the cathedrals of Europe."—*Eclectic Review: Macfarlane's Life of Lawson.*

HEARING SERMONS.

A WOMAN in humble life was asked one day on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon; a stranger had preached, and his discourse resembled one of Mr. Bacon's neither in length nor depth. "Wud I hae the persumption?" was her simple and contented answer. The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her; she had done her duty, as well as she could in hearing it; and she went to her house justified rather than some of those who had attended to it critically, or who had turned to the text in their Bibles when it was given out. "Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homewards after service with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant: "well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church!" "Ay, sir," replied Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing."—*Southey's Doctor.*

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OLD SCOTTISH SACRAMENTAL SERVICES.

DR. MACFARLANE gives to us some very graphic sketches of sacramental services. Such services must have been very solemn and impressive in times when persecution scathed the land and the church, and when the only places in which the love and death of the Christians' Head could be commemorated were lonely hill sides, in mountains and dens and caves of the earth; but they cannot have had much to meet the tenderer affectionateness of Christian hearts in the more ordinary times and seasons of Christian life; they could scarcely have been seasons for a quiet Christian heart. The fencing of the tables has always seemed to us a most awful presumption; and, with Dr. Macfarlane, we doubt whether it ever served to keep away one determined to communicate. The satire of Burns, the *Holy Fair*, it is now generally admitted, was not understood; and while it may be also admitted that his free and unrestrained pen may possibly have overstepped the truth, it is certain they were

not only occasions for the inculcation of the lessons of holiness. Immense as were the gatherings, often no constabulary force was necessary to keep the people in order, unless we may mention a kind of insomnambulatory police, who had staves in their hands, with which they touched any person who seemed drowsy, and from this use of their staves they were called *nappies*. Dr. Macfarlane thinks they were indeed a terror to evil doers. We should think so. The following realizes one of these sacramental occasions :—

"Immediately after the tables were thus fenced, the minister left the pulpit, and took his place in a small desk in front of the precentor, and with the 'tables' before him. The 'table seats' were large square pews, stretching from the pulpit right up to the back wall of the church. At the sacraments the partitions were taken out, so as to constitute one long pew. There was one such pew to the right and one to the left of the minister; and a broad passage, running up between them, allowed the elders to lift the tokens and superintend the circulation of the symbolic elements. After the usual preliminary services of reading the scriptural warrant, prayer, and a short address, the elements were given by the pastor to the individuals sitting at the ends of the tables nearest to the pulpit. So soon as this table was served, another short parting address was given, and then two verses of a psalm were sung. During the singing of these, the communicants retired from the table by the doors at the farther end, and others, coming in by side passages to the right and left of the pulpit, took their places; and when the table was again filled the same procedure was gone about. Dr. Husband now took the chair, and conducted the services of the second table with all that dignity and solemnity of manner for which he was remarkable. After him came in succession the assistant ministers, who addressed the communicants, and dispensed the bread and wine as long as it was necessary. On such occasions there were sometimes no less than ten or twelve table services; and fully a hundred members sat down each time. In this method there was much to complain of; there was noise and confusion, and a good deal of uncomfortable pressure in going to and retiring from the table of the Lord. But

there was much to command respect, and even to produce solemnity. There was especially something very impressive in the singing of the psalms by the retiring and incoming communicants. They generally kept to one psalm—the 22nd of the Scotch version, and sung two verses at the filling up of each table, before the 'table address' was given. If they finished that psalm before all the members had communicated, the 103rd was selected. The tune invariably sung, from the beginning to the end of the table services, was 'Coleshill,' a tune on the minor key, and by many godly Seceders almost identified with communion work. When all was over at the table, my father again ascended the pulpit, and gave what were called the 'evening directions,'—a series of exhortations to those who had been at the table, as to the duties and trials awaiting them in the world. Then came the grand wind-up of the day's work, the evening sermon. This was preached by my grandfather, Dr. Husband, the senior pastor. His text was (the last we remember having heard him preach from), 'Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip.' By this time it might be seven or eight o'clock. The services had been going on all day at the tent; one minister after another publishing to the people who could not find admission into the church the glad tidings of salvation. But, towards evening, many of them turned their faces homeward, speaking to one another of redeeming love, and sometimes kneeling down together in prayer by the wayside; others sought their way into the church again, to hear what was always understood to be one of the high things of the sacrament—the evening sermon. And on this evening they were not disappointed; for (albeit too young to judge) I will never forget the beauty of the style, the pathos of the appeals, and the swelling eloquence of that grand singer of Israel. I think I have never heard its equal since, and scarce expect again to be similarly affected. All was over about nine or ten o'clock,—the work having gone on without a moment's interruption from ten o'clock in the forenoon. Considering the number of table services, this was not an unseemly time for dismissal. Great indiscretion, however,

sometimes showed itself at other country sacraments in these parts, in the matter of *lengthy* work. A well-known and truthful story is told of Mr. Kyle, erewhile the Burgher minister of Kinross before Dr. Hay. He contrived at one time to lengthen out the services of his summer sacrament, so as that the 'evening sermon' was not begun till past *twelve o'clock*. Dr. Husband was to be the preacher, and he mounted the pulpit in no pleased mood, as he was rather finically set against such impropriety. His text was, 'Let not your good be evil spoken of;' and he commenced and closed in this laconic manner: 'Brethren, the best practical use I can make of my text is simply to repeat the particulars on which, had time permitted, I would have preached.' He then in half a minute went over his 'heads,' and, having pronounced the blessing, dismissed the congregation, greatly to the chagrin of Mr. Kyle, honest man, who had been gloating over the idea of the sun's being risen on Lochleven before the work could be concluded. It is said he never forgave Dr. Husband for this."—*Macfarlane's Life of Lawson.*

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DR. LAWSON.—A STRANGE MIDNIGHT VISIT.

They certainly were enthusiastic biblical students, those old Secession ministers. What would our ministerial brethren think of such enthusiasm as the following? Is not this a unique history of a

STRANGE MIDNIGHT VISIT!

His wonderful knowledge of Scripture was illustrated once in a way alike surprising and graphic. As the friendly lighthouse in the ocean is guide to the bewildered mariner, so was he to his surrounding brethren. He was to them alike comment and commentator. In their biblical difficulties they either wrote or rode up to Selkirk, and were never disappointed. On one occasion Mr. Shanks, of Jedburgh, was much perplexed with a text. He could make nothing of it; but, determined not to give way, he ordered his horse, and set off, late in the evening, to Selkirk—a distance of fifteen miles. He arrived about one o'clock in the morning. He had to knock oftener than once before he

was heard. The door at length was opened, and the servant asked who he was, and what brought him at such an hour to the manse. Having replied to all this, he insisted on seeing Dr. Lawson. "He is in bed and sound asleep hours ago," said the maiden. "It matters not," replied Mr. Shanks; "I must see him, and you will hold the reins of my horse till I come down." He knew the Doctor's bedroom; and, having got leave to enter, all in the dark, he told Dr. Lawson his errand. Though somewhat put about, and in a half dreamy condition, the professor commenced an exegesis upon the text in question, quoted the context, referred to the parallel passages in foregoing and succeeding chapters, and cleared up the whole subject to his friend's satisfaction. Mr. Shanks then thanked Dr. Lawson, bade him good morning, quietly slipped out of the room, remounted his horse, and rode home to Jedburgh. In the morning, about five o'clock, Dr. Lawson awoke: "My dear," he said to Mrs. Lawson, "I have had a dream, a very pleasant dream, to-night. I dreamed that Mr. Shanks, good man, came all the way up from Jedburgh to consult me about a text that troubled him." "It was no dream," said Mrs. Lawson; "Mr. Shanks was here, in this very room, and I overheard all you and he had to say." It was with difficulty she could get him persuaded to believe that it had been so. On going downstairs, he inquired at the servant if Mr. Shanks had come during the night, and in what room he was sleeping. The servant assured him that the Jedburgh minister had really been in the house, but added, "He is not in the house now, sir; he is at Jedburgh long ere this time."—*Macfarlane's Life of Lawson.*

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A CONVICTED CLERGYMAN PREACHING IN NEWGATE.

On Friday, June 6th, was witnessed, in the chapel of Newgate, a very strange spectacle, and one of very tragic significance. The convicts were all gathered there; and from the pulpit a sermon was delivered to them by a clergyman who was himself a convict, and a condemned convict. It must have been an awful and deeply impressive sight. And indeed we can conceive that nothing could have more

weight, or have been more profitable for the abandoned miscellany of convicts about him, than some earnest words addressed to them from one who was addressing them, as it were, half way out of his grave. A truly sincere penitent would have eagerly seized on the opportunity; but it looks as though this hapless Dodd had clutched at it only as another possible plank to which he might cling, and get to shore. Johnson was made to write the sermon. It was then carefully altered, pruned, and added to, in Newgate—and even furnished with notes; for the truth was, it was intended to be preached, not to the miserable convicts in gaol, but to the great London congregation outside. All this looks like some of the old theatricals; but still, in such dark and desperate straits, it is hard to deal severely with him. Very shortly, "The Convict's Address to his Unhappy Brethren" was published, and greedily read. Great hopes were now begun to be entertained, and not without reason. At times his fate did seem to rest on, literally, the turn of a card. It was debated many times. The king could not make up his mind. Walpole represents Lord Mansfield as playing a most malignant part. It was artfully put as a question between that dreadful and dangerous entity, "the people," and the royal power. The people were growing very daring, and this looked like pressure. It was said, even before the judges had given their opinion, he had declared that the law should be carried out. It has been popularly said that the king had declared that if he pardoned Dodd he would have considered that he had murdered the Perreaus—two forgers who had been executed the year before. This was actually imputed to Johnson, which was improbable on the face of it; but with more likelihood was said by Hawkins to have appeared in a newspaper. It had come now to June. The time was drawing on; the exertions were being redoubled, and made with almost frantic ardour. In the second week of this month the recorder "made his report to his majesty of such prisoners as were lying under sentence of death in Newgate, viz.:—Doctor William Dodd and Joseph Harris." It is a horrible testimony to the barbarous code of the times, that Joseph Harris's offence was the robbing of a stage-

coach passenger of "*two half guineas and about seven shillings.*" But no one seems to have ever dreamt of interfering for the life of luckless Joseph Harris. On the 15th of June the privy council assembled, and deliberated for the last time on the case of the several prisoners. A final decision was at last arrived at; and it was to be read in the London papers of that evening, that a warrant had been made out for the execution of Dr. Dodd, on Friday the 27th.—*Fitzgerald's "A Famous Forgery."*

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ROBERT HALL.—VERY IRREGULAR.

"WHAT is your opinion of the Ranters, Mr. Hall? Don't you think they ought to be put down?" "I don't know enough of their conduct to say that. What do they do? Do they inculcate antinomianism, or do they exhibit immorality in their lives?" "Not that I know of; but they fall into very irregular practices." "Indeed! What practices?" "Why, sir, when they enter a village they begin to sing hymns, and they go on singing until they collect a number of people about them, on the village green, or in some neighbouring field, and then they preach." "Well: whether they may be *prudent* or expedient, or not, depends upon circumstances; but as yet I see no criminality." "But you *must* admit, Mr. Hall, that it is *very irregular.*" "And suppose I do admit that, what follows? Was not our Lord's rebuking the scribes and Pharisees, and driving the buyers and sellers out of the temple, *very irregular?* Was not almost all He did in His public ministry *very irregular?* Was not the course of the apostles, and of Stephen, and of many of the evangelists *very irregular?* Were not the proceedings of Luther and Calvin and of their fellow-workers in the Reformation *very irregular?* a complete and shocking innovation upon all the quiescent doings of the papists? And were not the whole lives of Whitefield and Wesley *very irregular* lives, as you view such things? Yet how infinitely is the world indebted to all these! No, sir; there must be something widely different from mere irregularity before I can condemn."—*Gregory's Memoir of Robert Hall.*

ROBERT HALL ON DR. CHALMERS.

Mr. Hall repeatedly referred to Dr. Chalmers, and always in terms of great esteem, as well as high admiration of his general character; exercising, however, his usual free and independent judgment. The following are some remarks respecting that extraordinary individual:—"Pray, sir, did you ever know any man who had that singular faculty of repetition possessed by Dr. Chalmers? Why, sir, he often reiterates the same thing ten or twelve times in the course of a few pages. Even Burke himself had not so much of that peculiarity. His mind resembles that optical instrument lately invented; what do you call it?"

"You mean, I presume, the kaleidoscope."

"Yes, sir, an idea thrown into his mind is just as if thrown into a kaleidoscope; every turn presents the object in a new and beautiful form, but the object presented is still the same. Have you not been struck, sir, with the degree in which Dr. Chalmers possesses this faculty?"

"Do you not think, sir," I replied, "that he has either far too much of this faculty, or that he indulges in it to a faulty excess?"

"Yes, sir, certainly; his mind seems to move on hinges, not on wheels. There is incessant motion, but no progress. When he was at Leicester he preached a most admirable sermon, on the necessity of immediate repentance; but there were only two ideas in it, and on these his mind revolved as on a pivot."—*Gregory's Memoir of Robert Hall.*

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ROBERT HALL.—STRIKING MANNERS.

Some questions were asked of him as to Mrs. More's conversation: He said—"So far as I can judge, she talks but little on ordinary occasions; and when she speaks it is generally to utter some sententious remark." A lady present inquired if there was anything particularly *striking* in Mrs. More's manners. "Nothing striking, ma'am, certainly not. Her manners are too perfectly proper to be striking. *Striking* manners are *bad* manners you know, ma'am. She is a perfect lady, and studiously avoids those peculiarities

and eccentricities which constitute striking manners.—*Gregory's Memoir of Robert Hall.*

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ROBERT HALL AND DR. GILL.

He did not like Dr. Gill as an author. When Mr. Christmas Evans was in Bristol he was talking to Mr. Hall about the Welsh language, which he said was very copious and expressive. "How I wish, Mr. Hall, that Dr. Gill's works had been written in Welsh!" "I wish they had, sir; I wish they had with all my heart, for then I should never have read them. They are a continent of mud, sir."—*Gregory's Memoir of Robert Hall.*

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ROBERT HALL.—DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE.—MISS STEEL.

Before he had time to recover from his lacerations, he had the misfortune to fall in company with one who, unmindful of his situation and of the delicacies due to friendship, touched a chord that thrilled through every nerve and in a moment threw him off his guard. Passing through Hertfordshire he called upon a lady of his acquaintance, who had the temerity to ignite his feelings by an allusion he was unable to bear, and which prompted a retort altogether at variance with his accustomed courtesy towards the sex. During the interview he appeared so absent and involved in thought that the lady, a sort of religious ultra, who "retained her vanity after she had lost her charms," endeavoured in vain to command his attention, or engage him in any sort of conversation. At length, quite impatient with the reveries of her visitor, she ventured to display a little of her wit by saying in a flippant tone, "I suppose, sir, if I had been polished 'steel' I might have expected some of your attention; but—" "Madam," replied the satirist, "you may make yourself quite easy: if you are not polished *steel*, you are polished *brass*."—*Morris's Recollections of Hall.*

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ROBERT HALL.—SMOKING.

Mr. Hall's propensity for smoking increased so much upon him after this period, that he might be found occupied with a pipe most hours of the day. In his own apprehension the sedative effects of tobacco were beneficial to his health, tending to alleviate that incessant pain under which he laboured, or in some measure to divert his attention from it. A friend having presented him with a portable and capacious box for the purpose, he seldom went from home without providing himself with an ample store of Kynaster; and even when travelling outside a coach, which he commonly preferred, a pipe was frequently his companion. Unable to continue long in bed, from the increasing pain it produced, he was in the habit of rising very early, lying down on the hard floor, and amusing himself with a pipe and a book. One dark winter's morning his candle went out; and as he could nowhere be found about the house, the family became alarmed; but just as some were going out with a lantern to search for him, he made his appearance, saying he had traversed the streets to find a watchman to light his pipe: so essential was this little indulgence to his personal comfort. He took nothing whatever with his pipe, but swallowed the saliva as a sort of medicine.—*Morris's Recollections of Hall.*

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ROBERT HALL.—INCESSANT PAIN.

On the sabbath morning I found him in the upper kitchen reclining upon the dresser: in one hand was his Bible, and with the other he held his pipe. On my entering, perceiving that I felt surprise, he exclaimed, "What! are you frightened, sir?" "Rather so," I replied, "I had no idea of finding you here." "Why, sir, I derive great relief from lying on the boards of the dresser in this posture; it eases my back amazingly, sir; you cannot think how comfortable I find it."—*Reminiscences of Hall.*

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ROBERT HALL.—A GLORIOUS SUNSET.

Shortly after this, Mr. Hall joined a party on a visit to

Lord Clifford's park and King's Weston. We reached Penpole Point about seven p.m. It was a fine summer evening, about the latter end of May; the sun was setting in the waters of the Severn, in all its majesty and glory. Mr. Hall was in raptures: "Only look, sir, on that mild, silvery light shed upon the expanse of waters; how inviting! Why, sir, it looks as if they were preparing for a magnificent public baptism; and that the one hundred and forty-four thousand described in the Revelation were about to descend into the waves, sir. What a sublime scene it is!"—*Reminiscences of Hall.*

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ROBERT HALL ON THE SALVATION OF THE JEWS.

Mr. Hall contended for the possibility of a pious Jew obtaining salvation without becoming a convert to Christianity. "He possesses," said he, "the law and the prophets; which, as our Lord himself affirmed, contain sufficient motives to repentance, with that expectation of a future Messiah, and of the spiritual benefits which He is appointed to confer, by which saints under the ancient economy were justified."—*Reminiscences of Hall.*

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A PROFITABLE SERVICE.

A gentleman not long ago settled in Cornwall, and rented of its owner a little estate on a wild part of the coast. Having a taste for antiquities, he was delighted to discover in his neighbourhood a few fragments of what he believed to be an ancient chapel, where services had been performed for the bodies of seamen wrecked in the bay. He showed them to many, and their fame was spread abroad. One day, on returning from an absence, he discovered, to his great annoyance, that the whole had disappeared. It seems that the farmer, on whose ground the ruin stood—an old Wesleyan class-leader—incensed at the respect paid to such shreds of popery, had obtained permission from the unsuspecting owner to remove "a few loose stones off the farm," and had accordingly pushed them over the cliff. Violent proceedings were threatened against the iconoclast, but he

died soon after, perfectly satisfied with the last of his good works. In out-of-the-way parishes, however, the church will sometimes be found holding a very exclusive tenure of popular affection. A visitor, looking into a church on the coast a few years ago, observed the clergyman (an excellent man, since deceased) performing some occasional service in a comfortable arm-chair. He asked the churchwarden the meaning of this singular ecclesiastical usage, and was answered that the parson had met with a bad accident the other day among the cliffs, that he proposed to get a curate, but that the parish was determined against dissent and novelties of all kinds, and did not feel comfortable under the proposal; that they had therefore begged him to go on as before, doing just as much duty as he pleased, when he pleased, and how he pleased.—*Merivale's Historical Studies.*

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STEPHEN GRELLET PREACHING TO A MENNONITE VILLAGE.

He also met with the Mennonites, a people whose name will be known to most of our readers as having preserved great simplicity of faith and worship. He visited and preached among the Karaite Jews in the charming region of Baktchiserai. When at Karasou-bazar, a Tartar village, a deputation came from a Roman Catholic village to request that they might not be passed by; and indeed it is very singular to us to hear the steeple bell ringing to receive the Quaker preacher in the church, full and exciting. "They had lighted their wax tapers on the altar," says Grellet, "after their usual manner, though the sun shone bright. I did not think much of this. My mind was under deep exercise for the people, with earnest desire that they might come to the light of the Lord, and be gathered in the brightness of His arising. We took our seats with our backs to the altar, facing the people;" and then said the sexton, "I don't think that anybody else will come, for the whole village is here." "The Lord," says Grellet, "enlarged me in His gospel; the people were directed to Christ, the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, the High-Priest of our Christian profession, who is very nigh every one of

us, and ready to minister in the temple of the heart to every one that waits upon Him." These things are very remarkable. They did not understand his language. The whole intercourse went on by an interpreter, and yet the effects in this and many other such instances seem to have been of the deepest; especially the Malakans seem to have felt the closeness which One Spirit gives, even when words are not to be found. As the travellers were leaving the next morning, some were at the door before daylight to bid them farewell, and to bring them their poor but affectionate offering of bread for the journey. There was one, an old man, venerable looking, with a long beard and clothing of sheepskin covering, who appeared very desirous to go a little way with the travellers; he got in, and sat between them, but they could not converse with each other, "yet," says Grellet, "there is a language more powerful than words." He held each of the travellers by the hand, the big tears rolled down his venerable beard. "So," says our traveller, "we rode on several versts in solemn and contrite silence;" then when they came to a water that had to be passed, he took them into his arms with the greatest affection, he kissed them, and got out of the carriage. "On looking back we saw him prostrated on the ground, in the act of worship or prayer to God; and, after he rose, as long as we could discern him, he stood with his face towards us, his hands lifted up. We felt it, as he did, a solemn separation. May the Lord bless and protect that portion of His heritage, a people whom He has raised up by His own power and instructed by His own free Spirit."—*Life of Grellet.*

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THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

"I ASKED a little gentleman at St. Just," says Wesley, "what objection there was to Edward Greenfield, a pious tinner, on whom the constables had seized." He said, "Why, the man is well enough in other things, but his impudence the gentlemen cannot bear. Why, sir, he says his sins are forgiven!"—*Merivale's Historical Studies.*

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MEETING THE DIFFICULTY.

You remind me of a story which I once heard in England, concerning a worthy Quaker who lived in a country town there. The Friend was rich and benevolent, and his means were put in frequent requisition for purposes of local charity or usefulness. The townspeople wanted to rebuild their parish church, and a committee was appointed to raise funds. It was agreed that the Quaker could not be asked to subscribe towards an object so contrary to his principles; but then, on the other hand, so true a friend to the town might take it amiss if he was not at least consulted on a matter of such general interest. So one of their number went and explained to him their project: the old church was to be removed, and such and such steps taken towards the construction of a new one. "Thee wast right," said the Quaker, "in supposing that my principles would not allow me to assist in building a church. But didst thee not say something about pulling down a church? Thee may'st put my name down for a hundred pounds."—*Merivale's Historical Studies.*

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MORALS AND MANNERS IN CORNWALL.

"A lady of a distant county," says the gossip Polwhele, "lately observed to me that Cornwall, and the west of Cornwall particularly, is remarkable for beautiful women. 'The girls are very pretty,' she said, 'up to the age of thirteen; after which their complexions are soon spoilt by brandy-drinking, and their health impaired!'" The inhuman practice of wrecking, of which so many stories are told, continued in full vigour. "At no great distance from St. Anthony," says the same authority, "a wreck happening on a Sunday morning, the clerk announced to the parishioners just assembled, that 'Measter would gee them a holladay.'" This is a fact; but whether measter cried out, as his flock were rushing from the church, "Stop, stop! let us start fair!" I will not aver.—*Merivale's Historical Studies.*

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ROWLAND HILL LENDING MONEY.

Mr. Rowland Hill's acts of charity and benevolence were great and manifold. For his kindness of heart towards his suffering brethren of mankind, he was indeed proverbial among all who knew him. Even in many of his charitable deeds the eccentricity of his mind often showed itself in a remarkable manner. I shall only mention one instance of this, out of many which have been communicated to me by those who were on habits of familiar intercourse with him. A pious woman, a member of Surrey chapel, was married to a husband, who, though very kind to her and in many respects a moral man, had no sense whatever of religion, but delighted in spending the hours in swilling beer which she spent in attendance on the preaching of the gospel. It so happened that the parties, through some disappointment in business, had been unable to pay their rent on a particular quarter day. The consequence was that a distraint on their furniture was put into the house, and a party was employed, as the technical phrase has it, to "take possession." After turning over in their minds every scheme which could suggest itself, for extricating themselves from the difficulties in which they were involved, they were just about to resign themselves to despair, when the idea occurred to the wife of submitting the whole circumstances of the case to Mr. Hill. She accordingly proceeded to his house, at once got access to him, and with no small degree of tremor made a short and simple representation of the state of matters. "How much would you require to save your furniture, and to get rid of the person in possession?" inquired Mr. Hill.

"Eighteen pounds, sir, would be quite sufficient for the purpose," answered the poor woman, with a palpitating heart. "I'll let you have the loan of twenty, and you can repay me at your convenience." The heart of the other was too full to give utterance to distinct expressions of gratitude for so great a mark of kindness on the part of her minister. He was too shrewd an observer of human nature not to perceive that the broken accents, and sometimes entire absence of words, which characterized her attempt to express her gratitude, afforded a far better proof of that feeling being at once deep and sincere than if she had been most

affluent in words and most fluent in the use of them. "Send your husband to me on your return home," said Mr. Hill, after the other had returned her thanks in the best way her feelings would allow her; "send him to me presently, and I will have two ten-pound notes waiting him by the time he arrives. I wish to give the notes to him rather than to you." Mrs. D—— quitted Mr. Hill's house, and hurried home with light foot, but with a still lighter heart. Having communicated to her husband what had passed between herself and her minister, it is unnecessary to say that he lost no time in proceeding to the house of Mr. Hill. The latter received him with much kindness of manner. "And so," said he, "you are so unfortunate as to have a person in possession." "We unfortunately have, sir." "And twenty pounds will be sufficient to get rid of him, and restore your furniture to you?" "It will, sir." "Well then," said Mr. Hill, pointing to the table, "there are two ten-pound notes for you, which you can repay me when you are able. Take them." The other hesitatingly advanced to the table, took up the notes, and was in the act of folding them up, at the same time warmly thanking Mr. Hill for the act of friendship he had done him, and expressing a hope he would soon be able to pay the amount back again, when the reverend gentleman suddenly exclaimed, "Stop a little! Just lay the notes down again, until I ask a blessing on them." The other did as he was desired; on which the reverend gentleman, extending both his arms, addressed a short prayer to the Divine Being to this effect: "O Lord, who art the Author of all mercy, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift, do Thou be graciously pleased to bless the small sum of money to be given to him who is now before Thee, that it may conduce to his present and eternal welfare; for Jesus Christ's sake." "Now, sir," said Rowland Hill, as he finished his brief supplication to the throne of grace, "now, sir, you may take the money." The party a second timy took up the two ten-pound notes, and was in the act as before of folding them up, when Mr. Hill interposed be requesting him to wait a moment, adding that he had forgotten one thing. It may be easily supposed that by this time the individual was a good deal confused. His con-

fusion was increased a hundred-fold when Mr. Hill remarked, "But, my friend, you have not yourself asked for a blessing on the money. You had better do it now." "Sir," faltered out the other, scarcely able to support himself, "sir, I cannot pray; I never prayed in all my life." "You have the more need to begin now," observed Mr. Hill, in his own cool yet rebuking manner. "I cannot, sir; I do not know what to say." "Make the effort, however short your prayer may be." "I cannot, sir; I am unable to utter a single sentence." "Then you cannot have the money. I will not lend twenty pounds to a prayerless person." The other hesitated for a moment, and then closing his eyes, and with uplifted hands, he said with great earnestness, "O Lord, what shall I say to Thee and to Mr. Hill on this occasion?" He was about to begin another sentence, when the reverend gentleman interrupted him by observing, "That will do for a beginning. It is a very excellent first prayer; it is from the heart. I have not uttered a more sincere or fervent petition to God for the last fifty years. Take the money, and may God's blessing be given along with it." As he spoke, Mr. Hill took up the two ten-pound notes, and transferring them to the half-bewildered man, cordially shook him by the hand and wished him "Good morning." It only remains for me to mention that not only did the two, husband and wife, thus so providentially and under such singular circumstances relieved from a pressure which threatened to ruin them in a business point of view, become ever afterwards prosperous in secular matters, but the incident in Rowland Hill's house made so deep an impression on the husband's mind as to end in his conversion to God. —*Metropolitan Pulpit*, vol. i.

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ROWLAND HILL AT THE THEATRE.

Mr. Hill was not a suspicious man; but if any information reached him respecting alleged improprieties of conduct on the part of members of his church who made a great profession of religion, and which information he had some grounds for believing to be correct, he made a point of satisfying his mind thoroughly on the subject, no matter

how great might be the amount of inconvenience to himself. About twenty years ago he had reason to believe that one of the most prominent and influential members of his church went occasionally to the theatre; but still he had no proof upon the subject. At length it was anonymously communicated to him, that the gentleman in question was to be in Drury Lane theatre on a given night, and that he had engaged a particular box for himself and some of his friends. Mr. Hill now determined to set his mind entirely at rest as to the truth or falsehood of the reports which had been in circulation respecting alleged visits of the individual in question to the theatres, and with this view resolved on going to Drury Lane on the night referred to. He entered the pit soon after the close of the first act, and forcing his way to the place immediately before the box in which it was stated his member would be found, looked eagerly into the box, and there he recognised at once the individual in question. By this time the curtain had risen, and the sound of the actor's voices was resounding through the house; but not paying the least attention to them, and thinking of nothing but the purpose for which he had come there, he thus apostrophised the offending party, in tones as loud as if he had been in the pulpit of Surrey chapel—"Ah! Mr. ——, I have had some reason for thinking for some time past that the devil had got hold of you; now I am quite sure of it." And so saying he at once quitted the place. A friend of my own, who was present on the occasion in his professional capacity as a writer of theatrical critiques for a morning journal, says that the universal impression in the house, except among the few to whom he was known, was that Mr. Hill was some gentleman labouring under insanity. On the following morning he called on his hearer, and abruptly accosted him as follows:—"So, Mr. ——, you are in the habit I find of patronizing the theatres. You and I met there last night." "I *was* there last night, Mr. Hill; but I'm not in the way of going often. When a *very* good comedy or a *very* good tragedy is acting, I do now and then go to witness its representation. And as I am in the habit of attending to all the duties of religion, not only in the sanctuary but in my

own family and in my own closet, I do not see what harm there can be in occasionally witnessing the performance of a good play. Do you mean to say, Mr. Hill, that there *is* any harm in it?" "It is just, sir," replied Mr. Hill, "the same as if you were to live for six days in the week on roast-beef, plum-pudding, and everything else that is pleasant to the taste and nourishing to the body, and then were on the seventh to load your stomach with the filthiest food that is to be found."—*Metropolitan Pulpit*, vol. i.

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ALEXANDER GAIR.

How closely nominal profession will approximate in appearance to true godliness, he illustrated by the following hypothetical dialogue between Isaac and Ishmael. Isaac, to show the superiority of his standing, said to Ishmael, "I have Abraham for my father."

Ishmael. So have I.

Isaac. I am the child of many prayers.

Ishmael. So am I.

Isaac. I have received the seal of the covenant in circumcision.

Ishmael. So have I.

Isaac. But I got a deliverance from heaven.

Ishmael. So did I.

Isaac. Yes, but I got my deliverance *through sacrifice*, and you by a drink from your mother's bottle.—*Ministers and Men of the Far North.*

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"YOU WERE NOT POPULAR TO-DAY, SIR."

One of Mr. Gun's first sermons was preached in his native parish of Watten, and on arriving at the manse after sermon, the minister, who had been a hearer, sternly said, "You were not popular to-day, sir." "In what respect?" replied the other. "You spoke too much of the badness of our hearts. You had nothing to do with that; if our hearts are bad, we ought to make them better!"—*Ministers and Men of the Far North.*

MR. MUNRO, OF HALKIRK.

It has been sometimes thought that Mr. Munro was not sufficiently exact in his preparations for the pulpit. This was a mistake. His discourses were not only carefully thought out, but much of them was often cast into the form of verse. He had, no doubt, a happy way of extemporizing when preaching, and such enlargements were accounted for in his case on the principle that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and were much prized by the more discerning of his hearers. For instance, on an occasion that Dr. Macdonald Urquhart was expected to preach in Pulteneytown, Mr. Munro went from Halkirk to see and hear him; but the doctor had been unexpectedly called away, and Mr. Munro, on arriving, was asked to preach. To this he at once agreed, and after announcing as his text the second verse of the forty-fifth Psalm, "Thou art fairer than the children of men," which he had previously sung, he began his sermon in this way: "Coming here this afternoon, I was struck with the loveliness of creation. The green fields, the sparkling brooks, the blossoming hedges, were all smiling and rejoicing in the sunshine. Seeing the fairness of creation, I thought of the Fair One who made and upholds all things, and who, while fair in His work of creation, is infinitely more so in His work of redemption. I remember the fairness of His Divinity, and the fairness of His humanity. Was He not fair in the manger, fair in the cradle, fair in His life, fair in His death? Yea, so fair is He that my whole soul was led captive of Him, and I began to preach Him to the birds of the air, and now I will preach Him to this congregation."—*Ministers and Men of the Far North.*

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A QUAINT SERMON.

Mr. Dodd was a minister who lived, many years ago, a few miles from Cambridge; and having several times been preaching against drunkenness, some of the Cambridge scholars (conscience, which is sharper than ten thousand witnesses, being their monitor) were very much offended, and thought he made reflections on them. Some little time

after, Mr. Dodd was walking towards Cambridge, and met some of the gownsmen, who, as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved to make some ridicule of him. And soon as he came up they accosted him with, "Your servant, sir!" He replied, "Your servant, gentlemen!" They asked him if he had not been preaching very much against drunkenness of late. He answered in the affirmative. They then told him they had a favour to beg of him, and it was that he would preach a sermon to them *there*, from a text they should choose. He argued that it was an imposition, for a man ought to have some consideration before preaching. They said they would not put up with a denial, and insisted upon his preaching immediately (in a hollow tree which stood by the road side) from the word M A L T. He then began, "Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man—come at a short notice—to preach a short sermon—from a short text—to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is *Malt*. I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one; I must therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four—M A L T.

"M—is Moral.
A—is Allegorical.
L—is Literal.
T—is Theological.

"The Moral is, to teach you rustics good manners: therefore, M—My masters, A—All of you, L—Leave off, T—Tippling.

"The Allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of and another meant. The thing spoken of is Malt. The thing meant is the spirit of Malt, which you rustics make, M your Meat, A your Apparel, L your Liberty, and T your Trust.

"The Literal is, according to the letters, M—Much, A—Ale, L—Little, T—Trust.

"The Theological is, according to the effects it works—in some, M—Murder—in others, A—Adultery—in all, L—Looseness of life—and in many, T—Treachery.

"I shall conclude the subject, First, by way of exhorta-

tion: M—My masters, A—All of you, L—Listen, T—To my text. Second, by way of caution: M—My masters, A—All of you, L—Look for, T—The truth. Third, by way of communicating the truth, which is this: A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's agent; the alehouse's benefactor; his wife's sorrow; his children's trouble; his own shame; his neighbour's scoff; a walking swill-bowl; the picture of a beast; the monster of a man!"—*Penny Magazine.*

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A PASTORAL VISIT.

Many years ago I visited an aged woman in the city of Bristol, at the request of her son, who was a man in decent circumstances. He told me that his mother had been a constant attendant on my ministry, but was now very aged and infirm, and at the point of death. It was the afternoon of the day when I reached her house, which was at some distance from my own. Following my guide, I ascended to the topmost room, and found it meanly furnished, and so far from cleanly as to render it unpleasant *for me* to remain. I saw lying on a bed before me an aged female, with her grey hair matted about her head, her eyes dim with age and disease, and her whole appearance most painful and repulsive. "Mother," said her son, "I have brought a gentleman to see you." "Who is it?" she mumbled, "I don't know anybody, and can hardly see at all." "I thought," said I, turning to the son, "that she would not know me." At the sound of my voice, she started, and aroused herself, saying, "Oh! yes, but I do. Ah! you are the gem'man that I ha' walked so many a weary mile to listen to, and after my walk on my old legs I had always to stand in the aisles as you call 'em for want of room; but I didn't mind. Oh, often 's the time when I waited to pull you by the sleeve as you came down from the pulpit and passed me, that I might tell you how I *loved you for talking so much about my old friends and acquaintances!*" "Your old friends and acquaintances," I inquired, "whom do you mean? You and your friends are quite strangers to me." "Why, I

mean," said she, "Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and them like. Dear me, didn't you often tell me how the good old man walked with God, when he went out, not knowing where he was going to? And how poor old Jacob lost his son—dear Joseph! They bound him fast in the prison, and the iron entered into his soul; and," continued she, as if talking to herself, "I've got a Joseph. He's far away from me, and I shall see him no more, but I shall leave him this book (a large folio Bible, which had been purchased in separate parts, and which was lying before her); I bought it for him a long while ago. I have got no other book, only 'The Holy War,' them be all I ever had; but him (directing her attention to the Bible), I 'll give him; he 'll find it wetted in many places with his old mother's tears. Ah! don't you remember," she continued, "that poor dear creature who went into the house after Him, and stood at His feet, and washed 'em with her tears, and wiped 'em with her hair? I got no hair to wipe 'em, but *I* could wash 'em with tears too, and they 'd not be tears of grief—no, but of love, like hers was, for He said to her—oh! did not His dear lips say to her—Your many sins be all forgiven you; and has not He forgiven mine, quite as many as hers? and don't I love Him?" Then the big tears rolled down her furrowed cheeks, and her strong emotions almost choked her utterance; while her hands were clasped together and lifted up, as if she would have embraced something which she alone could see. So graphic were her descriptions, and so animated was her manner, that I stood beside her listening, as it were entranced—and unmindful of all around me that had seemed unsightly and unpleasant.

The son had quitted the chamber and left us alone; but she, as if heedless of the presence of any one, and occupied with her own musings, went on, and once or twice spoke as if she saw before her the very individuals about whom she was conversing. "Yes," she exclaimed, "the ill-natured Pharisee—(ah! them be always ill-natured to poor folks and sinners like me)—buffed her, and said if the Master knew her He wouldn't ha' let her come so near Him: wouldn't He? ah, *he* didn't know Him, bless His dear lips and His tender loving heart. No, says He, she has much

forgiven her; and didn't He look into her heart, and tell her to go in peace? Why, they put Him between two thieves! they thought to disgrace Him; but He took one on 'em to heaven with Him! didn't He make a jewel of him? Ah, and He can make me one of His jewels! But ah, sir," said she, just then recognising my presence, "how I ha" been talking, and *you* here, who I 've so wanted to hear talk again. Oh, do tell me more about my friends and acquaintances—(meaning the Old Testament saints)—for I think about them all day and night, and I go about with them and hear all their tales, and see how they wept and how they prayed; and I see the angels too, coming and talking to them, and then I talk to them and they to me. And I thinks it 'll not be long before I do talk to them *really*." So she went on till, having to attend an evening service, I reluctantly left the room, promising to see her the next day. My mind was so full of the images and personages she had conjured up before me, that they formed the whole matter of my address that evening; and at the close I told the friends who composed my audience what I had seen and heard. Some pious females requested the address of the aged saint, and repaired early the next morning to her humble abode.

"Ladies," said the person whom they saw, "she scarcely spoke after the gentleman left her, but folded her hands upon her breast, and died in the night."

She was not, for God took her. In her lowly path she had walked with God, conversed with the angels, and held intercourse with the spirits of just men made perfect, for whose holy society she was, as far as man can judge, prepared far above many of her superiors in gifts and privileges. —*Dr. Leifchild's Selection of Remarkable Facts.*

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REV. RALPH ERSKINE AND HIS VIOLIN.

The only amusement in which Ralph Erskine indulged was playing on the violin. He was so great a proficient on this instrument, and so often beguiled his leisure hours with it, that the people of Dunfermline believed he composed his sermons to its tones, as a poet writes a song to a particular air. They also tell the following traditionary anecdote con-

nected with the subject. A poor man in one of the neighbouring parishes, having a child to baptize, resolved not to employ his own clergyman, with whom he was at issue on certain points of doctrine, but to have the office performed by some minister of whose tenets *fame* gave a better report. With the child in his arms therefore, and attended by the full complement of old and young women who usually minister on such occasions, he proceeded to the manse of ——, some miles off—not that of Mr. Erskine, where he inquired if the clergyman was at home. "No; he 's no hame the noo," answered the servant lass; "he 's down the burn fishing, but I can soon cry him." "Ye need na gie yoursel' the trouble," replied the man, quite shocked at this account of the minister's habits; "nane o' your fishin' ministers shall baptize my bairn."

Off he then trudged, followed by his whole train, to the residence of another parochial clergyman at the distance of some miles. Here, on his inquiring if the minister was at home, the lass answered, "Deed, he 's no at hame the day; he 's been out since sax i' the morning, at the shooting. Ye need na wait, neither; for he 'll be sae made out (fatigued) when he comes back that he 'll no be able to boo at a', let-a-be baptizing a wean!" "Wait, lassie!" cried the man, in a tone of indignant scorn, "wad I wait, d'ye think, to haud up my bairn before a minister that gangs out at sax i' the morning to shoot God's creatures? I 'll awa down to good Mr. Erskine at Dunfarlan', and he 'll be neither out fishing or shooting, I think!"

The whole baptismal train then set off for Dunfermline, sure that the father of the Secession, although not now a placed minister, would at least be engaged in no unclerical sports, to incapacitate him for performing the sacred ordinance in question. On arriving at the manse, which they did not till late in the evening, the man, on rapping at the door, anticipated that he would not be at home any more than his brethren. "The minister will no be at hame," he said, with a sly smile, to the girl who came to the door, "or your lad (sweetheart) would na be playing that gate t' ye on the fiddle." "The minister *is* at hame," quoth the girl, "mair by token it's himself that's playin', honest man;

he aye takes a tune at night before gangin' to bed. Faith, ther's na lad o' mine can play that gate; it would be something to tell if any o' them could." "*That* the minister playing!" cried the man, in a degree of astonishment and horror far transcending what he had expressed on either of the former occasions. "If he does this, what may the rest no do? Weel, I fairly gie them up a'thegither. I have travelled this hail day in search o' a godly minister, and never man met wi' mair disappointments in a day's journey. I'll tell ye what, gudewife," he added, turning to the disconsolate party behind, "we'll just awa' back to our *ain* minister, after a'! He's no a'thegither sound, it's true; but let him be what he likes in doctrine, I never kenned him fish, shoot, or play on the fiddle a' his days."

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REV. MR. THOM, OF GLASGOW.

The Rev. Mr. Thom, of Glasgow, seems to have had a sovereign contempt for civic authorities of all kinds. A portly magistrate having, one fine Sunday in summer, found his way to the parish church of Govan, overcome by the heat of the weather, fell fast asleep during sermon. In the middle of the discourse, a dog which had got into church most inopportunely set up a howl. "Put out that dog," said the minister; "put out that dog instantly—*he'd wauken a Glasgow magistrate!*"

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A POOR MONK OF LA TRAPPE.

The piety and patience of the brethren of La Trappe are truly astonishing and admirable. One of them, owing to intense labour, had suffered from the rheumatism, till a mortification on his back and shoulders had actually taken place. Although a wound had existed for two years, yet not a word of complaint had escaped his lips; nor did he by any gesture indicate the exquisite torture he endured from the rough woollen garment he wore next his skin. At length the blood oozing through betrayed him. A surgeon was sent for. On examination the mortification had proceeded

so far that it was impossible to save his life, but by actually cutting of the flesh to the very quick, so as to lay his bones entirely bare. The surgeon pronounced it to be one of the most painful operations possible. He desired the subject might be tied, as nothing else could enable him to endure it. The patient replied, with a look of deep humility and thankfulness, "Of myself I know I could not bear it; but God, I trust, will enable me." The patient accordingly sat down, and the operation began. None of the assistants could refrain from tears. The holy man did not, however, once change countenance; the same peace and composure sat upon his features. The surgeon was perfectly astonished. He told M. de Rancé, who was by, that the torture which the patient underwent was so great that the effort he made to refrain from groaning was sufficient to kill him on the spot, and that he must sink under it. M. de Rancé commanded him to give way to his feelings. The poor man raised his eyes with a look of exquisite suffering, but yet with a benignant, peaceful joy, and said that, "through the infinite mercy of God, his soul was kept in perfect peace. That he never had such a view of the goodness of God in the extremity of the Saviour's sufferings; that he was favoured with such an inexpressible sense of the depth of His love, that he found as much difficulty in refraining from tears of joy and songs of thanksgiving as he thought he should have found in refraining from groans;" then with a fervent voice, and clasping his hands together, he added, "Oh the unsearchable depth of the riches of the love of God in Christ!" So saying, he fell back and expired.—*Tour to Alêt,* vol. i.

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PAVILLON, THE GOOD BISHOP OF ALET.

There are several hamlets belonging to the village of Alêt, which are both remote and difficult of access. A poor woman, who was exceedingly ill, desired her husband to go to the curate, and request him to come and administer the sacrament immediately. It was very late in the evening, and quite dark. As the roads were besides covered with snow and exceedingly dangerous, the curate did not like to

go at such an hour. "My good friend," said he, "perhaps your wife may not be so ill as you imagine. You see the weather; besides, at this late hour consider the imminent danger of falling over the precipices. I will wait on your wife early to-morrow, but it is out of the question to-night." The poor man, almost in despair, ran to the episcopal palace, and stated his case. M. d'Alêt was gone to bed. He however immediately rose. On looking out of the window, and seeing that the weather was really bad, he ordered torches to be lighted, and prepared to go himself. The grand vicar, astonished, asked if he had not better order the curate to go, and do what was in fact his duty. "No," said the bishop, "not for this once; a bishop, a Christian overseer at the head of his flock, like Cæsar at the head of his legions, should, if he mean to succeed, oftener say *Venite* (come) than *Ite* (go)." The bishop possesses a very happy way of explaining himself in a few words. A person who had long practised many austerities, without finding any comfort or change of heart, was once complaining to the bishop: "Alas!" said he, "self-will and self-righteousness follow me everywhere; only tell me where you think I shall learn to leave self. Will it be in discipline, in study, in prayer, or in good works?" "I think," replied the prelate, "that the place where you will lose self will be that where you find your Saviour." Another person, pleading in behalf of uniting worldly acquaintance with religious profession, said, "Believers are called to be the salt of the earth." "Yes," said M. d'Alêt, "and yet, if salt be cast into the ocean from whence it was originally drawn it will melt away and vanish entirely." A person once excusing his non-attendance at public worship by pleading the disagreeable appearance and manner of the minister,—"Let us look more at our Saviour, and less at the instruments," said M. d'Alêt; "Elijah was as well nourished when the bread from heaven was brought by a raven, as Ishmael, when the spring of water was revealed to him by an angel. Whether, then, we are fed immediately from God, as the Israelites, with manna in the wilderness, or by the glorious instrumentality of those who may seem to us as angels, or by the base one of those who seem to us contemptible, let us be

content and thankful, if they are appointed of God, and if it be the bread and water of life they bring."—*Tour to Alêt*, vol. i.

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BISHOP BLOMFIELD.

To imitate a bishop, and a bishop of London, can never be very possible to a humble dissenting curate; but to do that which the hand findeth to do, and to do it with all our might, is as possible to every man as to Dr. Blomfield. One or two points in his life are most noteworthy. We find that he began life with a determination to give, if possible, one-fifth of his annual income to charity; this he thought no more than should be expected from a clergyman in easy circumstances, although for others ten per cent. might be enough. As he became rich, he exceeded his own liberal rate, and gave away a third of his income for charitable purposes. During his tenure of the see of London, we find that he gave away not much less than £150,000. Writing to a clergyman in 1851, he says :—

"I have directed my banker to pay my promised subscription to Messrs. ——. I could not do so before, for I really had no money to pay. Large as my income is, my subscriptions to different religious and charitable objects not unfrequently exceed my means of meeting them at the moment; and I am at this time pledged to the amount of several thousand pounds, which I shall not have it in my power to pay, unless it should please God to spare me two or three years longer."

It is a pleasing instance also in his character that he was scrupulous about being in debt, or making tradesmen wait for their money. Of his liberality an amusing instance is given. As the dean of the Chapel Royal, he busied himself in improving the choir of the chapel in St. James's palace, and frequently, when in London, attended service there. Finding, when he had been some years Bishop of London, that the officers of the chapel were very inadequately paid, he offered to the Home Secretary to resign his salary of £200 a-year, attached to the office of dean, on condition that it should be applied to the augmenting of their stipends.

The offer was eagerly accepted, to this day the condition never fulfilled. The bishop died, as has been said, magnificently poor, and none of his sons seemed to have reaped any benefit of a pecuniary nature from their father's dignified position. The volumes to which we have referred are full of interest, not only as illustrating the life and career of a remarkable man, but as relating the story of the Church of England at a very remarkable period of her history. On the elevation of Dr. Blomfield to the bishopric of Chester, Dr. Parr addressed a letter to him, commencing, "*Dear, learned, and truly respectable Dr. Blomfield.*" The reading of these volumes has almost created, and quite confirmed, in our own minds, the justice of the somewhat eccentric superscription. We have said before that he made no pretensions to the highest order of piety; his was not an irrational nature; his religion was of an ordinary, but of a manly and upright character. Grecian as he was, he ornamented nothing, and when he rose in the House of Lords he was always listened to with profound attention, because it was known that he would speak immediately to the principles and the facts of the matter in hand. When Sir George Sinclair invited William IV., then the Duke of Clarence, to dine with the bishop, the duke manifested some irritation on account of the bishop's vote against Catholic emancipation, saying, "I was the more surprised, and I consider you the more in the wrong, because I thought I had reason to expect the reverse." "Whether I was actually in the wrong or not," said the bishop, "my conscience told me I was in the right;" and after the bishop had left the duke said to Sir George, "I like the bishop far better than I expected, and I don't care how soon you invite me to meet him again." When he preached before the king on several occasions, and especially the coronation sermons, the king told him that the sermons had impressed him, and thanked him especially for the entire absence of flattery, an ingredient not uncommon in the Court sermons of that day. In spite of the opinion of Recordites and Low Churchmen, with his many deficiencies and frequent aberrations from the higher Protestant ideal, if we were Churchmen we should pray that the bench might be always filled with bishops as true and in-

trepid, as honest, learned, and active as Dr. Blomfield."—*Review of the Life of Bishop Blomfield: Eclectic.*

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BISHOP BLOMFIELD AS RECTOR OF CHESTERFORD.

We admire the practical good sense which characterized the pastoral works of the rector. As we have said, he made no pretensions to extraordinary religious graces, nor was there anything very remarkable in his gifts, but he certainly possessed downrightness and earnestness, and a plain manly goodness. The farmers called him "*Mr. Snaptrace.*" He visited the poor; and one of them afterwards described him as "a wonderful forgiving gentleman." He superintended the schools, and continued the improvements which had been commenced by the preceding curate of a non-resident rectory the curate was Mr. Davys, now Bishop of Peterborough; He saw that the public-houses were closed in good time at night; he continued his studies, and still received his remunerative pupils. The village of Chesterford lay on the high road between London and Newmarket. The first day of the spring meeting at Newmarket was on Easter Monday, and the Sunday was the great fair day of Chesterford; and while the energetic rector was celebrating service in the parish church his parishioners were at that season breaking over their bounds of usual decorum; he seems to have attempted a change with the influential men of the turf, who were principally responsible for the immorality; crowds from the country around pouring in to see the more aristocratic patrons pass through. The Duke of York was one of these sinners; and the rector induced Bishop Howley to remonstrate with him; the duke declined to alter his practice; he said, "it was true that he travelled to the races on Sunday, but he always had a Bible and a Prayer-Book in the carriage." Eventually however, the first day of these races was changed from Monday to Tuesday. Those Chesterford parishioners seem to have been funny folk, if the following anecdote may be taken as an illustrative specimen of their character.

Of his life at Chesterford Bishop Blomfield used often to relate the following anecdote. Walking over one Sunday

to his duty at Little Chesterford, he found on his arrival that he had forgotten to bring his sermon with him. It was too late to return: so, for the first and only time in his life, he preached *extempore*, taking for his text the first verse of the fifty-third Psalm, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Being anxious to know how he had seemed to succeed in an unaccustomed effort, he asked one of the congregation on coming out how he had liked the sermon. "Well, Mr. Blomfield," replied the man, "I liked the sermon well enough; but I can't say I agree with you, *I* think there *be* a God."—*Review of the Life of Bishop Blomfield: Eclectic.*

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A CONSISTENT BISHOP.

In 1830 King George IV. died, and William IV. ascended the throne. Opposite as many of the bishop's views were to those which the new king favoured, they seem to have been on good terms with each other, and no doubt the bluff manliness of the bishop was pleasing to the king. The bishop was what we should call perhaps rather a strict Sabbatarian. When he was invited to a Sunday dinner by William IV., soon after his accession, he explained through Sir Herbert Taylor that he never dined out on that day. The good-natured king excused him, saying, "Ask him to dinner on Wednesday, then."—*Review of the Life of Bishop Blomfield: Eclectic.*

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AN EPISCOPAL WIG.

The first episcopal effort put forth by Bishop Blomfield was an attempt to persuade the king to dispense with wigs on the heads of bishops. But George IV. was conservative, and would not permit the discontinuance of the episcopal wig, and in fact it was not dispensed with until the reign of William IV., when the abolition of the troublesome clerical environment was brought about by Sir George Sinclair, the intimate friend of William IV. Sir George was staying with the king on a visit at Brighton, when he went up to Fulham palace to visit Dr. Blomfield after his elevation to the

bishopric of London. He asked the bishop whether he could deliver any message from him to the king. The bishop jocularly replied, "You may present my duty to his majesty, and say that at this tropical season I find my episcopal wig a serious incumbrance, and I could wish that he would not consider me guilty of a breach of court etiquette if induced to lay it aside." Sir George repeated the message at dinner, for the amusement of the king, who however took it up seriously, and replied, "Tell the bishop he is not to wear a wig on my account, I dislike it as much as he does, and should be glad to see the whole bench wear their own hair." Bishop Blomfield took the hint, other bishops followed his example, and so the wig was discontinued."—*Review of the Life of Bishop Blomfield: Eclectic.*

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BLOMFIELD AND SYDNEY SMITH.

It was a chief aim of the bishop to meet the spiritual destitution of the metropolis and its neighbourhood by cutting up the larger incomes into sums which would support several workers on the same field, each income averaging some £300 per annum. Sydney Smith wrote copiously on the expediency of abolishing larger bishoprics and cathedral sinecures, from which latter however he showed himself not indisposed to become a recipient. The bishop said, "If you assist me to divide the vicarage of Edmonton, I may perhaps give you a helping hand in the other project; if both of us are not spared all trouble on such subjects." The impression left on Sydney's mind evidently was that the practical bishop was not only able to hold his own, but to give pretty strong blows when needed. Shortly after the dispute, the bishop was bitten in the calf of the leg by a dog, and, nervously fearing hydrophobia, went to a surgeon, Mr. Keats, and had the piece cut out before he returned home. He was to have met Sydney Smith at a dinner party that same evening: just before the dinner came the bishop's note with the account of the calamity saying that "the dog flew out of the crowd and bit him in the leg"; it was read aloud to the company, when Sydney exclaimed, "I

should like to hear the dog's account of that story!" Dr. Blomfield, however, enjoyed the wit of his old foe, and used to relate with special glee his saying, when the dean and chapter were discussing the plan of a wooden pavement round the cathedral, that "they only had to lay their heads together, and the thing would be done at once." They were both wits; but the wit never impairs our estimate of Dr. Blomfield, and we never like to think of Sydney Smith as a clergyman."—*Review of the Life of Bishop Blomfield: Eclectic.*

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BISHOP BLOMFIELD'S ANECDOTES OF THE CLERGY OF HIS TIME.

The biographer makes a pause in the course of his story, to compare the shortcomings of the clergy of the first years of Bishop Blomfield's clerical life with their present position and character, from which we learn that in 1812, of 10,261 incumbents, 5,840 were non-residents. The shortcomings of the Church were a scandal to those who wished her well; the clergyman might be a non-resident, a sportsman, a farmer, neglectful of all study, a violent politician, a *bon-vivant*, or a courtier. Bishop Blomfield himself was a wonderful repository of anecdotes not tending to elevate the clergy of those times in popular estimation; intoxication was a vice very characteristic of the cloth. On one occasion the bishop reproved one of his Chester clergy for drunkenness; he replied, "But, my lord, I never was drunk on duty!" "On duty?" exclaimed the bishop; "when is a clergyman not on duty?" "True," said the other; "I never thought of that!" And he told a story of one clergyman whom he had reproved for some irregularities of conduct brought under his notice by the parishioners. He replied, "Your lordship, as a classical scholar, knows that lying goes by districts; the Cretans were liars, the Cappadocians were liars, and I can assure you that the inhabitants of —— are liars too!" The bishop went into a poor man's cottage in one of the valleys in the lake district, and asked whether his clergyman ever visited him. The poor man replied that he did frequently. The bishop was expressing

his gratification at the spiritual oversight, which led to the discovery that the reason of the pastor's frequent visits lay in the fact that there were a good many foxes on the hills behind the house. We read strange anecdotes of the way in which men were examined for ordination. The chaplain and son-in-law of Bishop North examined two candidates for orders in a tent on a cricket-field, he himself being engaged as one of the cricket-players. The chaplain of Bishop Douglas examined whilst shaving. Bishop Porteus we fully honour as an amiable and conscientious prelate, yet when asked by a neighbouring clergyman to preach a charity sermon for him, he replied, "I only give one in a year, and the next year is promised." Even Bishop Watson never resided in his diocese during an episcopate of thirty-four years. Those who preached seem to have been of no very edifying order of ministers.—*Review of the Life of Bishop Blomfield: Eclectic.*

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Bishop Blomfield used to relate how in his boyhood, when on one occasion Lord Bristol had given a number of scarlet cloaks to some poor old women, they appeared at church on the following Sunday resplendent in their new array, the preacher, a clergyman at Bury, pointed to them with a graceful wave of his hand, and applying to them the words of the text, exclaimed, "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" This worthy seems to have been capable of such things. On another occasion a dole of potatoes was distributed by the local authorities, which seemed to the preacher to be an occasion for improvement by a sermon. He chose for his text Exodus xvi. 15, "And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, It is manna!" and he warned his hearers, by the example of the Israelites, to beware of taking more than their share. He had a corpulent frame and a pompous manner, and a habit of rolling from side to side in the pulpit, which added to the effect of the oratory in this case. We are glad to learn from the lips of a bishop that such enormities are not confined to the lips and pulpits of illiterate nonconformists.

This was the representative clerical life in the day when Bishop Blomfield commenced his clerical career.—*Review of the Life of Bishop Blomfield: Eclectic.*

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FLECHIER, A MERCIFUL ROMISH BISHOP.

Although none ever ventured to cast a doubt on Fléchier's strict orthodoxy, he made himself remarkable by a spirit of tolerance unusual in that age, by discountenancing superstition, and by his enlightened disapproval of the abuses of the conventual system. A great doubter of modern miracles, he scrupled not, when a bishop, to protest, in a letter to his flock relating to some miraculous cross, against "those who put their confidence in wood and in lying prodigies." His natural good sense and kindness of heart made him oppose the compulsory profession of young women. In the *Mémoires* he relates an anecdote of a young girl, at whose reception as a nun M. Chéron, the grand vicar of Bourges, was requested to assist. The vicar, having donned his sacerdotal robes, asked the novice, in the usual formula, what she demanded? "I demand the keys of the monastery, sir, in order to leave it," was her firm reply, which astonished all present. The vicar could not believe his ears, till she repeated her words, adding that she had chosen that opportunity to protest against her destiny, because there were abundant witnesses. "If the girls who are daily sacrificed had as much resolution," says Fléchier, "the convents would be less populous, and the sacrifices offered up in them would be more holy and voluntary." When invested with the episcopal purple, the worthy man acted up to these sound opinions. "I may be allowed," says M. Gonod in his appendix, "to cite, to his glory and to that of religion, his conduct with regard to a nun at Nismes, who had not, like her sister at Bourges, had the courage to demand the keys of the convent, and who subsequently yielded to another description of weakness. Fléchier, then bishop of Nismes, extended to her his paternal hand, and in this instance, as in many others, approved himself of the same merciful family as a Vincent de Paul and a Fénelon." The story is told by D'Alembert in his "Eulogiums read at

public sittings of the French Academy." "An unfortunate girl, whom unfeeling parents had forced into a convent, was unable to conceal the consequences of a deplorable error, and her superior confined her in a dungeon, where she lay upon straw, scarcely nourished by an insufficient ration of bread, and praying for death as a rescue from suffering. Fléchier heard of it, hastened to the convent, and after encountering much resistance obtained admission into the wretched cell where the unfortunate creature languished and despaired. On beholding her pastor she extended her arms as to a liberator sent by Divine mercy. The prelate cast a look of horror and indignation at the abbess; 'I ought,' he said, 'if I obeyed the voice of human justice, to put you in the place of this unhappy victim of your barbarity; but the God of clemency, whose minister I am, bids me show, even to you, an indulgence you have not had for her. Go, and for sole penance read daily in the evangelists the chapter of the woman taken in adultery.' He released the nun, and caused every care to be taken of her, but she was past recovery, and died soon afterwards blessing his name." —*Fléchier's Chronicle of Clermont Assizes.*

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THE MOST WONDERFUL SIGHT IN CHRISTENDOM.

John de Wert, the general of the Spanish army, happened to be a prisoner of war on parole during the detention of M. de St. Cyran. Whilst he stayed at Paris the Cardinal de Richelieu gave a superb ballet, to which he invited the Spanish nobleman; and every expense was lavished upon the decorations which could contribute to give the foreigner a high idea of French magnificence. The cardinal retained his noble guest next to him during the whole of the performance, which he beheld in perfect silence; at which M. de Richelieu, not a little chagrined, asked him "what he considered as the most marvellous spectacle he had ever seen?" John de Wert immediately replied, "That of all the wonders he had ever seen none had so much astonished him as to see in the dominions of *his very Christian majesty* bishops amusing themselves at theatres, while saints languished in prisons."—*Tour to Alêt,* vol. i.

"A SINNER AN HUNDRED YEARS OLD."

Luke Short, when about fifteen years of age, heard a sermon from the celebrated Flavel, and soon after went to America, where he spent the remainder of his life. He received no immediate impression from Flavel's sermon, and lived in carelessness and sin till he was a century in age. He was now "a sinner an hundred years old," and, to all appearance, ready to "die accursed." But, sitting one day in a field, he fell into a busy reflection on his past life; and, recurring to the events of his youth, he thought of having heard Mr. Flavel preach, and vividly recollected a large portion of his sermon, and the extraordinary earnestness with which it was delivered. Starting as if stung by an adder, he instantly laboured under accusings of conscience, and ran from thought to thought till he arrived first at conviction of sin, and next at an apprehension of the Divine method of saving the guilty. He soon after joined a Congregational church in his vicinity, and to the day of his death, which happened in the one hundred and sixteenth year of his age, gave satisfactory evidence of being a truly converted and believing follower of the Saviour. Mr. Flavel had long before passed to his heavenly rest, and could not, while on earth, have supposed that his living voice would have so long continued to yield its echoes as an instrument of doing good to a wandering sinner. Let ministers and private Christians, who labour for the spiritual well-being of their fellow-men, "cast their bread upon the waters," in full faith that, though they lose sight of it themselves, "it shall be found after many days."

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ALFRED MORRIS AND EDWARD IRVING.

We once had a rare opportunity of seeing and hearing Edward Irving. It was in a school for inquiring Jews at Somers Town. Never shall we forget that scene. First of all we were with him in the parlour, before the usual service. A young lady, full of his doctrine and spirit, who had in some sense the charge of the establishment, gave an account of its condition. One of the six men (we think that was about the number) was given much to lying, and the

report was still unfavourable. What said Edward Irving? "Take a cudgel to him! take a cudgel to him! Many times doth Solomon command correction. When I was a schoolmaster in Scotland, I used the rod, and there is not one of my then scholars that doth not now respect me." Thus did he address a lady! Well, the preparatory questioning concluded, we retired to the schoolroom. What did Edward Irving there? He read and prayed, and then for one long hour did he address these inquiring Jews, in a discourse about Ezekiel and the Apocalypse, entering into the obscurest matters of unfulfilled prophecy, and bringing forth in his own dark, mystic style, most of his favourite doctrines. This done, the writer was introduced to him as one looking forward to the ministry; and well might he tremble as an aspen leaf when the man of God, with all the solemnity of a prophet, placed his hand upon his head, and in a deep and awful tone poured forth the benediction, "May the blessing of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, rest upon thee!"

Who could, who would, have done all this but Edward Irving? And yet from him it all was natural, sincere, and seemly. It fitted him as well as his huge-brimmed, low-crowned hat, his clothes of puritanic shape, and monstrous walking-stick. You would have laughed at it in others; in him you felt that a strange and earnest soul was wearing just such a dress as became it, and, like his eyes, seeing things in a direction opposite to that in which all other men would look. To try him by conventionalism of mode and thought would be like condemning a comet for not conforming to the proprieties of a planet. Like all men of sterling power and mark, he was a law unto himself.—*Morris's "Sketches."*

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EDWARD IRVING, THE MAN OF PRAYER.

He continued to preach with amazing fervour, and wore indeed his life threadbare in preaching. Meantime, his heart was breaking, and soon it broke. To him every truth he touched became reality: and every error *he* touched (for he came near to none which were not closely related to

truth) became consecrated too. He received in so mighty a measure the Spirit of God, that miracles indeed seemed to glow before him. He moved, says his biographer, in a mystic atmosphere. More fitting it would be to say he moved in an atmosphere of prayer. His expulsion from the magnificent church reared wholly by his effort was immediate; he was not allowed a farewell sabbath. It was a graceless act. But when he went to seek for a home, and for a building for those who would worship with him, his steps were directed to a large picture gallery in Newman Street. The following anecdote is very beautiful, and like the man:—

"When he went for the first time to see this house, some time elapsed before he could get admission; and when, at last, the man who was in charge of the place opened the door, he apologised for the delay, saying that he had a child dying upstairs. 'Then, before we do anything else, let us go and pray that it may be healed.' He followed the astonished and sorrowful custodian of the empty house up through the echoing staircase to the attic where the little sick-bed was, and, kneeling down, poured out his soul for the child, over whose feeble head he no doubt pronounced that blessing which dropped from his tender lips upon all little children. Then he returned to the business which had brought him there, and examined the extent and capabilities of the place. Some time after he returned again with the architect who was to superintend the alterations, and, as soon as the door was opened, asked, How was the child? The father answered with joy that it was now recovering. 'Then, before we do anything else, let us go and give thanks,' said the Christian priest. Hearing of such daily incidents, natural accompaniments of that full life, one cannot wonder at the exclamation which burst from the troubled bosom of his sister Elizabeth, when, in a passion of mingled doubt and grief, she says, 'There are moments when I feel as if God had deserted the church altogether; for if He is not in the midst of Mr. Irving's family and flock, where is God to be found?'"—*Eclectic Review of the Life of Irving.*

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FATHER MATHEW'S MISADVENTURES OF AN ORGAN.

If any mortal man could be said to be truly happy, Father Donovan might certainly lay claim to that rare distinction. But there was one cloud that occasionally shadowed his happiness—the want of an organ and a choir. Two difficulties, and rather material ones, stood in the way of the acquisition of the first object. The one was the poverty of the Church, the other was the limited space of the building. The church itself exactly measured 43 feet in length, and about the same in breadth; and from the rails of the altar to the interior of the porch, the space did not exceed 28 or 30 feet. So that, were there money to purchase the organ, there was no place in which to erect it. What might be, and eventually was, the organ loft, was then occupied as the dwelling-place of the two priests and an aged attendant. Still, notwithstanding the impossibility of accomplishing his wish, the idea of an organ and choir haunted the brain of Father Donovan, and he determined to accomplish his purpose by some means or other. At length, he believed he had overcome all obstacles, and had realized the darling object of his ambition. Father Mathew was conscious of a striking change in the manner and bearing of his reverend friend, who suddenly manifested a degree of softness and gentleness not generally common to him, and who walked with a springy and rather boyish step, as if he were revelling in the possession of some joyful secret. "I have it, my dear boy—I have it, at last—at last, sir!" exclaimed Father Donovan one day to his friend, in a tone of exultation. "Have what, my dear Father Donovan?" gently inquired Father Mathew. "Why, the organ, my dear boy! I have such a treat for you for next Sunday. Yes, sir; the organ. I knew I'd have it at last." "An organ, my dear Father Donovan; how are we to get it, and where are we to put it?" was the natural question. "It's all right. I got it, sir—a most beautiful instrument; and as for room, it won't occupy any space. You will be sure to be delighted, and so will our poor people. I tell you what it is, the *Adeste* is heavenly. Wait till you hear it." Father Donovan had procured a barrel organ, which played a number of sacred airs, such as the *Adeste fideles* and *Sicilian Mariners'*

Hymn; and these could be fittingly introduced during mass, and also at vespers. The musician would be under his control, and he (Father Donovan) would be responsible for the admirable effect of this delightful innovation. The Sunday, fraught with anticipated triumph to Father Donovan, arrived. The organ and its operator were in the little chapel, and Father Donovan was having a vigilant eye to both. Nothing could be a more decided success than the *Adeste,* as many besides Father Donovan thought it "heavenly;" nor was its effect lessened by the plaintive sweetness of the *Hymn.* Tears of rapture stood in the eyes of Father Donovan. It was a moment of unalloyed triumph, such as mortals experience but rarely in this life. The last gospel was just being read by Father Mathew, who was the celebrant, when the operator commenced a third air; but—horror of horrors!—instead of those gentle and spirit-breathing strains that lift the soul to heaven in a flood of holy melody, out rattled the too well known air of "*Moll in the wad!*" It would be impossible to describe the bewilderment of the congregation, or the rage and confusion of poor Father Donovan, at this "awful scandal," which nearly threw him in a fever, from shame and humiliation. His friends were thenceforward rather cautious in their allusion to mechanical music, and indeed organs of all kinds; and as for the remotest reference to "*Moll in the wad,*" that would have been a rashness as fatal to peace as it would have been cruel and ungenerous to the sorely afflicted friar.—*Maguire's Life of Father Mathew.*

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JOHN NEWTON AND WILLIAM BULL.—ONE SPECKLED BIRD TO ANOTHER SPECKLED BIRD.

Mr. Newton writes to Mr. Bull, in the probability that the latter may remove to London—

"I have no person in this neighbourhood with whom my heart so thoroughly unites in spirituals, though there are many whom I love. But conversation with most Christians is something like going to Court, where, except you are dressed exactly according to a prescribed standard, you will either not be admitted, or must expect to be heartily stared

at; but you and I can meet and converse *sans contrainte*, in our undress, without fear of offending, or being counted offenders for a word out of place and not exactly in the pink of the mode." And then he goes on to say:—"I know not how it is; I think my sentiments and experience are as orthodox and Calvinistical as need be, and yet I am a sort of *speckled bird* amongst my Calvinistic brethren."

Mr. Bull replies to Mr. Newton, taking up the allusion to the speckled bird, in the following humorous fashion:—

"One speckled bird to another speckled bird, whom he loves most dearly, sendeth greeting:

"Dear Brother,—Through the great goodness of the blessed Lord of all the feathery tribes, I yesterday morning took my flight from the great wilderness, and winged my way most safely to this quiet retreat, where I am comfortably seated in my old nest again. 'Home is home, though ever so homely.' Here I found my dam quite well, and Tommy and Polly chirping, and Billy very indifferent indeed, with the hooping-cough; but I know that our dear Lord will order it for the best. Oh, help me to bless His holy name! You know, brother, that those of our fraternity which are called birds of passage before their flight, hold a kind of a national assembly for several weeks, to consult about the coast to which they shall direct their flight, to try their pinions, and adjust their plumage. Exactly for the same reasons I long to see you; for I think we are not only speckled birds, but birds of passage too, and I long to hear and speak about that glorious shore to which we are bound. It is true we shall not cross a briny deep, but our singular circumstances require us to pass (not over, but through) a sea of *precious blood*, and our only strength will be not a pine plank, but a *glorious Cross*. You know, brother, it belongs to our nation to chirp, to whistle, to sing; and though I cannot (like you) sing the songs of Zion, yet I can brokenly chirp the short sweet note, 'Precious Jesus! precious Jesus! He is my Lord and my God.' . . . The academy scheme we will speak of when we meet. I cannot think of leaving Newport at present; otherwise there is an opening at the Weigh House. Give my love to the dear mistress of your nest.

I long to see you. . . .—Your affectionate brother, and obliged servant, W. Bull."—*Life of Bull, by his grandson, Rev. Josiah Bull.*

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It was probably soon after William Bull went to reside with his grandfather that a circumstance occurred, hardly worth putting into print, but as connected with an event of interest in his future history. It appears that a good man, named Twelvetrees, then young, and certainly in some respects but very imperfectly qualified to instruct his neighbours, was to preach to the villagers of Irthlingborough. My grandfather was taken to hear him. The good man's text was that striking passage in the Revelation: "Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." And he gave the following very original division of the words:—"We shall consider," he said, "who are *right* blessed, and who are *wrong* blessed." This very odd treatment of the passage amazingly tickled the fancy of the shrewd child who was listening to him, and, forgetting where he was, he broke out into a loud laugh; whereupon the preacher, all unconscious of the cause, bade them turn out the little curly-pated boy who was behaving so irreverently in the house of God.—*Life of Bull, by his grandson, Rev. Josiah Bull.*

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DR. M'ALL AND THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

Dr. M'All frequently heard and always delighted to hear, so we have been told, a well-known Primitive Methodist preacher. The Primitive Methodist, to be sure, was not only a mighty Boanerges, but one of the most accomplished masters of the English language on its Saxon side. "Mr. ——," said the doctor, in one of his frequent gracious fits of amiable and beautiful humility, "I wish I could preach like you, sir; but, sir, I can't; God does not honour my preaching, sir; somehow, I preach, and preach, and the people admire, sir; they are all very good, and patient, and affected, and attentive; but I don't hear of souls saved,

sir, don't hear of souls converted, sir; it is very hard, but God does not honour my ministry. Now you, sir, you have your crowns of rejoicing everywhere. God honours you, sir; I wish I could preach like you, sir." "I 'll tell you what it is, doctor," said the Primitive, "you see it is just like this. You and I are determined to hit somebody, so we must get our stones: you look about, and you find the most carefully smoothed and most perfectly polished stone, even then perhaps not smooth enough; and, being a very considerable lapidary yourself, you polish it, and polish it, and put a most exquisite and beautiful finish upon it: well, you see, when you throw your stone, at least it will only hit one person, and the probability is, that it may fly off and hit nobody, from the very fineness of the polishing. Now I have no eye for that kind of thing, and I can do nothing of that sort; I can only go down to the seaside and catch up a good handful of stones, and throw them with what force I can right amongst the crowd, quite sure that by God's help every stone has its mark and hits somebody."—*Eclectic Review.*

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IRVING. FIRST DAYS OF PREACHING.

The "haill toun," profoundly critical and much interested, turned out to hear him; even his ancient teachers, with solemn brows, came out to sit in judgment on Edward's sermon. A certain excitement of interest, unusual to that humdrum atmosphere, thrilled through the building. When the sermon was in full current, some incautious movement of the young preacher tilted aside the great Bible, and the sermon itself, that direful "paper" which Scotch congregations hold in high despite, dropped out bodily, and fluttered down upon the precentor's desk underneath. A perfect rustle of excitement ran through the church; here was an unhoped for crisis!—what would the neophyte do now? The young preacher calmly stooped his great figure over the pulpit, grasped the manuscript as it lay, broadways, crushed it up in his great hand, thrust it into a pocket, and went on as fluently as before. There does not exist a congregation in Scotland which that act would not have taken

by storm. His success was triumphant. To criticise a man so visibly independent of "the paper" would have been presumption indeed.

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IRVING.

His manner was very stately—he was very tall. In whatsoever house he entered among the dark abodes of the Gallowgate, it was with the salutation with which he might have entered a Persian palace or desert tent—"Peace be to this house." He was a most simple, easy, amiable, natural, strong, proud, haughty, holy being—a very strange medley of adjectives; but their substance all had their seat in his heart, and hold upon him. He had the *sesame* which opened all doors and all hearts. Here is another anecdote, which shows the fearless and royal naturalness of the man :—"Thus, on one occasion he is reported to have been on his way to some presbytery meeting in the country—probably some ordination or settlement which attracted his interest, though not a member of the court. The ministers of the presbytery were to be conveyed in carriages to the scene of action, but Irving, who was only a spectator and supernumerary, set off on foot, according to his usual custom. The 'brethren' in their carriages came up to him on the way—came up at least to a tall, remarkable figure, which would have been undeniably that of Dr. Chalmers' helper, but that it bore a pedlar's pack upon its stalwart shoulders, and was accompanied side by side by the fatigued proprietor of the same. To the laughter and jokes which hailed him, however, Irving presented a rather affronted, indignant aspect. He could see no occasion for either laughter or remark. The pedlar was a poor Irishman, worn out with his burden. 'His countrymen were kind to me,' said the offended probationer, recalling those days when sick at heart he plunged among the Ulster cabins, and got some comfort out of his wanderings."

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IN A COACH.

We have also more grotesque and humorous traits of the

man; we will not say more human: but his carelessness about money sometimes brought him into embarrassing circumstances; thus:—"On one occasion he had left home to visit a member of his congregation somewhere on the line of the New Road; but finding himself late, took, without considering the state of his pocket, the Paddington *coach*, omnibuses having not yet come into fashion. As soon as the vehicle was on its way, the unlucky passenger recollected that he was penniless. His dismay at the thought was overwhelming, but soon brightened with a sudden inspiration. Looking around him, he artfully fixed upon the most benevolent looking face he saw, and poured his sorrows into his fellow-traveller's ear. 'I told him that I was a clergyman,' was the account he gave to his amused home audience; 'that, since I had obtained a wife from the Lord, I had given up all concern with the things of this world, leaving my purse in my wife's hands, and that to-day I had set out to visit some of my flock at a distance, without recollecting to put a shilling in my purse for the coach.' The good man thus addressed was propitious, and paid the fare. But the honour due to such a good Samaritan is lessened when we learn that the preacher's remarkable appearance and scarcely less extraordinary request betrayed him; and the stranger had the honour and satisfaction, for his sixpence, of making the acquaintance of Edward Irving."

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EDWARD IRVING A SEVERE TUTOR.

It is said that he was, in the schoolroom, a sad tyrant; he was a stern disciplinarian. Scotland however believed in it; and it is very likely the young people needed it, if they did not want it. We may all live to regret the loss of the rough scourgings, as well as other more pleasant and dainty things. Sounds, it is said, were heard from Irving's schoolroom, however, which roused the pity and indignation of the audience of neighbours; and one of these, a joiner, a deacon of his trade, a man of great strength, is reported to have appeared one day with his shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows and an axe over his shoulder, at the door of

the schoolroom, asking with a grin and dreadful kind of irony, amidst the weepings and the wailings, "Do ye want a hand the day, Mr. Irving?" But his pupils loved him. He mingled with them; identified himself with them. He gave a character to his scholars, boys and girls. He won their confidence.

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EDWARD IRVING AND A YOUNG DISCIPLE.

When the lessons were over, it was a rule that the young teacher should leave a daily report of his pupil's progress; when, alas, that report was *pessima*, the little girl was punished. One day he paused long before putting his sentence upon paper. The culprit sat on the table, small, downcast, and conscious of failure. The preceptor lingered remorsefully over his verdict, wavering between justice and mercy. At last he looked up at her with pitiful looks: 'Jane, my heart is broken!' cried the sympathetic tutor, 'but I *must* tell the truth;' and with reluctant pen he wrote the dread deliverance, *pessima!* The small offender doubtless forgot the penalty that followed; but she has not yet forgotten the compassionate dilemma in which truth was the unwilling conqueror.

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HEARING DR. CHALMERS.

He was an excellent walker, and there is a story that when Dr. Chalmers, then rising into fame, was announced to preach in St. George's, Edinburgh, upon a summer week-day evening, Irving set out from Haddington after school hours, accompanied by several of his pupils, and returned the same night—a distance of thirty-five miles—without any other rest than was obtained in the church. When they arrived, tired with their walk, they made their way to one particular unoccupied pew in the gallery; but their entrance was stopped by a man who stretched his arm across the pew, and announced that it was engaged. Irving remonstrated, quietly represented that at such times all the pews were free—but without effect. At last his patience gave way, and, raising his hand, he exclaimed with all his

natural magniloquence of voice and gesture, "Remove your arm, or I will shatter it in pieces!" The astonished barrier fell back in dismay, and Irving and his boys entered. There then, for the first time, the two great orators met in the same building; the great master already in possession of the ear of Scotland, and his future co-pastor an undistinguished youth, who had walked eighteen miles to hear him preach.

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IRVING AND THE SHOEMAKER.

A CERTAIN shoemaker, radical and infidel, was among the number of those under Irving's special care; a home workman of course, always present, silent, with his back turned upon the visitors, and refusing any communication except a sullen *humph* of implied criticism, while his trembling wife made her deprecating curtsey in the foreground. The way in which this intractable individual was finally won over is attributed by some tellers of the story to a sudden happy inspiration on Irving's part, but by others to plot and intention. Approaching the bench one day, the visitor took up a piece of patent leather, then a recent invention, and remarked upon it in somewhat skilled terms. The shoemaker went on with redoubled industry at his work; but at last, roused and exasperated by the speech and pretence of knowledge, demanded, in great contempt, but without raising his eyes, "What do *ye* ken about leather?" This was just the opportunity his assailant wanted; for Irving, though a minister and a scholar, was a tanner's son, and could discourse learnedly upon that material. Gradually interested and mollified, the cobbler slackened work, and listened while his visitor described some process of making shoes by machinery, which he had carefully got up for the purpose. At last the shoemaker so far forgot his caution as to suspend his work altogether, and lift his eyes to the great figure stooping over his bench. The conversation went on with increased vigour after this, till finally the recusant threw down his arms:—"Od, you're a decent kind o' fellow! —do *you* preach?" said the vanquished, curious to know more of his victor. The advantage was discreetly but not too hotly pursued; and on the following Sunday the rebel

made a defiant, shy appearance at church. Next day Irving encountered him in the savoury Gallowgate, and hailed him as a friend. Walking beside him in natural talk, the tall probationer laid his hand upon the shirt sleeve of the shrunken sedentary workmen, and marched by his side along the well-frequented street. By the time they had reached the end of their mutual way not a spark of resistance was left in the shoemaker. His children henceforward went to school; his deprecating wife went to the kirk in peace. He himself acquired that suit of Sunday "black" so dear to the heart of the poor Scotchman, and became a churchgoer and respectable member of society; while his acknowledgment of his conqueror was conveyed with characteristic reticence, and concealment of all deeper feeling, in the self-excusing pretence—"He 's a sensible man, *yon;* he kens about leather!"

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FATHER TAYLOR.

When I was at Boston I made the acquaintance of Father Taylor, the founder of the Sailors' Home in that city. He was considered as the apostle of the seamen, and I was full of veneration for him as the enthusiastic teacher and philanthropist; but it is not of his virtues or his labours that I wish to speak. He struck me in another way, *as a poet:* he was a born poet. Until he was five-and-twenty he had never learned to read, and his reading afterwards was confined to such books as aided him in his ministry. He remained an illiterate man to the last, but his mind was teeming with spontaneous imagery, allusion, metaphor. One might almost say of him,—

"He could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope!"

These images and allusions had a freshness and originality, and sometimes an oddity that was quite startling, and they were generally but not always borrowed from his former profession, that of a sailor.

One day we met him in the street. He told us in a melancholy voice that he had been burying a child, and

alluded almost with emotion to the great number of infants he had buried lately. Then after a pause, striking his stick on the ground, and looking upwards, he added: "There must be something wrong somewhere! there's a storm brewing when the doves are all flying aloft!"

On one occasion, when I attended his chapel, the sermon was preceded by a long prayer in behalf of an afflicted family, one of whose members had died or been lost in a whaling expedition to the South Seas. In the midst of much that was exquisitely pathetic and poetical, refined ears were startled by such a sentence as this—"Grant, O Lord! that this rod of chastisement be sanctified, every twig of it, to the edification of their souls!" Then immediately afterwards, he prayed that the Divine Comforter might be near the bereaved father "when his aged heart went forth from his bosom to flutter round the far southern grave of his boy!" Praying for others of the same family who were on the wide ocean, he exclaimed, stretching forth his arms, "O save them! O guard them! Thou Angel of the deep!"

On another occasion, speaking of the insufficiency of the moral principles without religious feelings, he exclaimed, "Go, heat your ovens with snow-balls! What! shall I send you to heaven with such an icicle in your pocket? I might as well put a millstone round your neck to teach you to swim."

He was preaching against violence and cruelty:—"Don't talk to me," said he, "of the savages! a ruffian in the midst of Christendom is the savage of savages. He is a man freezing in the sun's heat, groping in the sun's light, a straggler in paradise, an alien in heaven!"

In his chapel all the principal seats in front of the pulpit, and down the centre aisle, were filled by sailors. We ladies and gentlemen and strangers, whom curiosity had brought to hear him, were ranged on each side; he would on no account allow us to take the best places. On one occasion, as he was denouncing hypocrisy, luxury, and

vanity, and other vices of more civilized life, he said emphatically, "I don't mean *you* before me here," looking at the sailors; "I believe you are wicked enough, but honest fellows in some sort, for you profess less not more than you practise; but I mean to touch *starboard* and *larboard* there!" stretching out both hands with the forefinger extended, and looking at us on either side till we quailed.

He compared the love of God, in sending Christ upon earth, to that of the father of a seaman, who sends his eldest and most beloved son, the hope of the family, to bring back the younger one, lost on his voyage, and missing when his ship returned to port.

Alluding to the carelessness of Christians, he used the figure of a mariner steering into port through a narrow, dangerous channel: "false lights here, rocks there, shifting sand banks on one side, breakers on the other; and who, instead of fixing his attention to keep the head of his vessel right, and to obey the instructions of the pilot as he sings out from the wheel, throws the pilot overboard, lashes down the helm, and walks the deck whistling, with his hands in the pocket of his jacket." Here, suiting the action to the word, he puts on a true sailor-like look of defiant jollity; changed in a moment to an expression of horror, as he added, "See! see! she drifts to destruction!"

One Sunday he attempted to give to his sailor congregation an idea of redemption. He began with an eloquent description of a terrific storm at sea, rising to fury in all its gradations; then, amid the waves, a vessel is seen labouring in distress and driving on a lee shore. The masts bend and break, and go overboard; the sails are rent, the helm unshipped, they spring a leak! the vessel begins to fill, the water gains on them; she sinks deeper, deeper, *deeper! deeper!* He bent over the pulpit, repeating the last words again and again; his voice became low and hollow. The faces of the sailors as they gazed up at him with their mouths wide open, and their eyes fixed, I shall never forget. Suddenly stopping, and looking to the farthest end of the chapel as into space, he exclaimed, with

a piercing cry of exultation, "A life-boat! a life-boat!" Then looking down upon his congregation, most of whom had sprung to their feet in an ecstasy of suspense, he said in a deep impressive tone, and extending his arms, "*Christ is that life-boat!*"—*Mrs. Jameson's Common-place Book.*

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ABBE BOILEAU.

It was the Abbé Boileau who said of the Jesuits that they had lengthened the creed and shortened the decalogue. The same witty ecclesiastic, being asked why he always wrote in Latin, took a pinch of snuff, and answered gravely, "Why for fear the bishops should read me!"—*Mrs. Jameson's Common-place Book.*

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GARRICK AND DR. STONEHOUSE.

Dr. Stonehouse is said to have been one of the most correct and elegant preachers in the kingdom. When he entered into holy orders he took occasion to profit by his acquaintance with Garrick to procure from him some valuable instructions in elocution. Being once engaged to read prayers and to preach at a church in the city, he prevailed upon Garrick to go with him. After the service, the British Roscius asked the doctor what particular business he had to do when the duty was over: "None," said the other. "I thought you had," said Garrick, "on seeing you enter the reading-desk in such a hurry. Nothing," added he, "can be more indecent than to see a clergyman set about sacred business as if he were a tradesman, and go into the church as if he wanted to get out of it as soon as possible." He next asked the doctor what books he had on the desk before him? "Only the Bible and Prayer-Book." "*Only* the Bible and Prayer-Book!" replied the player; "why you tossed them backwards and forwards, and turned the leaves as carelessly as if they were those of a day-book and ledger." The doctor was wise enough to see the force of these observations, and ever after avoided the faults they were designed to reprove.—*Countess of Huntingdon's Life and Times.*

TRIALS OF THE EARLY METHODIST MINISTERS.

Old John Berridge, writing to Lady Huntingdon for a supply for his pulpit, says, "But whom do you recommend to the care of my church? Is it not one Onesimus, who ran away from Philemon? If the dean of Tottenham (Whitefield) could not hold him in with a curb, how should the vicar of Everton guide him with a snavel? I do not want a helper to stand in my pulpit, but to ride round my district; and I fear my weekly circuits would not suit a London or a Bath divine, nor any tender evangelist that is environed with prunello. Long rides and miry roads in sharp weather! Cold houses to sit in, with moderate fuel, and three or four children roaring and rocking about you; stiff blankets like boards for a covering, and live cattle in plenty to feed upon you! Rise at five in the morning to preach; at seven, breakfast on tea that smells very sickly; at eight, mount a horse with boots never cleaned, and then ride home, praising God for all things."

On another occasion, writing to the same lady, he says, "Before I parted with honest Glascott, I cautioned him much against petticoat snares. He has burnt his wings already. Sure he will not imitate a foolish gnat, and hover again about the candle! If he should fall into a sleeping lap, he will soon need a flannel nightcap and a rusty chain to fix him down like a church-Bible to the reading-desk. No trap so mischievous to the field-preacher as wedlock, and it is laid for him at every hedge-corner. Matrimony has quite maimed poor Charles (Wesley), and might have spoiled poor John (Wesley) and George (Whitefield), if a wise Master had not graciously sent them a brace of ferrets."—*Countess of Huntingdon's Life and Times.*

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MYSTICAL FUNNING.

A preacher of the name of Ker, on being inducted into a church in Teviotdale, told the people the relation that was to be between him and them, in the following words:—"Sirs, I am come to be your shepherd, and you must be my sheep, and the Bible will be my tar bottle, for I will mark you with it." And laying his hand on the clerk or precentor's

head, he said, "Andrew, you shall be my dog." "The sorrow a bit of your dog will I be," said Andrew. "O Andrew, I speak mystically," said the preacher. "Yes, but you speak mischievously," said Andrew.—*Lambeth and the Vatican*, vol. ii.

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ANECDOTE OF JOHN WELCH.

While Mr. Welch was minister in one of these French villages, upon an evening, a certain popish friar travelling through the country, because he could not find lodging in the whole village, addrest himself to Mr. Welch his house for one night; the servants acquainted their master, and he was content to receive this guest. The family had supped before he came, and so the servants conveyed the friar to his chamber, and after they had made his supper they left him to his rest. There was but a timber partition betwixt him and Mr. Welch; after the friar had slept his first sleep, he was surprised at the hearing of a silent, but constant whispering noise, at which he wondered very much, and was not a little troubled with it. The next morning he walked in the fields, where he chanced to meet a countryman, who, saluting him because of his habit, asked him where he had lodged that night; the friar answered he had lodged with the Huguenot minister; then the countryman asked him, what entertainment he had. The friar answered, Very bad (said he), I always held there were devils haunting these ministers' houses, and I am persuaded there was one with me last night; for I heard a continual whisper all the night over, which I believe was no other thing than the minister and the devil conversing together. The countryman told him he was much mistaken, and that it was nothing else but the minister at his night prayers. Oh, said the friar, does the minister pray any? Yes, more than any man in France (answered the countryman), and if you please to stay another night with him you may be satisfied. The friar got him home to Mr. Welch's house, and pretending indisposition, entreated another night's lodging, which was granted him. Before dinner Mr. Welch came from his chamber, and made his family exercise, according to his custom; first he sung a

psalm, then read a portion of Scripture, and discoursed upon it, thereafter he prayed with great fervour (as his custom was); to all which the friar was an astonished witness. After the exercise they went to dinner, where the friar was very civilly entertained; Mr. Welch forbearing all question and dispute for that time. When the evening came Mr. Welch made his exercise as he had done in the morning, which occasioned yet more wondering in the friar; and after supper to bed they all went; but the friar longed much to know what the night whisper was, and in that he was soon satisfied, for after Mr. Welch's first sleep the noise began, and then the friar resolved to be sure what it was; so he crept silently to Mr. Welch's chamber door, and there he heard not only the sound, but the words exactly, and communications betwixt God and man such as he knew not had been in the world. Upon this the next morning as soon as Mr. Welch was ready, the friar went to him, and told him that he had been in ignorance and lived in darkness all his time; but now he was resolved to adventure his soul with Mr. Welch, and thereupon declared himself Protestant. Mr. Welch welcomed him, and he continued a Protestant to his dying day.—*Gillie's Success of the Gospel,* vol. i.

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DAFT JOCK AMOS.

Daft Jock Amos was another odd character, of whom many droll sayings are handed down. He was a lunatic; but having been a scholar in his youth, he was possessed of a sort of wicked wit and wavering uncertain intelligence, that proved right troublesome to those who took on them to reprove his eccentricities. As he lived close by the church, in the time of the far-famed Boston, the minister and he were constantly coming in contact, and many of their little dialogues are preserved. "The mair fool are ye, quo' Jock Amos to the minister," is a constant by-word in Ettrick to this day. It had its origin simply as follows:—Mr. Boston was taking his walk one fine summer evening after sermon, and in his way came upon Jock very busy cutting some grotesque figures in wood with his knife. Jock looking hastily up found he was fairly caught, and not knowing

what to say, burst into a foolish laugh—"Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Boston, are you there? Will you coss a good whittle wi' me?"

"Nay, nay, John, I will not exchange knives to-day."

"The mair fool are ye," quo' Jock Amos to the minister.

"But, John, can you repeat the fourth commandment? I hope you can; which is the fourth commandment?"

"I dare say, Mr. Boston, it 'll be the ane after the third."

"Can you repeat it?"

"I am no sure about it—I ken it has some wheeram by the rest."

Mr. Boston repeated it, and tried to show him his error in working with knives on the sabbath day. John wrought away till the divine added, "But why won't you rather come to church, John? What is the reason you never come to church?"

"Because you never preach on the text I want you to preach on."

"What text would you have me preach on?"

"On the nine and twenty knives that came back from Babylon."

"I never heard of them before."

"It is a sign you have never read your Bible. Ha, ha, ha, Mr. Boston! sic fool sic minister."

Mr. Boston searched long for John's text that evening, and at last finding it recorded in Ezra i. 9, he wondered greatly at the acuteness of the fool, considering the subject on which he had been reproving him.—*Hogg's Shepherds' Calendar.*

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ROWLAND HILL AND HIS HORSE.

It was this occasion and at this place (Dunbar) that a circumstance occurred, which, with many exaggerations and embellishments, has been related as an illustration of the eccentricities of Rowland Hill. The story shall be told as related by Robert Haldane with his usual accuracy. On the Wednesday morning, after spending the preceding night at Mr. Cunningham's, they were about to proceed southward, when Mr. Hill's carriage being brought to the

door, his horse was found to be dead lame. A farrier was sent for, who after careful examination reported that the seat of the mischief was in the shoulder, that the disease was incurable, and that they might shoot the poor animal as soon as they pleased. To this proposal Mr. Hill was by no means prepared to accede. Indeed it seemed to Mr. Haldane as precipitate as the conduct of an Irish sailor on board the *Monarch*, who, on seeing another knocked down senseless by a splinter, and supposing his companion to be dead, went up to Captain Duncan on the quarter-deck, in the midst of the action with Languard off St. Vincent, and exclaimed, "Shall we jerk him overboard, sir?" On that occasion the sailor revived in a short time, and was even able to work at his gun. In the present instance the horse too recovered, and was able to carry his master on many a future errand of mercy. Meanwhile, however, the travellers availed themselves of Mr. Cunningham's hospitality, and remained for two days more at his place near Dunbar. In the evening Mr. Hill conducted family worship; and after supplications for the family, domestics, and friends, added a fervent prayer for the restoration of the valuable animal which had carried him so many thousand miles, preaching the everlasting gospel to his fellow-sinners. Mr. Cunningham, who was remarkable for the staid and orderly, if not stiff, demeanour which characterized the Anti-burghers, was not only surprised but grieved, and even scandalized, at what he deemed so great an impropriety. He remonstrated with his guest. But Mr. Hill stoutly defended his conduct by an appeal to Scripture, and the superintending watchfulness of Him without whom a sparrow falls not to the ground. He persisted in his prayer. During the two days he continued at Dunbar, and although he left the horse in a hopeless state, to follow in charge of his servant by easy stages, he continued his prayer night and morning, till one day at an inn in Yorkshire, while the two travellers were sitting at breakfast, they heard a horse and chaise trot quickly into the yard, and looking out saw that Mr. Hill's servant had arrived, bringing up the horse perfectly restored. Mr. Hill did not fail to return thanks, and begged his fellow-traveller to consider whether the minute-

ness of his prayers had deserved the censure which had been directed against them.—*Lives of the Haldanes.*

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DR. WAUGH AND MATTHEW WILKS.

Dr. Waugh was exceedingly kind to, and was at all times accessible to young men studying for the ministry; and by them he was beloved to a degree amounting to a species of idolatry. When any one was about to be examined by ministers as to his progress in his studies at either of the Dissenting theological institutions in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, he was delighted beyond measure when he ascertained that Dr. Waugh was to be present. And well the students might on such occasions wish the presence of the doctor; for he had in many instances interposed with effect on their behalf when treated with unnecessary roughness by others. No man perhaps was more rigid and severe, I should indeed say positively cruel, in his examination of the students of divinity, than the late Rev. Matthew Wilks. On one occasion, four or five years before Dr. Waugh's death, he had badgered and browbeaten a young man to such a degree that he was scarcely able to answer the plainest question. "Man," said Mr. Wilks, "you'll never be fit for the ministry. You seem to know nothing at all. Can you tell the difference between Moses and me?" "Hoot, toot, Mr. Wilks," interposed Dr. Waugh, unable any longer to remain a silent spectator of such harsh treatment, "Hoot, toot, Mr. Wilks, ye should na' put such a question as that to the lad; but if ye like I'll tell ye the difference between Moses and you: Moses was the *meekest* of men."—*Metropolitan Pulpit*, vol. i.

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MATTHEW WILKS DONE.

Of his shrewdness in detecting hypocrisy and discerning the true points of one's character, innumerable instances are recorded in private circles. As their name is legion, I will not particularise any of them; but will, on the contrary, mention one instance in which his wonted shrewdness failed

him, and he became the easy dupe of an ingenious swindler. The party in this case having ascertained that a certain rich old gentleman, lately returned from abroad, had become one of Mr. Wilks's hearers,—and was sufficiently known to him by name though Mr. Wilks was unacquainted with his handwriting,—drew out one morning a cheque for one hundred pounds, in the name of the gentleman, on a bank in which the latter had no money; and putting on the clothes of a footman, he called on Mr. Wilks and handed him the cheque, which was inclosed in a sheet of paper, intimating the wish of the donor that it should be given to the funds of a religious society in whose affairs Mr. Wilks felt the deepest interest. The reverend gentleman, who had a curious drawling way of forcing the words out of his mouth, owing to his keeping it in a great measure compressed while he spoke, remarked as he inspected the cheque—"This—is—a—very—handsome—donation—my—man. I'll—write—and—thank—Mr. R—— for—it." "Very good, sir," said the rogue, with the flippant politeness of the class of persons to whom he wished for the time to be understood as belonging—"Very good, sir," and he made a lacquey's bow, and quitted the room. In the course of five minutes afterwards he returned in breathless haste, saying that he had entirely forgot that his master had particularly desired him to pay an account of £10 to a tradesman in the neighbourhood, and that as he had not the requisite amount with him, and the residence of his master was two miles distant, he would feel particularly obliged, and so would his master, if Mr. Wilks would give ten pounds out of the hundred for which he had got the cheque; assuring Mr. Wilks that the moment he went home the £10 would be returned to him in a twopenny letter. Mr. Wilks at once handed him the £10, and the fellow quitted the apartment, renewing his protestations as he reached the door that in a few hours the money would be returned to Mr. Wilks. He had scarcely got to the street when the idea flashed across the mind of the reverend gentleman that he had possibly been duped. He mused for a moment, and then felt assured of the fact. Striking the palm of his hand on his knee, so as to suit the action to the word, he exclaimed in his own peculiar way,

"I'm—done; I'm—done; I'm—done." The loss of his money he regarded as nothing; but he never could forgive himself for being so easily duped by a lacquey looking rogue.—*Metropolitan Pulpit,* vol. i.

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ROWLAND HILL OFFENDING THE FARMERS.

"Mr. Hill once offended the farmers mortally," said the villagers, "by saying that they were as bad as their very pigs." Several of them were assembled in a house at the bottom of the village, when Mr. Hill happening to pass by, they called him in, and demanded an explanation of his assertion. He immediately consented to give it. "Now," said Mr. Hill, "look at your pigs; when the acorns drop they do not go under the elm in search of them, but under the oak; and when they have swallowed all they can find, off they go, without giving a single look at the tree which has furnished their meal. So you, like your pigs, know where to go to look for your wheat, and other produce; and when your barns are filled with plenty, like them you forget to look up to the Source whence all your blessings have been obtained." The farmers were pleased with the readiness of the preacher, though they did not much relish his homely but well-sustained comparison. —*William Jones's Memoir of Rev. Rowland Hill.*

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A CURIOUS DESCRIPTION OF YOUNG ROWLAND HILL.

Mr. Berridge, in his usual quaint manner, in a letter to Lady Huntingdon, dated May 8th, 1771, thus notices Mr. Hill's preaching at Bath:—"I find you have got honest Rowland Hill down to Bath: he is a pretty young spaniel, fit for land or water, and has a wonderful yelp. He forsakes father and mother and brethren, and gives up all for Jesus; and I believe will prove a useful labourer, if he keeps clear of petticoat snares. The Lord has owned him much at Cambridge and in the north, and I hope will own him more abundantly in the west."—*Jones's Memoir of Rev. Rowland Hill.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG MINISTERS.

I DARE say you young ministers would be glad to live to be old men. Now I will tell you how to attain your wishes: preach three times a day, and seven days in the week, and then you'll find not only that you are in a fine state of health, but that you stand a good chance of becoming old men.—*Jones's Memoir of Rev. Rowland Hill.*

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MR. HILL PLEADING FOR MISSIONS.

IN an agricultural district, in which Mr. Hill had to plead the cause of missions, he found he had a congregation of plain farmers and their labourers, who were not accustomed to deep thought. He was anxious simply to answer the question, "Have not the heathen sufficient light? and if so, why should we trouble ourselves about them?" Mr. Hill admitted the fact, but contended that they did not properly use the light they possessed. His illustration was exceedingly simple and graphic. He supposed the whole family at the farm-house to be assembled round the large kitchen fire on a winter's evening. The work of the day was over. The farmer was quietly smoking his pipe, and now and then entertaining the children with his oft-repeated tales; the good wife was knitting at his side. At this moment of quiet domestic comfort the ploughboy opened the door, and cried out in great alarm, "Master, master, there are thieves in the yard." All is immediate confusion. The farmer rushes to his closet to get his lantern,—he supplies it with candle,—and runs out, holding the light up to *his head*, and advancing with *cautious* steps in pursuit of the depredators. In the yard the wheelbarrow has been improperly left, and over it the farmer tumbled. Why does he fall? not because he is without light, but because he did not use it properly. So it is with the heathen.—*Jones's Memoir of Rev. Rowland Hill.*

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ROWLAND HILL ON TEMPER.

I ONCE took tea with a lady who was very particular about her china. The servant unfortunately broke the best

bread-and-butter plate; but her mistress took very little notice of the circumstance at the time, only remarking, "Never mind, Mary, never mind, accidents cannot be prevented." "I shall have it by-and-by," said the servant, when she got out of the room; and so it turned out. "The good woman's temper," said Mr. Hill, "was corked up for a season, but it came out with terrible vengeance when the company retired."—*Jones's Memoir of Rev. Rowland Hill.*

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ROWLAND HILL WITH A LADY.

A LADY who professed the religion of the Saviour, but whose daily practice was not in harmony with it, once said to him, "Oh! I am *afraid* lest after all I should not be saved." "I am glad to hear you," replied Mr. Hill, "for I have long been afraid for you, I assure you." The lady instantly retired.—*Jones's Memoir of Rev. Rowland Hill.*

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THE PARABLE OF THE PIGS.

ANOTHER equally interesting incident has lately been mentioned by a friend. About three years before the death of the venerable preacher, two gentlemen entered Surrey chapel previous to the sabbath evening service. The circumstances which led them to the place were peculiarly interesting. They had long been friends, but one of them was shortly to leave his country for India. He was living "without hope and without God in the world." His companion was a decided and consistent Christian, and earnestly desired his friend's salvation. This pious friend, as the time drew nigh for the young man's departure, begged of him to grant him one especial favour, namely, to spend with him his four last sabbath evenings, and to accompany him to the sanctuary of God. The request was complied with, and many prayers ascended to God that the sermons might lead the wanderer to the Saviour. The first, second, and third sermons were heard, but no impressions were produced. When the last sabbath arrived, the Christian felt increased anxiety for his friend's soul. He took him to Surrey

chapel to hear good Rowland Hill, and secretly prayed that the preacher might be in a solemn state of mind, and not be permitted to indulge in eccentric remarks. The venerable man gave out his text, "We are not ignorant of his devices;" and immediately told the following tale:—"Many years since I met a drove of pigs in one of the streets of a large town, and to my surprise they were not driven, but quietly followed their leader. This singular fact excited my curiosity, and I pursued the swine, until they all quietly entered the butchery. I then asked the man how he succeeded in getting the poor, stupid, stubborn pigs so willingly to follow him; when he told me the secret: he had a basket of beans under his arm, and kept dropping them as he proceeded, and so secured his object. Ah! my dear hearers, the devil has got his basket of beans, and he knows how to suit his temptations to every sinner. He drops them by the way; the poor sinner is thus led captive by the devil at his own will, and if the grace of God prevent not he will get him at last into his butchery, and there he will keep him for ever. Oh, it is because 'we are not ignorant of his devices,' that we are anxious this evening to guard you against them!" The Christian friend deeply mourned over this tale about the pigs, and feared it would excite a smile but not produce conviction in the mind of his unbelieving companion. After the service was over they left the chapel, and all was silence for a season. "What a singular statement we had to-night about the pigs, and yet how striking and convincing it was!" remarked the young man. His mind was impressed, he could not forget the basket of beans, the butchery, and the final loss of the sinner's soul. He left this country, but has since corresponded with his friend, and continues to refer to this sermon as having produced a beneficial, and it is hoped an abiding impression on his mind.—*Memoir of Rev. Rowland Hill.*

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CURIOUS LETTER FROM THE REV. ROWLAND HILL TO REV. JAMES PARSONS.

My dear Brother,—You have an application to supply for us when you are in town; and happy shall I be, if you

can comply with our request. Now though I most heartily advise you to continue in your present sphere, where you are so much needed—in a city where there is so much darkness and death, yet should any providence direct you to remove, I remind you that the poor old ass of Surrey chapel has now nearly completed the eighty-second year of his age; and though he continues to trot under his panniers as well as he can, yet after the double duty, as the parsons call it, on the sabbath, he afterwards hangs his head over his manger, and cannot well partake of his required food. And though it is wicked to be cruel to dumb animals; and though I mean, by the blessing of God, to prove I am not a dumb animal as long as I can speak, yet it is now high time to begin to cry out for help. There is no place better calculated for the speaker and for the hearers than Surrey chapel. The young greyhound will soon discover that, when he gets upon the chase, he need not run so fast, and still catch quite as much game, though at present he cannot help it." A passage in this letter refers to a singular description which Mr. Hill had given of a missionary deputation, consisting of himself and his excellent friend to whom he wrote. After returning from the tour he said to his Surrey chapel friends, at one of their meetings, "The directors of the Missionary Society are strange folks, for they actually sent a young Yorkshire greyhound and an old London ass to plead their cause. I had hard work, I assure you, to keep up with my companion, but I hobbled after him as hard as I was able."—*Memoir of Rev. Rowland Hill.*

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ROWLAND HILL ON THE FREEDOM OF THE WILL

I will mention one more very characteristic anecdote of Mr. Hill, which was lately mentioned to me, and which is among those that have not appeared in print. Some time before his death he chanced to meet a number of ministers in the house of a friend in the country. Dr. Williams' work on the introduction of moral evil into the world having become the subject of conversation, one of the party touched with some animation and brilliancy on the kindred topic of the freedom of the will. His observations were either an-

swered, or attempted to be answered; and eventually all present, with the exception of Mr. Hill, were over head and ears in the abstrusest metaphysics. There was however this difference between the disputants and the angels of Milton: that while the latter "found themselves in wandering mazes lost," each individual of the former, however unintelligible to the rest of the company, was either quite clear to himself or fancied himself to be so. I doubt not my readers will be prepared for the announcement, that the controversy ended just as it had begun, without any one bringing over his neighbour to his views, but all individually assured that their theory was the right one. Mr. Hill had all the while been alternately reading a book and looking out at a window which commanded a rather pleasant prospect. When the party had finished their discussion, one of them remarked to Mr. Hill that he had not expressed his opinion on the point in dispute. The remark was echoed and re-echoed by nearly all present; when at last one of them, who was a great stickler for the freedom of the will, asked him point blank his opinion on the subject. "Mr. R——," said Mr. Hill, turning himself to the gentleman in whose house the party were, "Mr. R——, I have been amused with a pig of yours which was running about on the greensward below the window, while you were all immersed in metaphysics. *Does your pig shave?*" Every one present looked at the other in utter amazement at the oddity of the question. Mr. R—— replied with a sort of smile, "Shave, Mr. Hill! who ever heard of a pig shaving?" "Then your pig does *not* shave, does she?" interrogated the eccentric old gentleman. "No, certainly not," replied the other. "And *why* does she not shave?" was Mr. Hill's next question. This was confusion worse confounded. Mr. R—— knew not what answer to return to the query, and accordingly hesitated as if thinking what he ought to say. "Ah! you can't answer my question, I perceive," observed Mr. Hill. The continued silence of Mr. R——, as well as that of the company, was a virtual admission that the interrogatory was a poser. "Then," said Mr. Hill, after a moment's pause, still addressing himself to Mr. R——, "then I must answer it myself. Your pig does not sit up on her hind legs and

shave like animals of the biped class, simply because she has not the *will.*" It were impossible to describe the effect which this happy piece of ridicule of those who can dogmatize with so much self-complacency on matters which are utterly beyond their comprehension had on all present. Every one felt more mortified than another, and each came to a resolution in his own mind that if he ever again engaged in a dispute respecting the freedom of the will it would not be in the presence of Rowland Hill.—*Metropolitan Pulpit*, vol. i.

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INCONSISTENT PROFESSION.

The drollest illustration of Mr. Hill's, which has been communicated to me, was used by him when preaching about ten years ago in a village fifty or sixty miles distant from the metropolis. He had been pointing out the difference between the natural and renewed mind, as regards the observance of religious duties. The mere professor, he said, felt himself to be in an artificial and very uncomfortable state when engaged in the exercises of religion. The tendency of his mind was all the while towards the performance of actions that were sinful; and the moment he escaped from the restraints that circumstances imposed upon him, he would return to the world and his wicked courses. "The mere professor," added Mr. Hill, "reminds me of a sow that I saw two hours ago luxuriating in her stye when almost over head and heels in the mire. Now suppose any of you were to take Bess (the sow), and wash her; and suppose, after having dressed her in a silk gown, and put a smart cap on her head, you were to take her into any of your parlours, and were to set her down to tea in company, she might look very demure for a time, and might not even give a single grunt; but you would observe that she occasionally gave a sly look towards the door, which showed that she felt herself in an uncomfortable position; and the moment she perceived that the door was open, she would give you another proof of the fact, by running out of the room as fast as she could. Follow the sow, with her silk gown and her fancy cap, and in a few seconds you will find that she has

returned to her stye and is again wallowing in the mire. Just so it is with the unrenewed man: sin is his element; and though he may be induced, from a variety of motives, to put on at times a show of religion, you will easily perceive that he feels himself to be under unpleasant restraints, and that he will return again to his sins whenever an opportunity of doing so, unknown to his acquaintances, presents itself to him.—*Metropolitan Pulpit,* vol. i.

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BEGGING THE DEVIL'S PARDON.

Mr. Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when anything occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, about three years before his death, he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse he observed a great commotion in the gallery. For a time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed, "What's the matter there? the devil seems to have got amongst you!" A plain country-looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr. Hill in reply, said, "No, sir, it arn't the devil as is a-doing on it; it's a lady wot's fainted; and she's a very fat un, sir, as don't seem likely to come to agin in a hurry." "Oh, that's it, is it," observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin; "then I beg the lady's pardon —and the *devil's* too."—*Metropolitan Pulpit,* vol. i.

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A SINGULAR PRAYER.

"*And noo, ma freends,*"—some fifty years ago said an old Highland preacher, suddenly lowering a voice which for nearly an hour had been giving fervid utterance to a series of supplications for the welfare, temporal as well as spiritual, of his flock—"*And noo, ma freends,*"—the good man repeated, as wiping his bedewed brow he looked down upon a congregation, who with outstretched chins sat

listening in respectful astonishment to this new proof that their pastor's subject, unlike his body, was still unexhausted; "*And noo, ma freends,*"—he once more exclaimed, with a look of parental benevolence it would be utterly impossible to describe,—"*Let us praigh for the puir deil! There's naebody praighs for the puir devil!*"—*Quarterly Review*, vol. lxv.

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NEEDFUL HINT.

A MINISTER was about to leave his own congregation for the purpose of visiting London, on what was by no means a pleasant errand—to beg on behalf of his place of worship. Previous to his departure, he called together the principal persons connected with his charge, and said to them, "Now I shall be asked whether we have conscientiously done all that we can for the removal of the debt; what answer am I to give? Brother so-and-so, can you in conscience say that you have given all you can?" "Why, sir," he replied, "if you come to conscience I don't know that I can." The same question he put to a second, and a third, and so on, and similar answers were returned, until the whole sum required was subscribed, and there was no longer any need for their pastor to wear out his soul in going to London on any such unpleasant excursion.

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CLERICAL REPARTEE.

A CLERGYMAN in Essex, who had long farmed his tithes alternately among his parishioners, at last suspected that the sly rogues endeavoured to make the income of his small living still less, and so determined to take his tithe in kind. To "cheat the parson" is one of the oldest jokes in the history of agriculture. These gentlemen determined not to be behindhand with their predecessors, and in the last harvest, sent to the parson to take away his hay the moment it was cut down, alleging that as soon as it was cut into swathes it was no longer grass, and that he might turn it and cock it himself. Rather than "go to law" the parson submitted, and took his next Sunday's text on

brotherly kindness, beginning thus :—"Brotherly love may be divided into three parts—domestic affection, social love, and charity; from all which proper inferences may be drawn for instruction. Thus, brethren, I give you a sermon in swathes—you may turn it and cock it yourselves!" The plan succeeded; his parishioners doubled the income, acknowledging it was then less than it should be; and thus what justice and law might have kept from him for years was given up for a clerical joke.

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AN IDEA OF HEAVEN.

It is not uncommon in deep mines, where there are what the miners term vugs, or where there are large pseudomorphous crystallizations, to hear loud and frequent explosions, and that on occasions and in situations where no miners are at work: these noises the men believe to be occasioned by the working of the fairies, or pixies, whom they call *small men;* but the true cause is the bursting open of some of these crystals, hollows, and vugs, where the air or gas had been confined under very high degrees of pressure. A miner of this town very lately broke into one of those hollows of considerable size, of a grotto-like appearance, and richly studied with crystals of quartz and pyrites, which, by the light of his candle, had such a brilliant appearance as made the man say "he thought he was in heaven;" and being asked in what respect he thought it resembled heaven, he replied it was so beautiful he could compare it to nothing else than to a Jew's shop.—*Mrs. Bray's "Tamar and Tavy."*

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CONCEIT IN SERMONS.

A French author, of excellent taste, remarks another sort of observations which he, properly enough, arranges under the article *Concetti.* He gives us these following examples from sermons of his countrymen:—"John xx. 4: 'John did outrun Peter, and came to the sepulchre.' Observe how young persons hasten to the grave; John came to the

sepulchre before Peter.—Matt. vi. 27: 'Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?' You women, who wear pattens, do you mean to affront Jesus Christ by adding to your stature? The human heart is triangular, the world globular; how can the world then satisfy the desires of mankind? In Hebrew the same word signifies both life and death, one point only distinguishes it; alas! there is but a point between the birth and death of man! Matt. xxvi. 23: 'He that dippeth his hand with Me in the dish, the same shall betray Me.' The fall of Judas was a punishment for his incivility to Jesus Christ. This unmannerly servant presumeth to dip his hand in the dish with his Master. Our Lord sweated great drops of blood in *all* parts of His body: He was God; God is all eye; He could therefore weep and sweat no otherwise. Jesus was silent before Herod, because the lamb always loses his voice at the sight of the wolf. He was naked on the cross, because He had fallen into the hands of robbers. He eclipsed the sun, and would have no light at His funeral, in order to discourage the parade of flambeaus at a burial. He lay in a sepulchre of stone, to express His abhorrence of luxury. He published His resurrection first to a woman, because, intending to make it notorious as possible, He knew she could not keep a secret, but, like all her sex, would publish all she knew to the whole world." How easily we might pattern all these among our countrymen; but we will not let France take the glory of these conceits!—*Robinson's Edition of Claude.*

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A RIDICULOUS SERMON.

One of the most ridiculous sermons that I have met with is abusive of this common place. In general the topic is *person*, in particular *condition*, and in a most especial manner *sex*. "Luke i. 26: 'The angel Gabriel was sent to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David, and the virgin's name was Mary.' We see the virgin in her perigæum, and her degrees in this lower part of her orb are pricked out in the text. I. A virgin

supposeth a *woman*, a degree below a man. II. A *virgin*, one degree below a woman; a virgin is a cipher, God made it not. III. *Espoused*, that 's somewhat lower yet; it is God's and the king's highway from maid to wife, but is neither, and is therefore inferior to both. IV. *To Joseph*, this brings her lower still. V. *Of the house of David*, lower still. VI. Her name *Mary*, yet lower; her husband could not call Mary, but it reminded her of her poverty. VII. Of *Nazareth*; we are now at the ground, nay the grave, for Galilee was in the region of the shadow of death. From this lowly state of Mary we gather comfort for ourselves, for 1. Our *soul* is a woman. 2. She is a *virgin*. 3. She is *espoused* to some favourite study. 4. To the *body*, that is to the flesh, which is the carpenter's shop, and the spirit, which is the carpenter. 5. This carpenter is nobly descended. 6. Mary is *lady*, and that 's the soul's name too. 7. She dwells here at Nazareth, etc., etc." This sermon is entitled, "The Virgin Mary, preached in St. Mary's College (New College), Oxford, on Lady-day, 1641, by the learned Thomas Master, B.D."—*Robinson's Notes to Claude*, vol. ii.

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INGENIOUS PERVERSIONS OF TEXTS.

Another wretched perverter of the holy oracles of God took this passage: Psalm cxviii. 22—"The stone, which the builders refused, is become the head of the corner;" and applied it first to Jesus Christ, next to David, and then to King James I. He was preaching before his majesty on Easter Sunday, at Whitehall, in the year 1611. Unluckily Easter-day fell on March the 24th, the day of the king's ascension. It was Easter Sunday, it would have been shameful not to have said a few words about *Jesus Christ*. The preacher was only a *bishop*, and it would have been improvident to have omitted an opportunity of showing that

> ". . . his *right* reverend mind
> Began to be *most* reverendly inclined!"

He must therefore flatter the king's weakness and excite his fears, by preaching *royal supremacy*, absolute *monarchy*, and the dependence of both on *episcopacy*. Accordingly he

reminds the king that "he was once only the head of one *angle*, Scotland; but now he was the head of the whole *triangle*, England, Scotland, and Ireland. That some stones will neither *head well*, nor *bed well*, that a good head must neither be crumbling *plaster*, nor rotten *wood*, nor bending *lead*, but *stone*; that the house of Israel is the civil state, and the house of Aaron the ecclesiastical state; that these make the *main angle* in every government; that if the head bear upon one of them it will certainly decay; that kings should deal both in priesthood and prophecy; that several master-builders had intended to make another stone head of the triangle; but that God had made his majesty head, and that the clergy cried, Hosanna, Benedictus, grace, grace unto this head stone." And all this out of a prophecy that foretold the resurrection of Christ after His crucifixion by priests. For my part, I recollect a saying of the prophet, "*the ancient and honourable, he is the head, and the prophet that prophesieth lies, he is the tail.*" The proper title of this rhodomontade would be wooden-head to marble-head; but alas! it is called a Bishop of Ely's sermon at Whitehall, 1611.

The following is a very honest and ingenious application, preached to the native citizens of London, by their own request, at St. Paul's, May 8, 1656. Psalm lxxxvii. 5: "Of Zion it shall be said, this and that man was born there." The worthy preacher briefly remarks the privileges of the natives of Zion, transfers the idea to the natives of the city of London, observes the privileges of this city, both civil and religious, its freedom from paganism, popery, tyranny, etc.; its advantages of trade, charters, Scriptures, churches, ministers, etc.; and labours, as he expresses it, to convince his auditors, "that they ought to be not only professors and Protestants at large, but regenerate and true believers, who have the seed of God remaining in them, and are made partakers of His sanctifying Spirit," etc.—*Robinson's Notes to Claude*, vol. ii.

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THE PRIEST AT NICARAGUA.

The Padre Cartine is a learned man, in the continental acceptation of the term of two centuries ago. That is to

say, he reads Latin and the fathers, and is familiar with the Natural History of Pliny, the latest book on the subject with which he is acquainted, and which is his sole authority. The padre is withal a mathematician, has a Latin edition of Euclid, and reads it once a year by way of amusement, and to refresh his memory. He is an architect, and has made a plan for the restoration of the convent on a scale of splendour which would beggar a prince to carry out, and feels as anxious about its accuracy as if the masons were to commence to-morrow, and any defect in the plan would ruin the architectural effect of the structure for ever. I am not likely to forget my first visit to Padre Cartine. I found him seated in a broad arm-chair, in the principal room of the house. He had been a man of fine proportions, and was now a little corpulent, a defect only to be observed when he was standing. His head was of fine outline, large, and massive; and his face had an expression of intelligence, dignity, and equanimity, at once pleasing and impressive. He wore a dress of coarse, grey serge, bound at the waist by rough pita cord, for he still kept up many of the austere practices of his order. The furniture of the house was plain and simple, and I believe all of the padre's own manufacture. Upon a low bench extending around two sides of the room was a most incongruous assortment of clocks, of every date, pattern, and country, from a tall cupboard contrivance of the last century, dingy with age, in the corner, through every intermediate variety, to a little German or French concern, which ticked spitefully from the opposite wall. There were cases without clocks, and clocks without cases; besides a wilderness of weights, cords, pulleys, wheels, and springs; for the padre was so passionately fond of clocks that he not only kept an extensive variety of his own to tinker, but borrowed all of his neighbours', and encouraged the distant villagers to bring him theirs for gratuitous cleansing and repair. No Jew's second-hand furniture shop in Chatham Street could afford more than a very fair counterpart of this curious collection. The padre observed that they attracted my attention, and commenced a philosophical lecture on horology, which I hastily brought to a close by suggesting a walk through the old convent and the

church which had been attached to it. In the first court-yard were half a dozen deer, tame as kittens, which came bounding up at the sound of the padre's voice; they licked his extended hand, and held down their heads to have them rubbed; but failing to cajole the padre out of a plantain or tortilla, butted him playfully, and struck at him with well feigned malice. Upon one side of this court the padre had fitted up a private chapel. It contained a marble altar, a wax figure of Christ, and a great variety of valuable ornaments saved from the wreck of the monastery, and with which no earthly consideration could prevail upon the padre to part. An expression of sorrow, half of pride, passed over the padre's face as he held the door open that we might see the precious contents of his oratory. From this he took us to a large room, his own private apartment, in which was the rough hide bed upon which he slept, and which contrasted strongly with a rich set of travelling wine and liqueur bottles, which he complacently displayed to us (not badly filled, by the way) in a secure closet. In another room the padre had his workshop. In one corner was a foot-lathe of his own construction, in which he turned beads from the arm-bones of defunct señoras, to be strung on consecrated rosaries, and sold for the benefit of piety and the church whose interests have always wonderfully accorded. Here were kettles containing purified sulphur from the volcanoes, nitre, and charcoal, to be compounded for the glorification of the saints, the service of the Lord, and the utter desperation of heretics, in the form of bombas. Here too was a machine, also of the padre's invention and construction, for grinding and polishing the glasses of spectacles; for the padre, amongst his multifarious accomplishments, was an optician, the only one probably in all Central America. He had in fact constructed a telescope for the university of Leon, and astounded the citizens by showing them the rings of Saturn! "You are a most accomplished man, padre," said I, glancing at his mechanical achievements. "*Juguetes*, playthings, mere playthings!" responded the padre, with a complacent smile, which was intended to be depreciatory. In the third court-yard, next the church, grew a magnificent mango-tree. At its foot a mozo had

been digging, to extirpate some burrowing animal, and had thrown up a variety of human bones, and amongst them a skull. Its delicate proportions attracted my attention, and I stepped aside and picked it up. "Ah, padre, this is a woman's skull, a girl's skull, I am sure! Padre, how came it here?" The padre took it quickly from my hand, looked at it, and then gazed in an abstracted reflecting manner upon the spot which it had occupied. After a few moments' silence he spoke, deliberately removing the earth from the eye sockets with his fore-finger. "Ah, señor! she was very beautiful, this girl. She was the youngest daughter of Señora M——! Heaven rest her soul! She died of the cholera in the year '37. Five thousand of our people died in four short months, señor! The Señorita Inez! She was only sixteen years old, señor; but yet a woman, and beautiful, very beautiful!" And the padre held the delicate skull before him, as if it was clothed with flesh again and he gazed upon the smiling face once more. "Very beautiful!" he soliloquized. "She was amongst the first; there are five hundred buried in this very court, señor," said the padre rapidly, turning towards me and crossing himself. "Five thousand in four months! in four short months!" The expression of the old man's face, as the memory of those four months came back upon him, showed how terrible and ineffaceable were the scenes which they had witnessed. "She was very beautiful!" and the padre placed the skull gently in the earth again, laid the delicate bones carefully around it, and with his naked hand scraped the loose earth above them.—*Squire's "Central America and Nicaragua,"* **vol. i.**

Lawyers and some of their Words and Ways.

BARON TOMLINSON'S LEARNED SPEECH TO THE SHERIFFS OF LONDON AND MIDDLESEX WHEN THEY CAME TO BE SWORN AT THE EXCHEQUER.

London: Printed in the year 1659.

How do you, Mr. Warner? God save you, Mr. Love.

Gentlemen Citizens,—I observe in you three things; first, that ye are well clad, from whence I note that ye are no slovens. Truly I wish I were a sheriff, so it were not chargeable, and that I might always be in the office; for certainly a sheriff can never be a-cold, his gown is so warm, and on my word yours seem to be excellent good scarlet. Some men may ask why you wear red gowns, and not blue or green? As for blue, it is a colour which signifies constancy; now constancy cannot be attributed to sheriffs, for a sheriff is a sheriff this year and none the next. As for green, it is Mahomet's colour, and so too heathenish for a Christian. I confess *Fuille-morte*, which signifies decay, had been the most proper colour for a sheriff, because he puts off his gown with the fall of the leaf; and secondly, because it may decay his estate, if he be too expensive in his office. But next to that, red is the most convenient colour; for indeed most handsome and delectable things are red, as roses, pomegranates, the lips, the tongue, etc., so that indeed our ancestors did wisely to clothe magistrates with this decent and becoming colour. It is true I have a gown too, but they make me wear the worst of any Baron of the Exchequer; it is plain cloth, as ye see, without any lining; yet my comfort is, I am still a baron, and I hope I shall be so as long as I live; when I am dead I care not who is baron, or whether there be a baron or no. The thing next I observe is that ye look plump and ruddy, from whence I give a shrewd guess that ye feed well, and truly

if you do so then you do well, which is my third and last observation concerning ye. But do you know wherefore you come hither? I do not question but you do; however you must give me leave to tell ye, for in this place I am a better man than either of you both, or indeed both of you put together. Why then I will tell ye: you come hither to take your oaths before me. Gentlemen, I am the puisne Baron of the Exchequer, that is to say, the meanest baron; for though I am not guilty of interpreting many hard words, yet this hath been so continually beaten into my head that I do very well understand it; however I could brook my meanness well enough (for some men tell me I deserve no better) were it not the cause of my life's greatest misery; for here I am constrained, or else I must love my employment, to make speeches in my old age, and, when I have one foot in the grave, to stand here with the other talking in public. Truly, gentlemen, it is a sad thing, you see what a forced put I am put to; even God help me out of this sinful world, for when my bones are at rest my tongue will be at quiet. I remember, gentlemen, when I was a child, if my mother had asked if I would have any victuals that pleased me not, why then I would grow sullen and make no answer; then would she say, "Sirrah, will you have it? speak!" Still not a word from me. "Nay, then," said she, "if you won't speak you shall have nothing." This is my condition now, either speak or have nothing—that is, be no baron. I have prayed to God to mend my weak capacity; now I speak better to-day than I used to do, you will know that He hath heard my prayers; if not, then it is as it was. However, since it is my misfortune, I shall talk to ye as well as I can; but, friends, you must not expect that I should bawl to you like fellows who cry carrots and turnips in the street, for that would be troublesome to me, and perhaps cause the almonds of my ears to fall, with over-straining my impotent lungs. And now it comes into my mind I desire you, when you are in your office, not to let those fellows yawl so in a morning; for besides that they will not let the people sleep, *the "cry of wisdom"* can never be heard in your streets for the perpetual bawling those carters keep; and truly if you do not remedy it I am afraid you will as

soon hear the lamentation of wild nightingales as the voice of wisdom in your city. Yet, though I do not bawl, do not think I will whisper neither; for then it were impossible you should hear me, and I would seem to sit upon the bench like a madman talking to myself; besides, the proverb says, "That where there is whispering there is lying." Truly, gentlemen, I am an old man and have lived long in the world; and I can assure you I have observed these proverbs and find them to be wise sayings. I remember when I was a young youth,—it is a great while ago, gentlemen, I warrant ye it is above five and forty years ago,—my mother saw me fooling with a knife; "Lay down the knife, boy," said she, "it is a dangerous thing to play with edge tools." Truly, gentlemen, I believe you find the truth of this, for had your city never meddled with *edged tools*, they and you I believe had been in a more thriving condition than now. At first you played with these *edged tools* in your military and artillery grounds, and made sport for them before your wives, but I think they have made sport for you since. Truly, for my part I cannot tell what to do for these edged tools; and I believe you are in a quandary too: for my part I resolve never to meddle with them; and I hope God has given you so much grace and cowardice as to do so too. King James would never meddle with them you know. Now if you will not take my foolish advice, take his wise counsel. But to return where I left: I say I will neither bawl nor speak softly, but talk in an indifferent tone between both, that you may hear me and I may hear myself, and so we may all hear one another; and truly there is great reason for it, for by hearing we convey our reason one to another. Now that I have reason I will prove: for every man is a rational creature; now I am a man, therefore I am a reasonable creature. Gentlemen, this makes as much for you as for me, for by this do I prove you likewise to be rational creatures, and so fit to be sheriffs. Thus I find ye qualified for your office. And truly, gentlemen, sheriffs are men of great antiquity and authority. Some are of opinion that sheriffs were invented in Tyre and Sidon; truly, gentlemen, it stands with reason, for I am sure they were the first inventors of scarlet. But to leave this opinion, I do find in the

Bible how Joseph was, by Pharaoh king of Egypt, made sheriff of Grand Cairo; and Daniel also was, by Nebuchadnezzar king of Assyria, made sheriff of Babylon. In the first place, their habit proves this to be true; for they wore the same badges of their authority as you have, that is to say, scarlet gowns and gold chains. I will not dispute whether their gowns were lined with fur or no; neither was it material, nor indeed so requisite, the hotness of these countries not permitting that formality. Secondly, we read how Joseph arrested his brothers for carrying away his plate, which he could not have done had he not had bailiffs and sergeants under him, officers peculiar to a sheriff; and to make it more evident, we do not find that he took out his *writ* out of any other office but his own, which he could not have warranted had he not been sheriff himself. But you will say, Where were the two sheriffs to parallel our *two* sheriffs? To that I answer, where was there a county of Middlesex belonging to either of those cities, for the other person to be sheriff of? Was it requisite there should be two sheriffs in those places where there was never a county of Middlesex, because there are two sheriffs of London where there is a county of Middlesex? No; for it is the county makes the sheriff, not the sheriff makes the county. This, gentlemen, is law. Now, gentlemen, I shall tell you more than ever you heard before, to show you that I have not spent my time in idleness, which is this, that as there is an archangel, and an archbishop, and an archdeacon, so is there an arch-sheriff, which is Satan, or Beelzebub, the prince of the air. This is evident from the duty of his employment; for as it is your duty to punish offenders and sinners in this world, so it is his duty to punish sinners and offenders, both in this world and the world to come. And now I speak of your employment I shall tell you what it is: first, you are the chief *jaylors* of the nation, and it is your duty to keep those persons who are committed to your charge as close as your wives lock up their best jewels; to this purpose, Mr. Warner, are the two *Counters* at your disposal; and Newgate, Mr. Love, is appointed for your portion. Secondly, you are the chief executioners of sentences upon malefactors, whether it be

whipping, burning, or hanging. Mr. Sheriff, I shall entreat a favour of you; I have a kinsman at your end of the town, a ropemaker; I know you will have many occasions before this time twelvemonth, and I hope I have spoken in time; pray make use of him, you will do the poor man a favour, and yourself no prejudice. Pray, gentlemen, what have you for dinner? for I profess I forgot to go to market yesterday that I might get my speech by heart. Truly, gentlemen, I count it no dishonour to go to market myself, there is no trusting to servants; had you lived as long in the world as I have done, you would say so. When I was a young man, as you are, I thought scorn to go to market then as well as you; but since I went myself, I find my servants cheated me of, I warrant you, five pounds in a year. They would reckon me two shillings for a leg of mutton, which I can buy as good a one for five groats and two pence. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve o'clock; well, God-bye-to-ye, gentlemen. But stay! I forgot the main thing ye came for, I must give you your oath. Lord, what a crazy memory have I! But you must excusé me, gentlemen, my thoughts are not ubiquitary; they cannot be in your kitchen and my head both at one time. Gentlemen, there are several sorts of oaths: there is the Protector's oath, "By the living God;" there is the cavalier's oath, "God damn me;" and there is the chambermaid's oath, "As I am honest;" then there is an oath which you are to swear, and which all men swear who take upon them employments of trust, "So help me God." Now some men say this is not an oath, but my conscience tells me the contrary. Truly there are so many opinions that a man cannot tell which to believe. However, I have sworn this oath twenty times, and would do twenty times more, before I would lose my place. But why do I use persuasion? I see you are come with a resolution to swear, and I am come to swear ye, and so we are agreed. Well now you have heard what those things are you must swear; lay your hands on the book, and say, "As God help us, Mr. Baron, we will perform all these things as well as we can." Thus, Master Sheriffs, you hear what you have sworn; pray be diligent and careful to

observe every particular; fear God, obey your superiors, and rule your city with prudence; that as you are sheriffs you may become mayors, and being mayors may be knighted, and being knighted may die full of age and worship, and be buried with escocheons. Now, Mr. Sheriffs, get ye home, kiss your wives, and by that time the cloth is laid I will be with ye, and so good-bye till I see ye again.—*Phœnix Britannicus*, vol. i.

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THE WIT OF JEKYLL.

Once Erskine, whose irritable constitution subjected him at times to the attacks of hypochondria, with a lachrymose visage addressed him in the court of King's Bench, complaining "That he had a severe pain in his bowels, and he had tried remedy after remedy without obtaining relief." "A pain in your bowels!" exclaimed Jekyll, "a pain in your bowels! get yourself made attorney-general, Erskine, and then you will have no bowels at all!"

A Welsh judge, famous both for his neglect of personal cleanliness and his insatiable desire for place, was once addressed by Mr. Jekyll: "My dear sir, as you have asked the minister for everything else, why have you never asked him for a piece of soap and a nail brush?"

An attorney, named Else, rather diminutive in his stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Mr. Jekyll: "Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?" "Sir," replied Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel, but I said that you were *little else!*"—*Law and Lawyers.*

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LORD CHIEF JUSTICE JEFFERIES.

When he was judge, an old man with a large beard was examined before him. His evidence displeasing Jeffreys, he said, "If your conscience is as large as your beard, you'll swear anything." The old man replied, "My lord, if your lordship measures consciences by beards, your lordship has none at all."—*Law and Lawyers.*

AN ACUTE JUDGE.

A CHRISTIAN merchant having entrusted to a Turkish camel driver a number of bales of silk, to be conveyed from Aleppo to Constantinople, set off with him on the journey; but before they had travelled half the distance he fell sick, and was unable to go on with the caravan, which in consequence reached the Turkish capital long before him. Some weeks having elapsed without the merchant having made his appearance, the camel driver imagined him to be dead, sold the silks, and changed his occupation. At length the Christian merchant arrived at Constantinople, found him out after many inquiries, and demanded his merchandise. The knave pretended not to know him, and denied that he had ever been a camel driver. The cadi, before whom the affair was brought, said to the Christian, "What is it that you require?" "Twenty bales of silk," replied he, "which I gave into the care of this man." "What answer can you give to this?" said the cadi to the camel driver. "I do not know what he means by his talking of bales of silk and camels; I never saw him, nor know him, nor ever was a camel driver." The cadi, turning to the Christian, then asked him what proof he could bring in support of his assertions. The merchant could produce no other than that sickness had prevented him from following the camel driver. The cadi exclaimed that they were both fools, and bade them go about their business. He then turned his back upon them; and while they were going out together, he opened the window, and called out, "*Camel driver*, I want to speak a word with you." The Turk immediately turned his head, not remembering that he had just abjured his profession. The cadi then compelled him to come back, ordered him to be well bastinadoed, and obliged him to confess his roguery; after which he condemned him to refund to the Christian the value of the silk, and likewise to pay a considerable fine for the false oath which he had taken. —*The Book of Notable Things.*

JOHN BUNYAN'S INDICTMENT.

THE bill of indictment preferred against John Bunyan ran thus:—"John Bunyan hath devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church to hear Divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord the king." He was convicted, and imprisoned twelve years and six months.—*The Book of Notable Things.*

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LORD ERSKINE'S FIRST RETAINER.

THERE is hardly a surviving friend of Lord Erskine's who has not heard the history of his first lucky hit from his own lips. The author of the "Clubs of London" has undertaken to report his very words:—"I had scarcely a shilling in my pocket when I got my first retainer. It was sent me by a Captain Baillie of the navy, who held an office at the board of Greenwich Hospital, and I was to show cause in the Michaelmas term against a rule that had been obtained in the preceding term, calling upon him to show cause why a criminal information for a libel, reflecting on Lord Sandwich's conduct as governor of that charity, should not be filed against him. I had met during the long vacation this Captain Baillie at a friend's table; and after dinner I expressed myself with some warmth, probably with some eloquence, on the corruption of Lord Sandwich as First Lord of the Admiralty, and then adverted to the scandalous practices imputed to him with regard to Greenwich Hospital. Baillie nudged the person who sat next to him, and asked who I was. Being told I had just been called to the bar, and had been formerly in the navy, Baillie exclaimed with with an oath, 'Then I'll have him for my counsel!' I trudged down to Westminster Hall when I got the brief, and being the junior of five, who should be heard before me, never dreamt that the court would hear me at all. The argument came on. Dunning, Bearcroft, Wallace, Bower, Hargrave, were all heard at considerable length, and I was to follow. Hargrave was long winded, and tired the heart. It was a bad omen; but as my good fortune would have it

he was affected with the strangury, and was obliged to retire once or twice in the course of his argument. This protracted the cause so long that, when he had finished, Lord Mansfield said that the remaining counsel should be heard the next morning. This was exactly what I wished. I had the whole night to arrange in my chambers what I had to say the next morning, and I took the court with their faculties awake and freshened, succeeded to my own satisfaction (sometimes the surest proof that you have satisfied others); and as I marched along the hall after the rising of the judges, the attorneys flocked around me with their retainers. I have since flourished, but have always blessed God for the providential strangury of poor Hargrave."—*Life of Lord Eldon.*

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LORD ELDON'S FIRST CASE.

"MIGHT I ask you, Lord Eldon," said Mr. Farrer, "whether Ackroyd *v.* Smithson was not the first cause in which you distinguished yourself?" "Did I ever tell you the history of that case? Come, help yourself to a glass of Newcastle port, and give me a little. You must know," he went on, "that the testator in that cause had directed his real estates to be sold, and, after paying his debts and funeral and testamentary expenses, the residue of the money to be divided into fifteen parts, which he gave to fifteen persons whom he named in his will. One of these persons died in the testator's lifetime. A bill was filed by the next of kin, claiming, among other things, the lapsed share. A brief was given me to consent for the heir-at-law, upon the hearing of the cause. I had nothing then to do but to pore over this brief. I went through all the cases in the books, and satisfied myself that the lapsed share was to be considered as real estate, and belonged to my client, the heir-at-law. The cause came on at the Rolls, before Sir Thomas Sewell. I told the solicitor who sent me the brief that I should consent for the heir-at-law so far as regarded the due execution of the will, but that I must support the title of the heir to the one-fifteenth which had lapsed. Accordingly I did argue it, and went through all the authorities. When

Sir Thomas Sewell went out of court, he asked the registrar who that young man was. The registrar told him it was Mr. Scott. 'He has argued very well,' said Sir Thomas Sewell, 'but I cannot agree with him.' This the registrar told me. He decided against my client. You see the lucky thing was, there being two other parties, and the disappointed one not being content, there was an appeal to Lord Thurlow. In the meanwhile they had written to Mr. Johnstone, recorder of York, guardian to the young heir-at-law, and a clever man; but his answer was, 'Do not send good money after bad; let Mr. Scott have a guinea to give consent, and if he will argue, why, let him do so, but give him no more.' So I went into court, and when Lord Thurlow asked who was to appear for the heir-at-law I rose and said modestly that I was; and as I could not but think (with much deference to the Master of the Rolls, for I might be wrong) that my client had the right to the property, if his lordship would give me leave I would argue it. It was rather arduous for me to rise against all the eminent counsel. Well, Thurlow took three days to consider, and then delivered his judgment in accordance with my speech; and that speech is in print, and has decided all similar questions ever since."—*Life of Lord Eldon.*

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LORD ELDON BREAKING THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

He told Mr. Spence, the queen's counsel, that he was first brought into notice on the northern circuit by breaking the ten commandments:—"I 'll tell you how it was. I was counsel in a cause, the fate of which depended upon our being able to make out who was the founder of an ancient chapel in the neighbourhood. I went to view it. There was nothing to be observed which gave any indication of its date or history. However, I observed that the ten commandments were written on some plaster, which, from its position, I conjectured might cover an arch. Acting on this, I bribed the clerk with five shillings to allow me to chip away part of the plaster; and after two or three attempts I found the keystone of an arch, on which were engraved the arms of an ancestor of one of the parties. This evidence decided the

cause, and I ever afterwards had reason to remember, with some satisfaction, my having on that occasion broken the ten commandments."—*Life of Lord Eldon.*

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LORD THURLOW AND AN ATTORNEY.

Lord Thurlow had no mercy, and he ought not to have had any, on a roguish attorney. He made a certain attorney pay all the costs of an infant's suit, in which he was solicitor, on account of the extremely improper manner in which the cause had been carried on. In another suit, upon the death of a tenant for life who had been entitled to the interest of a sum of money in court, this attorney applied to have the fund out of court, on behalf of an individual who had become entitled to the principal. Thurlow said, "How, sir, do I know that the tenant for life is dead?" The attorney said, "I can assure your lordship that he is dead." "I shall not," says Thurlow, "take your assurance as worth anything: make an affidavit." The attorney made an affidavit, swearing that the person named in it was dead. "Well," says Thurlow, "and what do you expect from such an affidavit? How do I know that the man named in the affidavit and the man who received the interest was the same person?" The attorney said, "Then I suppose that I must make an affidavit of that also; but surely I am treated with a degree of suspicion and harshness that I do not deserve. I 'll make the affidavit; but your lordship will allow me to say that any other judge would not have required it. I know, I must know, the man is dead; I was at his funeral." "So you might be," says Thurlow; "but how does that prove that the man who received the interest, and the man whose funeral you attended, was the same person?" "My lord, hear me; the man who received the interest, and whose funeral I attended, was my client." "Why, sir," said Thurlow, "did you not mention that at first? A great deal of time and trouble might have been saved. That he was your client is some evidence that he may be dead; nothing was so likely to kill him."—*Life of Lord Eldon*, vol. i.

A PRETTY PAIR.

"There were," says Lord Eldon, "when I was not much advanced in professional business, two attorneys, father and son, of the name of Priddle. In point of character they stood very low: old Lord Mansfield used to say to the father, 'Don't read your affidavit, Mr. Priddle; we give the same credit to what you say as to what you swear.' They had a cause father against son. The father called to leave a retainer with me against the son, representing him as the most worthless of human beings. I declined to accept it in this family cause. Soon afterward the son called to retain me against the father, representing the old gentleman as the most worthless of human beings. This retainer I also declined to accept. The elder of these persons had got possession of a house belonging to the crown. Macdonald, attorney-general, had great difficulty in dispossessing him by proceedings at law, but at last succeeded; and when old Mr. Chamberlayne, the Treasury solicitor, went with due authority to demand possession, Priddle said, 'If you will take the house, you shall take all that 's in it. Poor Mrs. Priddle died a day or two ago; she lies a corpse upstairs in bed, and there I shall leave her. If you will have the house you shall have her also.' The Treasury solicitor took possession of the house and of her, and Priddle rejoiced in saving the expense of burying his departed spouse."—*Life of Lord Eldon,* vol. i.

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"NO INNOVATIONS IN MY TIME."

It was customary for the judges to wear powdered bush-wigs as a part of their ordinary costume. This fretted Lady Eldon, who was justly proud of her husband's good looks, and by her persuasion he applied to George III. for a dispensation on the plea of headache. "No, no!" said the monarch, "I will have no innovations in my time." Lord Eldon then urged that wigs were in point of fact the innovation, not having been worn by the judges of the olden time. "True," rejoined the king, "and you may do as they did, if you like: though they certainly had no wigs, yet they wore their beards."—*Life of Lord Eldon.*

MR. JUSTICE JAMES ALLAN PARK.

THE judicial eccentricity of this most worthy man was the theme of much conversation in the legal circles. He was a great stickler for what he called "forensic propriety," and always felt extremely flattered that the Government considered him to be the fittest man to try malefactors. He presided at the trials of Thurtell, Fauntleroy, Corder, and Greenacre. The fact is that he was a painstaking man, and summed up a case with such extraordinary prolixity as to lead to the conclusion that he considered the jury mere idiots. From his peculiarities we extract the following. At Chelmsford assizes the under-sheriff thought fit to indulge in a buff-coloured waistcoat. His lordship eyed him for some time with an angry scowl; at length he could not abstain from "forensic propriety." "Really, sir, I must beg of you to take off that straw-coloured waistcoat. I cannot sit here, sir, and behold that waistcoat any longer." The sub-sheriff of course did as he was bidden. Upon one occasion a prosecutor appeared before him to give evidence, who had moustaches. "What are you, sir?" said the judge. "A schoolmaster, my lord," was the reply. "A schoolmaster, sir! How dare you come before me with those hairy appendages? Stand down, sir; I shall not allow you your expenses." Upon another occasion a dog barked in court. "Mr. Under-sheriff, pray turn that dog out: it is monstrous for a dog to be barking at his majesty's judge of assize." The under-sheriff commenced serving an ejectment upon what he considered the canine sinner. "Oh dear no, sir," said the learned judge; "I did not mean to turn out that dog, sir: I have noticed that dog for the last three hours, and it is quite impossible for any dog to behave better: 'tis not that dog, sir." At the Winchester assizes, when Mr. Commissioner Williams was at the bar, that gentleman was leader to the plaintiff in an important case of trespass: he rose to open a very well-digested speech, but was stopped in the very threshold of his exordium by the worthy judge, who said—"I really cannot permit it, Brother Williams; I must maintain the forensic dignity of the bar." The advocate looked unutterable things at his lordship, and said—"I do not understand you, my lord." "Oh yes, you do; you have a most extraordinary *wig*

on, a very extraordinary wig indeed; really I can't permit it. You must change your wig. Such a wig as that is no part of the costume of this bar, as recognised by the jurisprudence of this highly favoured country."

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LORD THURLOW.

For some years after he was called to the bar he was wholly unknown as a lawyer. So slender were his means, that while travelling the circuit he was compelled to resort to the most extraordinary expedients in order to defray his expenses. He once found himself utterly destitute of money, and his usual resources wholly unavailable. How to defray the expenses of reaching the next assize town for a time baffled his ingenuity. At length he hit upon a scheme. He sent for a stable-keeper, and told him he wanted a good horse, and asked him if he had one to sell. The stable-keeper assured him that he had one which he could confidently recommend. Thurlow then consented to take his horse on trial, and if he approved of it to purchase it at a certain price. The horse was sent the next morning according to appointment. Thurlow used him for the purpose desired, and then returned him to the owner, with a threat of bringing an action against him for venturing to set a gentleman on such a beast, whose faults rendered him fit for nothing but hounds' food!—*Law and Lawyers.*

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GENIUS AND INDUSTRY.

We would say of legal education, as we would say of all other education—that perseverance and a habit of attention are of more value than that sort of natural talent which consists in quickness of apprehension. A celebrated ambassador of the last age, when told what a clever boy his son was, exclaimed, "I would rather you had told me how *industrious* he was." Sir Henry Wotton, the famous provost of Eton College, we are told by Aubrey, "could not abide wits. When any young scholar was commended to him as a wit, he would say, 'Out upon him! I will have nothing to do

with him; give me the plodding student: if I would look for wits I would go to Newgate for them, there be the wits." Something similar was the opinion of Hogarth: "I know of no such thing as genius," said he to Mr. Gilbert Cooper; "genius is nothing but labour and diligence."

The well-known Judge Dodderidge declares that he found by experience that "among a number of quick wits in youth, few are found in the end very fortunate for themselves, or very profitable to the commonwealth."—*Law and Lawyers.*

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JOHN DUNNING AND HIS MOTHER.

Although he was no older than fifty-two when he died, Dunning left behind him a fortune of £150,000. He used to live at a very expensive rate; in such a way, in fact, as shocked his mother, whose notions of high life were rather confined, and who could never believe that "her son John" could possibly pay for half the luxuries she saw on his two pair of stairs. One day when his mother was on a visit to him he gave a grand entertainment in her honour, at his house at Fulham. The poor old lady was astonished at the splendid appearance of the table, loaded with all the delicacies which that season could afford. During the whole time of dinner she did not speak a word. At the first opportunity after the repast was over, she sent for her son. "John," said she, "I shall not stop another day to witness your shameful extravagance." "My dear mother," returned Dunning, "you ought to consider that I can well afford it. My income, you know ———." "No income," replied the old woman, "can stand against such scandalous prodigality. The sum which your cook told me that very turbot cost ought to be enough to support any reasonable family for a whole week." "Pooh! pooh! my dear mother, you would not have me appear shabby. Besides, what is a turbot after all?" "Pooh! pooh!" re-echoed his mother, "don't *pooh me*, John. I tell you that such goings on can come to no good, and you will see the end of it before long. However, it shan't be said that your mother encouraged such waste; for I mean to set off in the coach for Devonshire

to-morrow morning." And, despite her son's entreaties, the old lady kept her word.—*Law and Lawyers.*

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LORD THURLOW.

When lord chancellor, some obsequious friend said that as Thurloe, the celebrated secretary, was of a Suffolk family, probably Thurlow himself was related to him. "No, sir," replied the chancellor; "in that county there were two families of the same name: from one sprang Thurloe the statesman, from the other Thurlow the carrier; I am descended from the last." When Lord Thurlow's patent of peerage was being registered the herald inquired the name of his lordship's mother. "I don't know," vociferated the chancellor in a tone of thunder.—*Law and Lawyers.*

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CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT: A SINGULAR ROMANCE OF A LAW COURT.

He considered justice as a cardinal virtue, not as a trade for maintenance. Wherever he was judge he never forgot that he was also counsel. The criminal before him was always sure he stood before his country and, in sort, a parent of it. The prisoner knew that though his spirit was broken with guilt, and incapable of language to defend itself, all would be gathered from him which could conduce to his safety, and that his judge would wrest no law to destroy him, nor conceal any that could save him. He was the son of an Oxfordshire knight, of good property, and a bencher of Gray's Inn. In his early years it appears that he was conspicuous for his idleness and dissipation. While at Oxford he seems to have abandoned himself to every species of licence and immorality. It is said that during his residence at the university, Holt, together with some associates as reckless as himself, were rambling over the country until their resources failed them. Upon this event they agreed to separate, and Holt pursued his journey alone. Towards evening he reached a very comfortable inn, which he immediately entered, and ordered an excellent

supper, and desired that his horse should have every attention paid to it. After he had concluded his repast he strolled into the kitchen, where he saw a daughter of the hostess standing by the fire shivering with ague. The hostess told him that her daughter had been nearly a year in this state, and although she had spent nearly £40 in doctors and doctors' stuff, she could obtain no relief. Holt listened to this detail with the greatest attention, and assured the mother that she need be under no further apprehensions, as he knew an infallible cure for her daughter's disorder. He then returned to the parlour, and hastily scribbling a Greek sentence on a slip of parchment, carried the charm to the anxious mother, and desired her to bind it round the sufferer's wrist, and he declared she would hear no more of the ague. The hostess obeyed these directions, and fortunately the ague did disappear, and Holt acquired the reputation of a miracle worker. At the end of a week he boldly called for his bill; but the grateful landlady assured him that she it was who was in debt to him, and only regretted her inability to cancel the obligation he had laid her under, in restoring her daughter to health. Forty years passed over, and the gay and thoughtless student had become chief justice of England. At the assizes for the city in which this ludicrous adventure took place, he had to try an old woman accused of witchcraft, being possessed of a charm for curing and spreading diseases amongst cattle. The chief justice at the trial desired to see this redoubted charm, and to his amazement he found it to be the identical slip of parchment and characters with which he had himself deceived the credulous landlady. He related the anecdote to the jury, and the poor old woman was immediately acquitted. When he was chief justice he once recognised in a culprit, whom he had to try, one of his quondam associates. After this worthy had been convicted, Holt visited him in prison, for the purpose of learning what had become of his early companions. "Ah, my lord," was the criminal's reply, "they are all hanged except your lordship and myself." It is not a little remarkable that Holt should in after years display, not simply great talents, but also immense learning.—*Law and Lawyers.*

JUDGE FOSTER'S CHARGE TO A JURY.

A SHORT time before his death, he travelled the Oxford circuit in one of the hottest summers known. When the grand jury attended him at Worcester he addressed them with these words, instead of the expected charge: "Gentlemen the weather is extremely hot; I am very old, and you are very well acquainted with your duty; I have no doubt but you will practise it."—*Law and Lawyers.*

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LORD ELLENBOROUGH ON THE BENCH.—WILLIAM HONE.

HIS judgments were marked with great energy of thought and diction, and sometimes enlivened with quaint humour which was characteristic of the man. It is said that a Quaker once came up to be examined before him, who did not wear the broad brim and drab which are usually held involved in the idea of a Quaker. The crier of the court, not knowing the witness's religious creed, put the book into his hand, and was about to administer the oath; but he refused to be sworn, and required that his affirmation should be taken. The crier appealed to the chief justice, who asked the witness if he were a Quaker. The witness replied he was. "Do you mean, sir, to impose upon the court," said Lord Ellenborough, "by appearing here in the disguise of a reasonable being?" The last important incident of Lord Ellenborough's judicial life was the part he took as presiding judge in Hone's trials for the publication of certain blasphemous parodies. At this time he was suffering from the most intense exhaustion, and his constitution was sinking under the fatigues of a long and sedulous discharge of his important duties. This did not deter him from taking his seat upon the bench upon this occasion. When he entered the court, previous to the second trial, Hone shouted out, "I am glad to see you, Lord Ellenborough; I know what you are come here for, I know what you want." "I am come to do justice;" replied his lordship, "my wish is to see justice done." "Is it not rather, my lord," retorted Hone, "to send a poor devil of a bookseller to rot in a dungeon?" In the course of the proceedings Lord Ellen-

borough more than once interfered. Hone, it must be acknowledged with less vehemence than might have been expected, requested him to forbear. The next time his lordship made an observation, in answer to something the defendant urged in the course of his speech, Hone exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "I do not speak to you, my lord—*you* are not my judge; these (pointing to the jury) these are my judges, and it is to *them* that I address myself." Hone revenged himself on what he esteemed the chief justice's partiality; he wounded him where he could not defend himself. Arguing that St. Athanasius was not the author of the creed that bears his name, he cited, by way of authority, passages from the writings of Gibbon and Warburton to establish his position. Fixing his eyes on Lord Ellenborough, he then said, "And further, your lordship's father, the late worthy Bishop of Carlisle, has taken a similar view of the same creed." Lord Ellenborough could not endure this allusion to his father's heterodoxy; it was in a broken voice he exclaimed, "For the sake of decency, forbear!" The *request* was immediately complied with. The jury acquitted Hone—a result which is said to have killed the chief justice, but it is not probable this is true. That he suffered in consequence of the trial is certain; after he entered his private room, when the trial was over, his strength had so far deserted him that his son was obliged to put on his hat for him. But he quickly recovered his spirits, and on his way home, in passing through Charing Cross, he pulled the check-string, and said, "It just occurs to me that they sell here the best herrings in London—buy six." Indeed, Dr. Turner, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, who accompanied him in his carriage, said that, so far from his nerves being shaken by the hootings of the mob, Lord Ellenborough only observed that their saliva was worse than their bite. As a criminal judge, Lord Ellenborough was reputed severe. Dining one day at an assize dinner, some one offered to help him to some fowl. "No, I thank you," said his lordship, "I mean to try that beef." "If you do, my lord," said Jekyll, "it will be hung beef."—*Law and Lawyers.*

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A GENTEEL LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

"When I last saw the learned lord," continues Mr. Espinasse, "he had been lord chief justice for nearly fourteen years, and his coat seemed coeval with his appointment to the office. It must have been originally black; but time had mellowed it down to a sober green, which was what Erskine meant by his allusion to its colour. I have seen him sit at Guildhall, in the month of July, in a pair of black leather breeches; and the exhibition of shoes frequently soled afforded equal proof of the attention which he paid to economy in every part of his dress." The learned judge had a trick of placing his feet in such a way as to make his economy in this respect visible to the whole court. This gave rise to a joke amongst the attorneys, who used to say, if they wanted a judge's order for leave to amend any error in the pleadings, "I shall take out a summons before Kenyon; because he can't refuse an amendment for the *soul* (sole) of him!" In reference to Lord Kenyon's soles Dr. Dibdin relates the following anecdote:—Once, in the case of an action brought for the non-fulfilment of a contract, upon a large scale, for shoes, the question mainly was, "whether the shoes were well and soundly made with the best materials." A number of witnesses was called up. One of them, admitted to be a first-rate character, and of great notoriety in "the gentle craft," upon being closely questioned, returned contradictory answers; when the chief justice inquired—pointing to his own shoes, "were the shoes anything like these?" "No, my lord," replied the witness, "they were a good deal *better*, and *more genteeler!*" The court was convulsed with laughter, in which the chief justice himself heartily joined. "He held," says Mr. Espinasse, "a pocket handkerchief to be a piece of unnecessary luxury, and therefore dispensed with the use of one: he found a sufficient substitute in his emunctory powers, which were eminently attractive."—*Law and Lawyers.*

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LORD KENYON.

When a clerk, it is said, he was much annoyed at being constantly solicited by the wife of his master to discharge

duties usually considered as pertaining rather to the office of a menial. Once this lady addressed him with—"Pray, Mr. Kenyon, as you are going out, will you be kind enough to call at the greengrocer's, and order me a cauliflower? or stay, perhaps you would have no objection to bring it home with you?" Kenyon bowed, and at his return informed the worthy dame he had performed her commands, and that he had paid sixpence for the vegetable and eighteenpence for a chair to bring it home. This was the last time he was ever subjected to such improper treatment. His employer appears to have exhibited all the parsimony that his pupil displayed in after years. When his cook informed him that there was not dinner enough provided, upon one occasion when *company* were expected, he asked if she had *brothed* the clerks. She replied that she had done so. "Well then," said he, "broth 'em again."—*Law and Lawyers.*

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HEROIC BEHAVIOUR OF COUNSEL.

Mr. Serjeant Hill was distinguished by his manly though respectful bearing towards the court. Seeing the plaintiff, in an action in which he was counsel for the defendant, sitting beside the judge on the bench, he rose, and declared "that he would not proceed while the indecent spectacle continued of a party sitting beside a judge who was about to try his cause."

Mr. Curran, than whom a more intrepid advocate never existed, was one day exerting himself with more than ordinary zeal in the cause of a client, when the presiding judge called out to the sheriff to take into custody any one who should venture to disturb the decorum of his court. "Do, Mr. Sheriff," exclaimed Curran, unawed, "go and get ready my dungeon; prepare a bed of straw for me; and upon that bed I shall to-night repose with more tranquillity than I could enjoy were I sitting upon that bench with a consciousness that I *disgraced it.*" We cannot forbear citing another instance of the undaunted spirit of this accomplished advocate. In arguing some case before Mr. Justice Robinson, celebrated for his talents as a political

pamphleteer and his attachment to despotic principles, Curran observed "that he had never met the law as laid down by his lordship in any book *in his* library." "That may be, sir," said the judge contemptuously; "but I suspect that your library is very small." The young barrister indignantly replied, "Yes, my lord, my library may be small; but I thank God you will find in no part of it the wretched productions of the frantic pamphlet-writers of the day. I find it more instructive," he added, "to study good books than to compose bad ones; my books may be few, but the title-pages give me the writers' names; my shelf is not disgraced by any such rank absurdity that their very authors are ashamed to own them." "Sir," exclaimed the judge in a furious tone, "you are forgetting the respect that you owe to the dignity of the judicial character." "Dignity, my lord!" retorted Curran; "upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book of some authority with which you are perhaps not unacquainted. A poor Scotchman upon his arrival in London, thinking himself insulted by a stranger, and imagining that he was the stronger man, resolved to resent the affront, and taking off his coat delivered it to a bystander to hold; but, having lost the battle, he turned to resume his garment, when he discovered that he had unfortunately lost that also, that the trustee of his habiliments had decamped during the affray. So, my lord, when the person who is invested with the dignity of the judgment-seat lays it aside for a moment, to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is vain, when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to resume it—it is in vain that he endeavours to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned." The judge cried out, "If you say another word, sir, I'll commit you." "Then, my lord, it will be the best thing you'll have committed this year." The judge did not keep his threat; he applied, however, to his brethren to unfrock the daring advocate, but they refused to interfere, and so the matter ended.—*Law and Lawyers.*

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COARSENESS IN ADVOCATES.

In examining a witness, Dunning sometimes displayed great coarseness, and drew on himself the animadversion of his brethren. The following account has been given of his examination of an old woman, by whom he wished to prove the identity of a certain party :—

Dun. Was he a tall man ?

Wit. Not very tall, your honour—much about the size of your worship's honour.

Dun. Was he good-looking ?

Wit. Quite contrary—much like your honour, but with a handsomer nose !

Dun. Did he squint ?

Wit. A little, your worship; but not so much as your honour by a good deal !

These replies produced a roar of laughter in the court, in which Lord Mansfield joined. Conversing once with "honest Jack Lee," Dunning told him that he had just bought some good manors in Devonshire. "I wish then," replied Jack, "you would bring some of your *good manners* into Westminster Hall with you; for, by Jove, you often deserve to be kicked for your impudence." Mr. James Smith tells a similar story of Sir Fletcher North. In addressing the court on some question of manorial rights, he happened to say, "My lord, I can instance the point in my own person. Now, my lord, I have myself *two little manors.*" Here Lord Mansfield interposed with one of his blandest smiles, "We are well aware of that, Sir Fletcher." —*Law and Lawyers.*

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BOLD COUNSEL.

In our chapter on "Advocates" further information will be found respecting the services which the bar have rendered, in abating the pride and insolence of tyrannical and overbearing judges. Upon the boldness and intrepidity of our bar depends, in a great degree, the purity of the administration of justice. Certainly, however, the boldness has been pushed to the borders of impudence. In the

reign of George II. one Crowle, a counsel of some eminence, made some observation before an election committee, which was considered to reflect on the House itself. The House accordingly summoned him to their bar, and he was forced to receive a reprimand from the speaker on his knees. As he rose from the ground, with the utmost *nonchalance* he took out his handkerchief, and wiping his knees, coolly observed "that it was the dirtiest house he had ever been in in his life."—*Law and Lawyers.*

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PASSING SENTENCE OF DEATH.

Lord Kenyon had once to try a woman for stealing in a dwelling-house to the amount of forty shillings. At that time such a crime was punishable with death. The case was clearly proved against her. It was her first offence, and many extenuating circumstances appeared in the course of the evidence. Lord Kenyon resolved to recommend her to mercy, but was of course compelled by the law to pass the sentence of death on her. She fainted away immediately he began: shocked beyond measure, the kind-hearted judge cried out, "Good woman, good woman, I don't mean to hang you, I don't mean to hang you! Will nobody tell her, I don't mean to hang her!"—*Law and Lawyers.*

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LORD NORTHINGTON.—A VERY UNDESIRABLE DEATH-BED.

When upon his death-bed, he desired his gardener to cut down a clump of trees simply because his son was fond of them. The gardener, anxious not to offend the son, and every moment expecting the earl's decease, neglected to obey this order. When Lord Northington learnt this he sent for the gardener, and thus addressed him: "So, d——n you! You have not done as I ordered you; you think I am going; so I am, and be d——d to you, but you shall go first: here strip this fellow, and kick him out of doors!" —*Law and Lawyers.*

LORD NORTHINGTON.

Lord Henley claims for his ancestor the merits of a religious character. He says amongst the manuscripts he left behind him were two beautiful prayers composed for the use of his wife.* It has however been asserted that he maintained his habit of using oaths to the last. When on the point of death he is said to have exclaimed, "I 'll be d——d if I 'm not dying!" During his sickness his wife, daughters, and some female friends, coming into his room to ask after his health, could not refrain from weeping. "Surly Bob," as he was called, on seeing this, roared out to his nurse, "Turn out all those snivelling fools, except Bridget!"—*Law and Lawyers.*

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AN OLD JUSTICE OF PEACE.

The other prominent character in the society of Moretown was a certain old Mr. Fynes, who I believe was a justice of peace. Red-post Fynes was his name; for being the holder of a good deal of land, and considering himself a man of taste as well as of property, he loved to be distinguished for both; so he painted all the gates of his fields a bright vermilion. Red-post Fynes had a favourite relative whom he used to call his nevvy. His nevvy was brought up to the church, and he afterwards rose to the dignity of a dean. The old gentleman was remarkable for never having been able to learn to spell even the commonest words in his own

* In his last illness he sent for the Marquis of Carmarthen, a man of great piety, who, though surprised at the message, waited upon him, and begged to know in what way he could assist his lordship. "I sent for you," said Lord Northington, "to beg you to recommend me to some able parson whose advice I might safely take in regard to the necessary settlement respecting the future welfare of my soul, which I fear will shortly be ejected from my body." "My lord," replied the marquis, "I am surprised at the question; as chancellor, your lordship has had the disposal of much church perferment, which doubtless you always bestowed on pious and deserving persons. For instance, what do you think of Dr. ——?" "Oh! name him not," loudly exclaimed the chancellor, "that is one of my crying sins. I shall certainly be d——d for making that fellow a dean!"—

language; so that on the birth of his daughter he wrote word to a friend that he had the pleasure to inform him that his wife was brought to bed of a fine *gull*. The word *usage* this very ingenious gentleman spelt without one letter belonging to it, and yet contrived to produce something like the word, at least in sound, for he wrote thus—*yowzitch.*—*Mrs. Bray's "Tamar and Tavy,"* vol. iii.

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LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT.

When Holt was lord chief justice he committed some enthusiasts to prison. The next day, one Lacy, who was of the same persuasion, went to his house, and asked to speak to him. The porter answered, his lordship was not well, and could not be seen. Lacy insisted that he must speak with him, for he was sent to him by the Lord. When this message was delivered he obtained admittance. "I come," said he, "from the Lord, commanding thee to grant a *noli prosequi* to His faithful servants, whom thou hast unjustly committed to prison." "Thou canst not certainly have come from the Lord," replied Holt, "for He would have sent thee to the attorney-general, knowing very well that it is not in my power to grant thy demand. Therefore thou art a false prophet, and shalt go and keep thy friends company in prison." Holt would not have disconcerted this prophet by his logic, if it had not been backed by law. Fanaticism and bigotry are proof against logic. When the pictures of the Virgin at Rome in 1796 moved their eyes, and all Rome crowded to behold them, one of the pictures squinted, and the squint was admitted to be part of the miracle.—*Southey's Omniana,* vol. ii.

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CURRAN.

One morning, at an inn in the south of Ireland, a gentleman travelling upon mercantile business came running downstairs a few minutes before the appearance of the stage coach in which he had taken a seat for Dublin. Seeing an ugly little fellow leaning against the doorpost, with dirty face and shabby clothes, he hailed him, and

ordered him to brush his coat. The operation proceeding rather slowly, the impatient traveller cursed the lazy valet for an idle, good for nothing dog, and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot if he did not make haste and finish his job well, before the arrival of the coach. Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow brushed the coat and then the trousers with great diligence, and was rewarded with sixpence, which he received with a low bow. The gentleman went into the bar, and paid his bill, just as the expected vehicle reached the door. Upon getting inside, guess his astonishment to find his friend, the quondam waiter, seated snugly in one corner, with all the look of a person well used to comfort. After two or three hurried glances, to be sure that his eyes did not deceive him, he commenced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own rashness and stupidity; but he was speedily interrupted by the other exclaiming, "Oh, never mind, make no apologies; these are hard times, and it is well to earn a trifle in an honest way. I am much obliged for your handsome fee for so small a job: my name, sir, is John Philpott Curran—pray what is yours?" The other was thunderstruck by the idea of such an introduction; but the drollery of Curran soon overcame his confusion, and the traveller never rejoiced less at the termination of a long journey than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glitter in the light of a setting sun.—*Examiner*, 1828.

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THE PERILS OF PRINTERS UNDER JAMES II.

On an October night in 1663 the licenser L'Estrange, having received secret information, set out on a search for illegal publications. He had with him a party of assistants, which included four persons, named Dickinson, Mabb, Wickham, and Storey. These men were called up after midnight, and made their way, by L'Estrange's directions, to Cloth Fair. This had been Milton's hiding-place when he had "fallen on evil days," and here now lived another heterodox thinker—a printer, named John Twyn, whose press had been betrayed to the authorities as one whence illegal thoughts were spread. When called on afterwards to give

evidence as to what had happened, Wickham described how he had met Mr. L' Estrange near Twyn's house, and how "they knocked at least half an hour before they got in," and how they listened and "heard some papers tumbling down, and heard a rattling above before they went up." The door being opened by its unfortunate owner, Wickham was posted at the back door, whilst another stood in the front, and the rest of the searchers went over the premises. Efforts had been made to destroy the offending sheets; the type had been broken up, and a portion of the publications had been thrown into the next house. Enough however was found to support a charge. Twyn's apprentice was put into the witness box to give evidence against his master, and the judges were ready to coincide with Mr. Serjeant Morton, who appeared for the crown and declared Twyn's offence to be treason. The obnoxious book repeated the arguments often urged during the Commonwealth, "that the execution of judgment and justice is as well the people's as the magistrate's duty; and if the magistrates pervert judgment the people are bound by the law of God to execute judgment without them." In his defence Twyn said that he had certainly printed the sheets; he "thought it was mettlesome stuff, but knew no hurt in it;" that the copy had been brought to him by one Calvert's maid-servant, and that he had got forty shillings for printing it. He pleaded moreover, in excuse, that he was poor, and had a family dependent on his labour for their bread. Such replies were vain, and the jury found him guilty. "I humbly beg mercy," cried Twyn, when this terrible word was pronounced, "I humbly beg mercy; I am a poor man, and have three small children; I never read a word of it." "I tell you what you shall do," replied the Chief Justice Hyde, to whom this plea for clemency was addressed; "ask mercy of them that can give it, that is, of God and the king." "I humbly beseech you to intercede with his majesty for mercy," piteously exclaimed the condemned printer. "Tie him up, executioner," was the only reply; and Hyde proceeded to pronounce sentence. To read this sentence in the record of the trial makes the blood run cold. "I speak it from my soul," said the sycophant chief justice, "I think we have the

greatest happiness in the world in enjoying what we do, under a good and gracious king. Yet you, Twyn, in the rancour of your heart thus to abuse him, deserve no mercy!" After some further expressions of loyalty, and a declaration that it was high time an example should be made to deter those who would avow killing of kings, he ordered that Twyn should be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution; that he be hanged by the neck, and being alive that he should be cut down, and that his body should be mutilated in a way which decency now forbids the very mention of; that his entrails should afterwards be taken out—"and you still living, the same to be burnt before your eyes; your head to be cut off, and your head and quarters to be disposed of at the pleasure of the king's majesty." "I humbly beseech your lordship," again cried Twyn in his agony, "to remember my condition and intercede for me." "I would not intercede," replied the judge, "for my own father in this case, were he alive;" and the unhappy printer was led back to Newgate, only to leave it for Tyburn, where the sentence was soon afterwards carried into effect; his head and the quarters of his body being set up to fester and rot on Ludgate, Aldersgate, and the other gates of the city.—*History of Newspapers.*

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A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

When Sir Matthew Hale dismissed a jury because he was convinced that it had been illegally chosen, to favour the Protector, the latter was highly displeased with him; and when Sir Matthew returned from the circuit, Cromwell told him in anger that he was not fit to be a judge, to which all the answer he made was *that it was very true.*

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CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

How unjustly a combination of circumstances may sometimes accuse a man is well exemplified in the following actual occurrence, which is translated from the New York *Deutsche Schnellpost.*

"At a table-d'hote at Ludwigsburg one of the company

was showing a very rare gold coin, which passed round the table on a plate, and gave rise to many suppositions as to its age, country, value, etc. The conversation then gradually branched off to other subjects, till the coin was forgotten, and on the owner asking for it back, to the surprise of all, it was not to be found. A gentleman sitting at the foot of the table was observed to be in much agitation; and as his embarrassment seemed to increase with the continuance of the search, the company were about to propose a very disagreeable measure, when suddenly a waiter entered the room, saying, 'Here is the coin; the cook has just found it in one of the finger glasses.' The relief to all was manifest; and now the suspected stranger for the first time spoke as follows: 'Gentlemen, none of you can rejoice more than myself at the recovery of the coin; for picture to yourselves my painful situation. By a singular coincidence I have a duplicate of the very same coin in my purse! (here showing it to the company.) The idea that on the personal search which would probably be proposed I would be taken for the purloiner of the coin, added to the fact that I am a stranger here, with no one to vouch for my integrity, had almost driven me distracted. The honesty of the cook, and lucky accident, has saved my honour.' The friendly congratulations of the company soon effaced the remembrance of their unjust suspicions."

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LORD BRAXFIELD.—A SCOTTISH JUDGE.

It is impossible to condemn his conduct as a criminal judge too gravely or too severely. It was a disgrace to the age. A dexterous and practical trier on ordinary cases, he was harsh to prisoners even in his jocularity, and to every counsel whom he chose to dislike. I have heard this attempted to be accounted for and extenuated by the tendency which the old practice of taking all the evidence down in writing, by judicial dictation, had to provoke a wrangle between the court and the bar every moment, and thus to excite mutual impatience and hostility. No doubt there was something in this; but not much. And Braxfield, as might have been expected from his love of domineering,

continued the vice after its external cause, whatever it might have been, had ceased. It may be doubted if he was ever so much in his element as when tauntingly repelling the last despairing claim of a wretched culprit, and sending him to Botany Bay or the gallows with an insulting jest, over which he would chuckle the more from observing correct people were shocked. Yet this was not from cruelty, for which he was too strong and too jovial, but from cherished coarseness. Mr. Horner (the father of Francis), who was one of the jurors in Muir's case, told me that when he was passing, as was often done then, behind the bench to get into the box, Braxfield, who knew him, whispered, "Come awa, Maister Horner, come awa, and help us to hang ane o' thae daamned scoondrels." The reporter of Gerald's case could not venture to make the prisoner say more than that "Christianity was an innovation." But the full truth is that in stating this view he added that all great men had been reformers, "even our Saviour Himself." "Muckle He made o' that," chuckled Braxfield in an under voice, "He was hanget." Before Hume's commentaries had made our criminal record intelligible, the forms and precedents were a mystery understood by the initiated alone, and by nobody so much as by Mr. Joseph Norris, the ancient clerk. Braxfield used to quash anticipated doubts by saying "Hoot! just gie me Josie Norrie and a gude jury, an' I'll doo for the fallow." He died in 1799, in his seventy-eighth year.—*Memorials of Lord Cockburn.*

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LORD MEADOWBANK.—A SCOTTISH JUDGE.

Mr. Thomas Walker Baird was, in a dull technical way, stating a dry case to his lordship, who was sitting single. This did not please the judge, who thought that his dignity required a grander tone. So he dismayed poor Baird, than whom no man could have less turn for burning in the forum, by throwing himself back in his chair and saying, "Declaim, sir! why don't you declaim? Speak to me as if I were a popular assembly!"—*Lord Cockburn's Memorials.*

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LORD ESKGROVE.—A SCOTTISH JUDGE.

But a more ludicrous personage could not exist. When I first knew him he was in the zenith of his absurdity. People seemed to have nothing to do but to tell stories of this one man; to be able to give an anecdote of Eskgrove, with a proper imitation of his voice and manner, was a sort of fortune in society. Scott in those days was famous for this particularly; whenever a knot of persons were seeing listening in the outer House to one who was talking slowly, with a low muttering voice and a projected chin, and then the listeners burst asunder with roars of laughter, nobody thought of asking what the joke was; they were sure that it was a successful imitation of Esky, and this was enough. Yet never did he do or say anything which had the slightest claim to be remembered for any intrinsic merit. The value of his words and actions consisted in their absurdity. Whenever a name could be pronounced in more ways than one he gave them all, and always put an accent on the last syllable. For example, syllable he called syllabill; and when a word ended with the letter g, this letter was pronounced, and strongly. And he was very fond of meaningless successions of adjectives. A good man would be described as "one excellent, and worthy, and amiabill, and agreeabill, and very good man." The article "a" was generally made into *one*, and he generally cut a word of three syllables into two separate words, the first of two syllables and the last of one, and even divided a word of two syllables into two words, thus: "I met a young friend as I was walking in the Canongate," was converted by him into "I met one youngg friend as I was walk-ing in the Canongate." Brougham tormented him, and sat on his skirts wherever he went, for above a year. The justice liked passive counsel, who let him dawdle on with culprits and juries in his own way; and consequently he hated the talent, the eloquence, the energy, and all the decomposing qualities of Brougham. At last it seemed as if a court day was to be blessed by his absence, and the poor justice was delighting himself with the prospect of being allowed to deal with things as he chose; when, lo! his enemy appeared—tall, cool, and resolute. "I declare," said the justice, "that

man Broom, or Broug-ham, is the torment of my life!" His revenge, as usual, consisted in sneering at Brougham's eloquence by calling it or him *the Harangue.* "Well, gentlemen, what did the Harangue say next? Why, it said this" (misstating it); "but here, gentle-men, the Harangue was most plainly wrongg, and not intelligibill." As usual then, with stronger heads than his, everything was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him in condemning a tailor to death, for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus: "and not only did you murder him, whereby he was berea-ved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propell, the lethall weapon through the belly-band of his regimen-tal breeches, which were his majes-ty's!" In the trial of Glengarry for murder in a duel, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into court veiled; but before administering the oath Eskgrove gave her this exposition of her duty,—"Youngg woman! you will now consider yourself as in the presence of Almighty God, and of this high court. Lift up your veil; throw off all modesty, and look me in the face." His tediousness, both of manner and matter, in charging juries was most dreadful. It was the custom to make juries stand while the judge was addressing them; but no other judge was punctilious about it. Eskgrove however insisted upon it; and if any one of them slipped cunningly down to his seat, or dropped into it from inability to stand any longer, the unfortunate wight was sure to be reminded by his lordship that "these were not the times in which there should be any disrespect of this high court, or even of the law." Often have I gone back to the court at midight, and found him whom I left mumbling hours before still going on, with the smoky unsnuffed tallow candles in greasy tin candlesticks, and the poor despairing jurymen, most of the audience having retired or being asleep; the wagging of his lordship's nose and chin being the chief signs that he was still *charg-ing.* A very common arrangement of his logic to juries was this: "And so, gentle-men, having shown you that the pannell's argument is utterly impossibill, I will now proceed for to show you that it is extremely improbabill." He rarely failed to signalize himself in pronouncing sentences

of death. It was almost a matter of style with him to console the prisoner by assuring him that, "whatever your religi-ous persua-shon may be, or even if, as I suppose, you be of no persua-shon at all, there are plenty of rever-end gentle-men who will be most happy to show you the way to yeternal life." He had to condemn two or three persons to die, who had broken into a house at Luss and assaulted Sir James Colquhoun and others, and robbed them of a large sum of money. He first, as was his almost constant practice, explained the nature of the various crimes, assault, robbery, and hame-sucken, of which last he gave them the etymology; and he then reminded them that they attacked the house and the persons within it, and robbed them, and then came to this climax—"All this you did; and, God preserve us! joost when they were sitten' doon to their denner."—*Lord Cockburn's Memorials.*

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LORD HERMAND.—A SCOTTISH JUDGE.

Bacon advises judges to draw their law "out of your books, not out of your brain." Hermand generally did neither. He was very apt to say, "My laards, I *feel* my law—*here*, my laards," striking his heart. Hence he sometimes made little ceremony in disdaining the authority of an act of parliament, when he and it happened to differ. He once got rid of one which Lord Meadowbank (the first), whom he did not particularly like, was for enforcing because the legislature had made it law, by saying in his snorting, contemptuous way, and with an emphasis on every syllable—"But then we 're told that there 's a statute against all this. A statute! What 's a statute? Words: mere words! and am *I* to be tied down by words? No, my laards; I go by the law *of right reason.*" Lord Holland noticed this in the House of Peers as a strange speech for a judge. Two young gentlemen, great friends, went together to the theatre in Glasgow, supped at the lodgings of one of them, and passed a whole summer night over their punch. In the morning a kindly wrangle broke out about their separating or not separating, when by some rashness, if not accident, one of them was stabbed,

not violently, but in so vital a part that he died on the spot. The survivor was tried at Edinburgh, and was convicted of culpable homicide. It was one of the sad cases where the legal guilt was greater than the moral; and very properly he was sentenced to only a short imprisonment. Hermand, who felt that discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking, had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren, and was vehement for transportation. "We are told that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night; and yet he stabbed him, after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God, my laards, if he will do this when he is drunk, what will he not do when he's sober?" His love of children was warmhearted and unaffected. He always treated them seriously, exactly as if they were growing up. Few old men's speeches are more amiable than his about his grand-nephew, who happened to be his partner in a match of bowls, "No wonder the little fellow and I are such friends—there are just seventy years between us;" he was eighty, the boy ten. Hermand was in a glorious frenzy; spurning all unfairness, a religious doubt, entangled with mystical metaphysics, and countenanced by his party, had great attractions for his excitable head and presbyterian taste. What a figure! as he stood on the floor, declaiming and screaming amidst the divines—the tall man, with his thin powdered locks and long pigtail, the long Court of Session cravat, flaccid and streaming with the heat and obtrusive linen! The published report makes him declare that "the belief of the being and perfections of the Deity is the solace and delight of my life. It is a feeling which I sucked in with my mother's milk." But this would not have been half intense for Hermand; and accordingly his words were—"*Sir! I sucked in the being and attributes of God with my mother's milk!*" His constant and affectionate reverence for his mother exceeded the devotion of an Indian for his idol; and under this feeling he amazed the House by maintaining (which was his real opinion) that there was no

apology for infidelity, or even for religious doubt, because no good or sensible man had anything to do except to be of the religion of his mother; which, be it what it might, was always the best. "A sceptic, sir, I hate; with my whole heart I detest him! *But, moderator, I love a Turk!*"—*Cockburn's Memorials.*

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SINGULAR VICISSITUDES OF A LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

The successor of Scroggs, Chief Justice Pemberton, is one of the few among Lord Campbell's heroes whose story is interesting from its vicissitudes. He was a man of family and of fortune, to which he had the misfortune to succeed as soon as he came of age. In two years he had not only spent it, but was a prisoner in the Fleet for debt, and, as the law then stood, was likely to remain a prisoner during the remainder of his life. "He had," says Lord Campbell, "not been sober for many weeks, and it was some time before he could fully understand where he was and what had befallen him. Amidst the squalor which surrounded him, he was surprised to find loud revelry going forward, and he recognised faces he had seen in the haunts of vice which he had been in the habit of frequenting. He was obliged to pay the *garnish* which they demanded of him, but he resolutely refused to join in their orgies. He awoke as it were from a dream, and was at first almost entirely overpowered by the horrors of his situation. He used afterwards to relate 'that some supernatural influence seemed to open his eyes, to support him, and to make a new man of him.' He contrived to get a small dismal room for his own use, without a chum, and in this he shut himself up. He tasted nothing but bread and water, which were the prison allowance; his share of some charitable doles arising from fees on the last day of term, and other such sources, he gave away to others. What we have chiefly to admire is that he nobly resolved to supply the defects of his education, to qualify himself for his profession, to pay his debts by industry and economy, and to make himself respected and useful in the world. The resolution was formed in a hot fit of enthusiasm, but it

was persevered in with cool courage, unflinching steadiness, and brilliant success. He was able to borrow books by the kindness of a friend of his father's who came to visit him. Bitterly regretting the opportunities of improvement which he had neglected at school and at college, he devoted a certain number of hours daily to the classics and to the best English writers, taking particular delight in Shakspeare's plays, although the acting of them had ceased, and they were not yet generally read. The rest of his time he devoted to the year books, to the more modern reports, to the abridgments, and to the compiling of a huge common-place book for himself, which might have rivalled Brooke, Rolle, and Fitzherbert. His mode of life was observed with amazement and admiration by his fellow-prisoners, who, knowing that he was a Templar, and that he was studying law night and day, concluded that he must be deeply skilled in his profession, and from time to time came to consult him in their own affairs, particularly about their disputes with their creditors. He really was of essential service to them in arranging their accounts, in examining the process under which they were detained, and in advising applications to the courts for relief. They by-and-by called him the 'counsellor,' and the 'apprentice of the law;' and such as could afford it insisted on giving him fees for his advice. With these he bought the books which it was necessary he should always have by him for reference. To add to his fund for this purpose, he copied and he drew law papers for the attorneys, receiving so much a folio for his performances. By these means he was even able to pay off some of the smallest and most troublesome of his creditors. Burnet, whose love of the marvellous sometimes betrayed him into exaggeration, although his sincerity may generally be relied upon, says that Pemberton 'lay many years in jail;' but, according to the best information I have been able to obtain, the period did not exceed five years. He obtained his discharge by entering into a very rational arrangement with his principal creditors. After pointing out to them the utter impossibility of their being ever satisfied while he remained in custody, he explained to them the profitable career which was before him if he could recover

his liberty, and he assured them of his determined purpose to pay them all every farthing that he owed them the moment that it was in his power to do so." Before his imprisonment he had become a member of the Inner Temple. On his release he completed his terms and was called to the bar, and rapidly rose into great business. In 1679 he was made a puisne judge of the court of King's Bench. But after a year's experience he was found not sufficiently ductile, was degraded in 1680, and at the age of fifty-three returned to the bar. Scroggs became however intolerable to the public: it was thought not only necessary to dismiss him, but to give him a respectable successor; and in 1681 Pemberton was appointed chief justice of the King's Bench. Again however he disappointed his patrons. He would not promise his assistance in disfranchising the city of London, and in 1782 he was removed from the King's Bench to the Common Pleas. While chief justice of the Common Pleas, the Rye House plot was discovered, and he was placed at the head of the commissioners before whom the real and the supposed conspirators were to be tried. Again however he was found too fair for the last administration of Charles II. He gave Lord Russell some chances of acquittal, was punished by dismissal from the Common Pleas, and had to return to the bar. It is to this dismissal that he owes his fame; for it is not as a judge but as the leading counsel for the seven bishops that he is remembered. The courage, the skill, the learning, and the eloquence which he displayed in perhaps the most important trial that ever occurred in England have secured to him what falls to the lot of few advocates—a place in history. They did not however secure him the favour of the new Whig government. Though he had not been servile enough for the Tories, he had been too servile for the Whigs—at least they thought so. He was not restored to the bench, and was even imprisoned by the House of Commons as having been guilty of a breach of privilege in overruling, when chief justice, a plea that a committal had been made by the authority of the House. His imprisonment ceased with the prorogation of March, 1690. He must then have been in his sixty-fourth year. But such was his vigour of mind and

body that he resumed his labours at the bar, and was counsel for Sir John Fenwick in 1696,—forty-six years from the time when he was called to the bar.—*Lord Campbell's Chief Justices.*

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A SQUINTING JURY.

Once upon a time, or, to be a little more particular, nearly half a century ago (for the editor of this paper well remembers the time, place, and scene, which are firmly fixed upon his boyish recollections), there dwelt in the town of—— in old England a remarkable oddity, in the person of an attorney-at-law, who, although not fair to look upon (for he was in truth one of the homeliest specimens of humanity ever beheld by mortal man), was withal a person of sound judgment, great benevolence, varied learning, a poet, a painter, and a wit of no mean order.

It so happened that the aforesaid gentleman, G—— G——, Esq., was appointed high sheriff of the town of——. He was a man of fortune and had a kind heart, as many a poor prisoner could testify who partook of the good cheer with which the prisoners were liberally supplied at Christmas and other well-known festivals, from the private purse of the high sheriff.

It was of course the duty of the high sheriff to summon a grand and petty jury, to attend at the quarter sessions, of which the recorder, mayor, and aldermen of the borough composed the court. In the performance of his official duty in summoning the petty jury, our high sheriff indulged in some of the strangest and drollest freaks that have probably ever been heard of in any other town or country. In the first place he summoned for the October court a jury consisting of twelve of the fattest men he could find in the borough; and when they came to the book to be sworn, it appeared that only nine jurors could sit comfortably in the box! After a great deal of sweating, squeezing, and scolding, the panel was literally jammed into the box, and when seated they presented to the eye of the court, the barrister, and the audience, "the tightest fit" of a jury that was ever seen in a court room. Literally they became, much to the

astonishment of the court and its robed advocates, "a packed jury," and no mistake!

For the January term our facetious high sheriff (in consequence, it was said, of some hint from the recorder that there should be no more fat panels summoned to his court) went into the opposite extreme. He summoned twelve of the *leanest* and *tallest* men he could find in the borough; and when they took their seats in the box it appeared comparatively empty—there was indeed room for twelve more of the same sort and dimensions.

For the April term of the court our humorous functionary summoned a jury consisting of twelve barbers! Now it so happened that among the latter were the very perruquiers who dressed the recorder's and barristers' wigs; and some of the latter, arriving late at the bar, had to appear that morning in court with their wigs undressed or half dressed, so as to cut a very ridiculous figure, amidst the smiles and half-suppressed laughter of the bystanders. The high sheriff enjoyed the fun amazingly, but looked "grave as a judge" while he tried to keep silence in the court room.

But the crowning joke of this waggish functionary occurred at the summoning of his fourth and last jury, at the summer session in July. For that term of the court, the high sheriff not having the fear of the recorder, the mayor, and the aldermen before his eyes, actually summoned a squinting jury! twelve as queer looking bipeds as ever took their seats in a jury box—a jury that was probably more looked at and laughed at than any of the appointed twelve that ever were sworn to "well and truly try and true deliverance make between their sovereign lord and king, and the prisoner at the bar."

But the scene was so irresistibly droll that the learned recorder could not maintain his gravity. The mayor and aldermen followed suit. The barristers laughed while their wigs became bald, powderless: nay, even the poor prisoners in the dock, who were to be put upon their trial, and some of them undergo transportation, could not refrain from joining in the general cachinnation! And when the learned recorder commanded the high sheriff to bring the court room

to order, and intimated, with a half-suppressed laugh, that the latter ought to be ashamed of himself for summoning such a jury, the drollery of this court scene was heightened considerably by the quick, ready, and sonorous response of the high sheriff, who, looking at the same time at the squinting jury, exclaimed—"All good and lawful men, your honour."—*Old Paper.*

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A BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

A CERTAIN barrister, without a brief, was one day heard to make the following reflections as he stalked through Lincoln's Inn,—"Oh that the chancellor of the exchequer would make *my* notes a legal tender, as well as the Bank of England's, that I might be the better able to meet my landlady, as her rent is due! There's M—— now: brief after brief! whilst I! Alas, alas! unless some generous spirit soon puts a fee into my palm, some villanous wag at the bar will surely give me the nickname of the bar*maid!*" "Very good!" replied S——, who chanced to hear the latter words, "very good, my boy, indeed!" And he was dubbed *barmaid* accordingly, which *sobriquet*, although he has many briefs now, he enjoys.

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HOW TO SETTLE THE ATTORNEYS.

DINGLE is a small town in the south-west of Ireland, on the peninsula which forms one side of Dingle Bay. Lady Chatterton, in her recent travels in the south of Ireland, gives us the following amusing specimen of the primitive manners of the people.

"Law, sir!" repeated the man of Dingle, with a look of astonishment and affright, "Law, sir! we never mind the law in our court. We judge by the honesty of the case that comes before us: and let me tell you, sir, that if every court were so conducted there would be but few attorneys, and the country would be quiet and happy."

"But what would you do if any person brought an attorney these twenty-two long miles and hilly road (from Tralee), and introduced him into your court, and that he

started some points of law, which required professional skill to reply to?"

"I'll tell you what I did myself," was the reply to this apparently perplexing question. "When I was deputy sovereign two fools in this town employed each of them an attorney, whom they brought at a great expense from Tralee. When the attorneys went into court, and settled themselves with their bags and papers, all done up with red bits of tape, and one of them was getting up to speak, 'Crier,' said I, 'command silence.' 'Silence in the court!' says he. So I stood up, and looking first at one attorney, and then at the other, I said with a solemn voice, 'I adjourn this court for a month.' 'God save the king!' said the crier; and then I left them all. And I assure you," he added, "that from that day to this no attorney ever appeared in our court; and, please God, we never will mind law in it, but go on judging by the honour and honesty of the cases that come before us."

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CURRAN'S HUMOUR.

Curran's ruling passion was his *joke*. In his last illness his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, *as I have been practising all night.*"

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COOL.

Blake's story of Baron Thompson: his telling of his once going to bed at an inn, determined on a good night's sleep; the porter coming in the morning to call him for the Birmingham coach. "Stay, friend," said I, waking out of my sleep, a phrase I am in the habit of using. "Stay!" said he, "the Birmingham coach stays for no man. You must get up." The porter then going away, and returning with the chambermaid: "That's he!" says she, "that's the gentleman that said it was so hard to make him get up. We must pull him out." Upon which, said Baron Thompson,

I exclaimed, "I am Baron Thompson, come here for the assizes to-morrow;" and the devils fled. This followed by a story of Baron Smith's about Gould: the lawyers teasing him one night on circuit, when after grumbling at everything he went up to bed, sending him up tea, then negus, etc., and lastly an old woman with a tub of water for his feet, who fell down the two steps into his room, and decanted the whole of the water into the room.—*Moore's Diary.*

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THE BOOK OF NATURE.

Sat next to Jekyll, and was as usual amused. In talking of figurative oratory, mentioned the barrister before Lord Ellenborough. "My lord, I appear before you in the character of an advocate from the city of London. My lord, the city of London herself appears before you as a suppliant for justice. My lord, it is written in the book of nature ——" "What book?" says Lord E. "The book of nature." "Name the page," says Lord E., holding his pen uplifted, as if to note the page down.—*Moore's Diary.*

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WHOLESALE STEALING.

In consequence of the interest which the Lord Chancellor Camden took in behalf of Mr. Wilkes, he became so popular that the parishioners of Chislehurst (where he resided), in the zenith of their patriotism, made him a present of ten acres of the common, on which the avenue leading to the seat now stands. His lordship, who was a very early riser, was the first to discover in one of his morning walks that a poor widow who resided on the common had all her geese stolen on the preceding night, and accidentally meeting a labourer going to work, and thinking from being wrapped up in his great coat that he was unknown to the man, inquired of him respecting the geese, and asked him if he knew what punishment would be inflicted on the offender who stole *the geese from the common.* The man answered, "No." "Why, then, I'll tell you," said his lordship; "he would be transported for seven years" "If that is the case,"

replied the labourer, "I will thank your lordship to tell me what punishment the law would inflict on the man who stole the common from the geese."

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TURKISH JUSTICE.

A GROCER of the city of Smyrna had a son, who with the help of the little learning the country could afford, rose to the post of naib, or deputy to the cadi or mayor of that city, and as such visited the markets and inspected the weights and measures of all retail dealers. One day, as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbours, who knew enough of his father's character to suspect he might stand in need of the caution, advised him to shift his weights for fear of the worst; but the old cheat depending on his relationship to the inspector, and sure, as he thought, that his son would never expose him to a public affront, laughed at their advice, and stood very calmly at his shop door waiting for his coming. The naib however was well assured of the dishonesty and unfair dealing of his father, and resolved to detect his villany and make an example of him. Accordingly he stopped at his door, and said coolly to him, "Good man, fetch out your weights that we may examine them." Instead of obeying, the grocer would fain have put it off with a laugh, but was soon convinced that his son was serious, by hearing him order the officers to search his shop, and seeing them produce the instruments of his fraud, which, after an impartial examination, were openly condemned and broken to pieces. His shame and confusion however he hoped would plead with a son to remit him all further punishment of his crime; but even this, though entirely arbitrary, the naib made as severe as for the most indifferent offender; for he sentenced him to a fine of fifty piastres, and to receive a bastinado of as many blows on the soles of his feet. All this was executed upon the spot; after which the naib, leaping from his horse, threw himself at his feet, and watering them with tears addressed him thus: "Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, my country, and my station;

permit me now by my respect and submission to acquit the debt I owe my parent. Justice is blind; it is the power of God on earth, it has no regard to father or son. God and our neighbour's rights are above the ties of nature. You had offended against the laws of justice; you deserved this punishment, you would in the end have received it from some other; I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future, and, instead of blaming, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity." This done, he mounted his horse again and continued his journey, amidst the acclamations and praises of the whole city for so extra ordinary a piece of justice; report of which being made to the Sublime Porte, the sultan advanced him to the post of cadi; from whence by degrees he rose to the dignity of mufti, who is the head both of the religion and the law among the Turks.—*Cecil's Narratives.*

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SCENE IN A COURT OF JUSTICE.

The next morning, Saturday, I was loitering at Matlock Bath. It was a very lovely morning. The rocks were festooned with their greenest verdure; the river was sending up its most joyous shout; the sky had thrown over all its purest and brightest azure; and all that was needed to complete my enjoyment was some occupation or adventure befitting the scene. "But what," said I to Bryan, the guide, as we neared the door of the Rutland Arms, "is the meaning of this gathering from the hills of dejected and anxious looking people, and these vagabond looking fellows, who are lingering somewhat apart from them?" "The vagabonds," said Bryan, "are witnesses employed by a common informer; and that crowd of people are his victims, with the witnesses in their favour. The cases are about to be heard within, before the magistrates; and if you like you can go in with me and note what passes." So in we went together. One of the first persons we saw inside was the informer himself. As he had not made his own forehead, or intentionally put out one of his own eyes, I will not dwell

long on the fact that the former, as Shakspeare has it, was "villanous low," and that all contingencies taken into account, he looked exceedingly queer without the latter. He was certainly one of the most sinister looking rascals it has ever been my lot to meet; and when he pretended to know something about me, and to have seen me before, I "denied the soft impeachment" with disgust. As he persevered however in pretending to have seen me before, I happened to ask him, I don't remember why, if it was at Chesterfield. "No," he replied, "it couldn't be there; I never was at Chesterfield since I was born." And upon this incidental assertion of his hangs the sequel. Two magistrates having now taken possession of the bench, the crowd of victims and witnesses were ushered in. Bryan, as a reporter, stood a little apart, with me by his side. The evidence in the first case was then hastily gone through; and the defendant—a poor widow of the name of Young, who kept a public-house at Howay—fined five pounds, and ordered to have her licence suspended. To me, her case seemed cruel and heart-rending. Her house was many miles from the parish church; and on a Sunday morning, during the hours of service, the witness against her had used all possible persuasion to get her to fill him a glass of ale. She was however impervious, until he appealed to her compassion, representing himself as a traveller, faint and weary, and stirring all the better feelings of her nature in his behalf; and this was her cruel reward. My blood boiled within me as the next case came on; and there were several more to follow, should they meet with no check. But in this instance, instead of a poor defenceless widow, the defendant was a sturdy person, hard as nails, and quite resolved not to be beaten easily. When the informer—the man with the one eye—pretended to have had nothing to do with the case except in laying the information, the defendant pressed him to say where he was at the time the drink was served; was he not near, and had he not himself given the witness instructions relative to the laying of the trap? "No," was his reply, "I was nowhere near." "Where were you then?" again asked the defendant. "*At Chesterfield,*" he replied, with some confusion of manner. Now thought I, comes my turn, you wretches! and

pushing up to the bench, I begged the magistrates to let me give evidence. "Who calls you?" asked one of them. "No one," said I. "Then you can't be heard," he replied. "But I must," said I. "But you can't," said he. "But he shall," said the other magistrate. "But if he is neither called nor sworn," said the first, "we cannot hear him." "I cannot be sworn," I said, "but the law will recognise my affirmation; and I can give evidence of great importance to the case." "For the information, or against it?" asked the magistrates. "Against it," I replied. "But as none of the witnesses call you, you are doing wrong to offer it," said the first magistrate. "I should very much like to hear it, however," said the second; "and as no other course is open to you, state it to me as personal information." "In the other room," said I, "not half an hour since, the fellow who stands there declared to me, in the presence of Mr. Bryan, that he had never been at Chesterfield since he was born; and now he says he was at Chesterfield on the day in question! I want to affirm that he is not to be believed on his oath." "There 's a pretty rascal!" said the second magistrate. "We can't take that in evidence," cried the first; "will you not convict?" "No, not on the oaths of any such scoundrels!" said the second emphatically; and the proceedings terminated in the most delectable confusion. An attempt was made to bring forward the cases again at Wirksworth on the following Tuesday; but the townspeople, having heard the story, were prepared to give the informer a public ducking the moment he made his appearance, and his exit that morning was far quicker than his entrance. My deep regret was that my own part in the business had not occurred before the conviction of the poor old widow, who I believe got her licence renewed, and still lives in the same house at Howay, where the weary traveller may find rest, a homely meal if he needs, and one of the fairest prospects in Derbyshire to glance at while he eats it.—*Spencer Hall's "The Peak and the Plain."*

LORD MANSFIELD.

Lord Mansfield was sitting for his portrait: Sir Joshua Reynolds asked him his opinion, if he thought it was a likeness; when his lordship replied that it was totally out of his power to judge of its degree of resemblance, as he had not seen his own face in any looking glass during the last thirty years of his life; for his servant always dressed him, and put on his wig, which therefore rendered it quite unnecessary for him to look at himself in a mirror.

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HOW TO REFUSE A BRIBE.

Whilst More was lord chancellor, a person who had a suit in Chancery sent him two silver flagons, not doubting the agreeableness of the present. On receiving them, the inflexible magistrate called one of his servants, and told him to fill the vessels with the best wine in the cellar; and turning round to the person who had presented them, said, "Tell your master that if he approves of my wine I beg he will not spare it," and thus returned the cups.

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A QUAINT REPROOF.

A late well-known member of the Scottish bar, when a youth, was somewhat of a dandy, and I suppose somewhat short and sharp in his temper. He was going to pay a visit in the country, and was making a great fuss about his preparing and the putting up his habiliments. His old aunt was much annoyed at all this bustle, and stopped him by the somewhat contemptuous question, "Whaur 's this you 're gaun', Robby, that ye mak sic a grand wark about yer claes?" The young man lost temper, and pettishly replied, "I 'm going to the devil." "'Deed, Robby, then," was the quiet answer, "ye needna be sae nice, he 'll juist tak ye as ye are."—*Ramsay's Scottish Characteristics.*

Humour and the Humorous Side of Life.

A VILLAGE DOCTOR.

It happened at a small country town that Scott suddenly required medical advice for one of his servants, and on inquiring if there was any doctor at the place was told that there were two—one long established, and the other a new comer. The latter gentleman, being luckily found at home, soon made his appearance: a grave, sagacious looking personage, attired in black, with a shovel hat, in whom to his utter astonishment Sir Walter recognised a Scotch blacksmith, who had formerly practised with tolerable success as a veterinary operator in the neighbourhood of Ashestiel. "How in all the world!" exclaimed he, "can it be possible that this is John Lundie?" "In troth is it, your honour; just *a' that's for him.*" "Well but let us hear; you were a *horse*-doctor before, now it seems you are a *man*-doctor; how do you get on?" "Ou? just extraordinar' weel; for your honour maun ken my practice is vera sure and orthodox. I depend entirely upon twa *simples.*" "And what may their names be? perhaps it is a secret." "I'll tell your honour," in a low tone; "my twa simples are just *laudamy* and *calamy!*" "Simples with a vengeance!" replied Scott. "But, John, do you never happen to *kill* any of your patients?" "Kill? ou ay, may be sae; whiles they die, and whiles no; but it's the will o' Providence. *Onyhow, your honour, it wad be lang before it makes up for Flodden!*"—*Lockhart's Life of Sir W. Scott,* vol. iii.

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HAPPINESS.

To give happiness, it is said, is Godlike; but there are different ways of giving it. We presume few would choose

it as it is said once to have been administered by a captain in the navy, who, on meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth Point, boasted that he had left his whole ship's company the happiest fellows in the world. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why I have just *flogged seventeen*, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy that they have escaped!"

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A WHIMSICAL AND IMPUDENT BEGGAR.

While I was at Djidda, a Yemen beggar mounted the minaret daily, after mid-day prayer, and exclaimed loud enough to be heard through the whole bazar, "I ask from God fifty dollars, a suit of clothes, and a copy of the Koran; O faithful, hear me; I ask of you fifty dollars," etc. This he repeated for several weeks, when at last a Turkish pilgrim, struck by the singularity of the beggar's appeal, desired him to take thirty dollars and discontinue his cries, which reflected shame upon the charity of all the hadjis present. "No," said the beggar, "I will not take them, because I am convinced that God will send me the whole of what I beg of Him so earnestly." After repeating his public supplication for some days more, the same hadji gave him the whole sum he asked for, but without being thanked. I have heard people exclaim in the mosques at Mekka, immediately after prayers, "O brethren, O faithful, hear me! I ask twenty dollars from God to pay for my passage home; twenty dollars only. You know that God is all bountiful, and may send me a hundred dollars; but it is twenty dollars only that I ask. Remember that charity is the sure road to paradise." There can be no doubt that this practice is sometimes attended with success.—*Pilgrimages to Mekka: Quarterly Review.*

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SEA-BATHING FOR INVALIDS.

Horne Tooke ridiculed this practice, and said if any of the seal species were sick it would be just as wise for a fish physician to order them to go ashore. Porson declared that sea-bathing was only reckoned healthy because many

persons have been known to survive it. But Sheridan's objection to salt water was the most quaint: "Pickles," he said, "don't agree with me."

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FAST DRIVING.

"COACHMAN," said an outside passenger to one who was driving at a furious rate over one of the most mountainous roads in the north of England, "have you no consideration for our lives and limbs?" "What are your lives and limbs to me?" was the reply; "I am behind my time."—*New York Mirror.*

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A HINT TO THE TAILORS.

A BOY'S father (an Irishman on board a steamer on Lake Erie) had just put a patch upon the hinder part of his son's trowsers, and cloth not being at hand he had as an expedient for stopping the gap inserted a piece of an old straw bonnet; in so doing, he had not taken the precaution to put the smooth side of the plait inwards, and in consequence young Teddy, when he first sat down, felt rather uncomfortable. "What's the matter wid ye, Teddy? what makes ye wriggle about in that way? Sit aisy, man; sure enough, haven't ye a straw-bottomed chair to sit down upon all the rest of your journey, which is more than your father ever had before you?"—*Marryat's America.*

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A JOKE AT THE HOMŒOPATHISTS.

MANY years ago, a countryman called on a physician in York. He was in the depths of dyspeptic despair, as often happens with the chawbacons. The doctor gave him some plain advice as to his food, making a thorough change, and ended by writing a prescription for some tonic, saying, "Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight." In ten days Giles came in, blooming and happy, quite well. The doctor was delighted, and not a little proud of his skill. He asked to see what he had given him. Giles said he hadn't got it. "Where was it?" "I took it, sir." "Took it! what have

you done with it?" "I *ate* it, sir; you told me to *take* it." We once told this little story to a homœopathic friend, adding, "Perhaps you think the iron in the ink may be credited with the cure." "Well," said my much believing friend, "there is no saying." No saying, indeed! and no thinking either! such matters lie at least in the region of the non-knowable.—*Horæ Subsecivæ.*

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CLEAR IDEAS.

"My duty toads God is to bleed in Him, to fering and to loaf withold your hearts, withold my mine, withold my sold, and with my sernth, to whichp and to give thinks, to put my old trast in Him, to call upon Him, to onner His old name and His world, and to save Him truly all the days of my life's end."

"My dooty tords my nabers, to love him as thyself, and to do to all men as I wed thou shall do and to me, to love, onner and suke my farther and mother, to onner and to bay the Queen, and all that are pet in a forty under her, to smit myself to all my gooness, teaches, sportial pastures and marsters, to oughten myself lordly and every to all my betters, to hut no body by would nor deed, to be trew and jest in all my deelins, to beer no malis nor ated in your arts, to kep my ands from pecken and steel, my turn from evil speaking, lawing and slanders, not to civet nor desar othermans goods, but to lern laber trewly to git my own leaving, and to do my dooty in that state if life and to each it is please God to call men."

At the same time, the reports of the Commissioners present some different features, and the same gentleman, Mr. Brookfield, whose examination elicited the above hopelessly ludicrous document, also received the following admirably ready and practical illustration of a sentence from the Church Catechism, from a boy:—

"Tell me of any state of life to which it may perhaps please God to call *you*."

"A waterman."

"Well, how would you do your duty in that state?"

"Take no more passengers than the licence says."

"Well, anything besides?"
"Behave civil to the passengers."
"Anything else?"
"Land 'em dry on the other side."
"Anything else?"
"Ask no more than the regular fare."
"Anything else?"
"Keep some of the money for my father and mother."
"Anything else?"
"Try to lead a good life."—*Parliamentary Report on Education.*

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THE VALUE OF AN APPLE-TREE.

We have heard of a lady who had taken some pains to establish an infants' school upon a large scale, and planted in the school garden apple-trees. When she collected subscriptions towards defraying the cost of the school, this item of apple-trees created some surprise. "Still," said one, "apple-trees! Ah! a very proper thing, and the poor little children will have nice apples to eat." "No, friend," said the collector, "they are not to eat." "Oh, for puddings then; ah! better still, a very good plan." "No, 'tisn't for puddings neither, nor pies." "No!" said the subscriber, "what then?" "It is to teach them *to resist temptation.*"—*Parliamentary Report on Education.*

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IGNORANCE OF WORDS IN A COURT OF LAW.

We have heard an anecdote somewhere of an eminent barrister examining a witness in a trial, the subject of which was a ship. He asked, amongst other questions, where the ship was at a particular time. "Oh," replied the witness, "the ship was then in quarantine." "In Quarantine was she? And pray, sir, *where* is Quarantine?"

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A SIMILAR STORY.

A story somewhat similar is told by Mr. Espinasse. In an action on a policy of assurance the case turned on the

fact whether the ship insured was in safety on the day the insurance was effected. The mate was called by Erskine, who asked him whether on the day in question the ship had not met with foul weather and was in jeopardy? The witness repeated the words "in jeopardy," in such a manner as showed he did not know what they meant. As an answer to the question was important to his client, Erskine attempted to get one several times, but without success; until at last, disgusted with the stupidity of the witness, he exclaimed, "Pray, sir, are you thinking in what part of the world *jeopardy* is? Perhaps you would wish for a map to find it out."

A friend of ours once asked an American merchant if he had any correspondence with Berbice. "Berbice! Berbice!" he replied; "no; who is *he?*"—*Law and Lawyers.*

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A DERBYSHIRE POSTMAN.

Leaving them next day—a bright and beautiful day, and touched by the grandeur of the scenery by the way, I leaned over a wall on the hill between Crich cliff and Howay, to contemplate the prospect, and presently became aware of the approach of a village postman or foot-carrier, with his load, sidling along so slowly that one would wonder how he could expect ever to reach his destination. He had a bundle on his head, a basket in one hand, a parcel in the other, a bag slung over his shoulder, and a letter case strapped under his arm. His shoes were white with dust, his face the colour of a piece of broiled ham, and would, one might think, have been quite scorched, but for the *basting* of perspiration that dripped over it from his brow. On reaching the place where I stood,—as he probably calculated on a gossip as well as a rest,—down went the parcel and basket from his hands; next followed the bundle off his head, sling went the bag with a bang from his shoulder; and now he was leaning too, with folded arms, upon the wall by my side. To my remark that it was a hot day he answered only with a sound between a grunt and a humph; and the same when I said, "But the scenery

is very beautiful." When I tried again to draw him out by a word about *fine* hills he seemed to think, like a girl to whom I had once made the same observation, that "they were that, fine and hard to get up." Certainly there could scarcely be a more beautiful landscape anywhere. Up behind us arose a craggy and wooded hill, how high it was impossible to see. Down below us went a deep slope to the shining river; away again beyond which rose rock above rock, wood above wood, and peak above peak, to the very heavens. "Can you tell me," said I, "the name of yon beautiful knoll, just opposite?" "What, yonder?" he replied, pointing to the very spot. "Yes, yonder," was my hopeful answer. "Why, that," said he, "is t' Cowms." "Cowms—Cowms?" I inquired; "why do they call it Cowms?" "Why," shouted he in reply, "becoss it is t' Cowms, I s'pose." "Exactly so," I said; "but why should it have that name in preference to any other?" "Why," he retorted, "becoss that name's t' right un." Despairing of a solution by any other method, I now thought of getting the etymology of the word through its orthography; but here I fell into a worse fix than ever: "Can you tell me," I asked in the civilest tone, "how the name of Cowms is spelt?" Upon which he turned his hot face full upon me, and opening wide his eyes and mouth with a loud "Ugh!" exclaimed, "The idee o' spellin' Cowms! why I should think anybody knows what Cowms is, a-hout spellin' it. It niver is spelt, mon; it doesna neyd spellin'." This was a poser, and I gave up all hope. But now came his turn to question me. It was on my quietly remarking what a different sort of country this was from that I lived in. "Why," asked he with eagerness, "where dun yo come fru?" "Nottinghamshire," was my answer. "Nottinghamshire!" he cried out; "then dun yo know onybody there as I know?" "It is impossible for me to tell that," I said, "before you have told me whom you know yourself." "Well then," he rejoined, "dun yo know Paul Duffield?" "What," I asked, "do you mean Paul Duffield who keeps the Robin Hood at Sutton-in Ashfield?" "Aye," he shouted, in evident delight. "Well then," said I, "as it happens, I do know him." "Then

gie us yer hand!" again cried the postman, "for hey 's my brother-i'-law."—*Spencer Hall's "The Peak and the Plain."*

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BROKEN METAPHORS.

Talked of Bowles and extempore preachers: the broken metaphors to which they are subject. Mentioned that I remembered, when a boy, hearing Kirwan talk of the "glorious *lamp* of day on its *march;*" and Conolly, a great Roman Catholic preacher, say, "On the wings of charity the torch of faith was borne, and the gospel preached from pole to pole." Lord A. mentioned a figure of speech of Sir R. Wilson at Southwark: "As well might you hurl back the thunderbolt to its electric cradle." When I told Curran of the superabundant floridness of a certain speech, he said, "My dear Tom, it will never do for a man to turn painter merely upon the strength of having a pot of colours by him, unless he knows how to lay them on." Lord L. told a good story of his French servant, when Mansell the Master of Trinity came to call upon him, announcing him as "*Maître des Cérémonies de la Trinité.*"—*Moore's Diary.*

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JOHN HUNTER.

Mr. Hunter, who did more than any human being to lessen the frequency of operations, once had a patient whose leg he considered it necessary to remove. He was a most anxious man about an operation, which in those days was attended almost with the formality of an execution. He had got on his dress, and a profound silence reigned in the theatre. The surgery man was ordered to bring in the patient who was to have his leg taken off. The surgery man disappeared; in two minutes he returned, with a face as long as the leg, *solus.* "Why do you not bring in the patient?" was demanded of the expectant operator. "Because, sir," said the astonished surgery man, "because he has run away."—*Physic and Physicians.*

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THE FEAST OF THE PEACOCK; A RABBINICAL CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

A Jewish gentleman, well-known to the scientific world, and moreover a lover of ancient romances, had often luxuriated in the descriptions of the splendid banquet of the "peacock," so famed in the romances of chivalry. In an hour of fancy he had a peacock killed; the skin was carefully taken whole from the body, and when the bird was roasted and richly farced with aromatic spices, the skin was nicely replaced, and it was served up with its gorgeous plumage. A religious scruple suddenly haunted his mind that the flesh of the peacock was forbidden aliment. The Israelite despatched the brilliant fowl to the house of a neighbour, the chief rabbin, for his inspection. He told his tale, the rabbin alternately looking on the gentleman and on the peacock—at length the oracle! First, he solemnly observed that there were some things of a doubtful nature, among which was the eating of peacocks. He opined that this bird was among the forbidden meats. "Be it so!" exclaimed the romantic Jew; "I have not transgressed. It was the fancy of a moment, and I have only lost a splendid bird. Since it is killed, I will send it as a curious dish to my neighbour, who being a Christian is not perplexed by so difficult a ritual as our own. *He* may partake of the feast of the peacock." "I would thank you for it myself," said the rabbin. "For what purpose?" "To eat it!" rejoined the master of sentences. "How, if forbidden meat for me!—you understand the consequence?" The rabbin, fixing his eye on the ritualist, and holding his finger up as we mark our interjections in writing, said solemnly, "Eating the peacock is as I told you among the doubtful things; one rabbin is of one opinion, and another of another. You have required my opinion as your rabbin: you are bound to abide by it. I opine that it is unlawful to be eaten. My father was of a different opinion, and therefore it may be eaten by me, because I act on my father's opinion. I accept the peacock, but I must not ask you to participate in it." The bird was lost for the ritualist, and went to the rabbin's table.—*D'Israeli's Genius of Judaism.*

ADVICE.

Sir Richard Onslow and Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper were one day invited by Sir John Danvers to dine with him at Chelsea, and desired to come early, as he had an affair of moment to communicate to them. They went; and being seated, Sir John told them that he had made choice of them both for their known abilities and particular friendship to him, in order to advise with them in a matter of great consequence. He had he said been a widower many years, and began to want somebody that might ease him of the trouble of housekeeping, and take some care of him in his old age; and to that purpose had thought of a woman whom he had known some years; in short, said he, 'tis my housekeeper. The gentlemen, who were well acquainted with the family and had a great regard for Sir John's children, now grown up, were somewhat mortified at this declaration; and accordingly Sir Richard Onslow frankly began to set the impropriety of marrying at his years before him, particularly to such a woman; and then he was going to enter into a description of her, when Sir Anthony, interrupting him, said, "Give me leave, Sir Richard, to ask our friend one question before you proceed;" so addressing himself to Sir John, "Tell me truly," said he, "are you not already married?" Sir John after a short pause answered, Yes, truly he was, the day before. "Well then," replied Sir Anthony, "there is no more need of our advice; pray let us have the honour to see my lady, wish her joy, and so to dinner." As they were returning to London Sir Richard said, "I am obliged to you for preventing me from proceeding in a description which must have been very disagreeably received; but how came it into your head to ask a man who had invited us for the purpose of having our advice about the propriety of his marrying, whether he was already married or not?" "Why," said Sir Anthony, "the man and the manner gave me a suspicion that, having done a foolish thing, he wanted to cover himself with the authority of our advice."

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"*THE GREY MARE THE BETTER HORSE.*"

This well-known proverbial saying originated from the

following circumstance. A gentleman of a certain county in England, having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and at the same time possessed of many other charms, he found, not long after marriage, that she was of a high domineering temper, and always contending to be mistress both of him and his family; therefore he formed the resolution of parting from her. Accordingly he waited upon her father, and told him that he found his daughter of such a temper that he was heartily tired of her, and if he would take her home again he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman, having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he might have expected when he entered into the married state. The young gentleman desired to be excused if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled, and most certainly no man who had a sense of right and wrong could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all indeed by the same method; however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said upon this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable: you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing a hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and one egg only where the wife governs, you shall find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope that you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbours. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected. Our

young married man therefore set out with great eagerness, to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and of his wife. At the first house he came to he heard a woman with a shrill and angry voice call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further inquiry. At the next he met with something of the same kind, and at every house in short until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county. He knocked at the door, and inquiring for the master of the house was told by a servant that his master was not yet stirring, but if he pleased to walk in his lady was in the parlour. The lady with great complaisance desired him to be seated, and said, if his business were urgent, she would wake her husband, but had much rather not disturb him. "Why, really madam," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me; you will doubtless think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam, my desire to be informed whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you." "Indeed, sir," replied the lady, "this question is somewhat odd; but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty I shall make no scruple to say that I am always proud to obey my husband in all things: but if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at that time entering the room, and after some apologies being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his *obedient* wife had reported in her own favour, upon which he was requested to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most, but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side saddle: her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be

the most useful to them, but madam still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. "What," said she, "and will you not take her then? But I say you shall, *for I am sure the grey mare is much the better horse.*" "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so,—" "You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavour to live happy with my wife."

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A HUMOUROUS CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.

THE father of a late Earl of Pembroke had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as his conduct, was often very singular. His lordship thought of an ingenious expedient to prevent the remonstrances and expostulations of those about him; and this was to feign himself deaf, and thus, under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answers, not by what was said to him, but by what he desired to have said.

Among other servants was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity in several capacities, till at length he became coachman. This man by degrees got a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired he might be dismissed. My lord always answered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant." "I say," replies the lady, "that he is continually drunk, and therefore desire he may be turned off." "Ay," said his lordship, "he has lived with me from a child, and, as you say, a trifle of wages should not part us."

John however, one evening, as he was driving from Kensington, overturned his lady in Hyde Park; though not much hurt, yet when she came home she began to rattle the earl. "Here," says she, "is that beast John, so drunk that he can scarcely stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged he will one day break our necks." "Ay," says my lord, "is poor John sick? Alas, I am sorry for him." "I am complaining," says my lady, "that he is drunk, and has overturned me." "Ay," replied my

lord, "to be sure he has behaved very well, and shall have proper advice." My lady, finding it useless to remonstrate, went away in a passion; and the earl, having ordered John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these terms: "John, you know that I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well you shall always be taken care of in my family. My lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I see that you can hardly stand: go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice." John, being thus dismissed, was carried to bed, where by his lordship's order a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woeful condition, and was soon acquainted with the whole process and the reasons on which it was made. He had no remedy but to submit, for he would rather have endured ten blisters than lose his place. His lordship sent very formally twice a day to know how he did, and frequently congratulated his lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to be fed only with water-gruel, and to have no company but an old woman who acted as his nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, his lordship thought fit to understand the messenger, and said he was extremely glad to hear the fever had quite left him, and desired to see him. When John came in, "Well, John," says his lordship, "I hope this bout is over." "Ah, my lord," says John, "I humbly ask your lordship's pardon, and I promise never to commit the same fault again." "Ay, ay," replied my lord, "you say right; nobody can prevent sickness, and if you should be ill again, John, I shall see it, though perhaps you would not complain; and I promise you that you shall have always the same advice and the same attendance that you have had now." "God bless your lordship," says John, "I hope there will be no need." "So do I," says the earl; "but as long as you perform your duty to me, John, I will do mine to you, never fear." John then withdrew, and so dreaded the discipline he had undergone that he never was known to be drunk afterwards.

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"YOU BE IN THE FRYING-PAN NOW."

How then came they to be in love at last? The question may be answered by an incident which Mr. John Davis relates in his "Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America." The traveller was making his way "faint and wearily" on foot, to a place called by the strange name of Frying Pan, for the Americans have given all sorts of names, except fitting ones, to the places which they have settled or discovered, and their Australian kinsmen seem to be following the same absurd and inconvenient course. It will occasion hereafter as much confusion as the sameness of Mahommedan proper names, in all ages and countries, causes in the history of all Mahommedan nations. Mr. Davis had walked till he was tired, without seeing any sign of the place at which he expected long before to have arrived. At length he met a lad in the wilderness, and asked him, "How far, my boy, is it to Frying Pan?" The boy replied, "You be in the Pan now." So it was with the doctor and with Deborah; they found themselves in love, as much to their surprise as it was to the traveller when he found himself in the Pan, and much more to their satisfaction. And upon a little after reflection they both perceived how they came to be so.

> There's a chain of causes
> Linked to effects,—invincible necessity
> That whate'er is could not but so have been.

Into such questions, however, I enter not.—*Southey's Doctor.*

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"ORDER ANY PART THOU PLEASEST FIRST."

A Quaker, by name Benjamin Lay (who was a little cracked in the head, though sound at heart), took one of his compositions once to Benjamin Franklin, that it might be printed and published. Franklin, having looked over the manuscript, observed that it was deficient in arrangement; "*It is no matter,*" replied the author, "*print any part thou pleasest first.*" Many are the speeches, and the sermons, and the treatises, and the poems, and the volumes, which are like Benjamin Lay's book; the head might serve for the

tail, and the tail for the body, and the body for the head, either end for the middle, and the middle for either end; nay, if you could turn them inside out like a polypus or a glove, they would be no worse for the operation.

When the excellent Hooker was on his death-bed he expressed his joy at the prospect of entering a world of order.—*Southey's Doctor.*

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A LADY ANSWERED.

Lady Jekyll, who was fond of puzzling herself and others with such questions as had been common enough a generation before her, in the days of the "Athenian Oracle," asked William Whiston of berhymed name and eccentric memory, one day at her husband's table, to resolve a difficulty which occurred to her in the Mosaic account of the creation. "Since it pleased God, sir," said she, "to create the woman out of the man, why did He form her out of the rib rather than any other part?" Whiston scratched his head and answered, "Indeed, madam, I do not know, unless it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body." "There!" said her husband, "you have it now, I hope you are satisfied!"—*Southey's Doctor.*

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"*AS IT MAY PLEASE GOD.*"

This brings to my recollection another anecdote, which, though not matter of history like the former, is matter of fact, and occurred in the good town of Truro. A lady in that town hired a servant, who at the time of hiring thought herself bound to let the lady know that she had once "had a misfortune." When she had been some time in service she spoke of something to her mistress inadvertently, as having happened just after the birth of her first child. "Your first!" said the lady; "why how many have you had then?" "Oh, ma'am," said she, "I've had four." "Four!" exclaimed the mistress; "why you told me you had had but one. However, I hope you mean to have no more." "Ma'am," replied the woman, "that must be as it may please God."

"We are," says Lord Camelford, "as it pleases God, and sometimes as it displeases Him."—*Southey's Doctor.*

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A HORSE.

A GOOD story, by the bye, told by Fowler, of a man selling a horse. The would be purchaser, inquiring as to his leaping powers, asks, "Would he take timber?" "He'd jump over your head," answers the other; "I don't know what you call *that*."—*Moore's Diary.*

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CAMPBELL.

CAMPBELL mentioned how his vanity was once mortified on giving his address to some Scotch bookseller.—"Campbell!" said the man, "pray, sir, may you be the great Campbell?" "Who do you call the *great* Campbell?" said Tom, putting on a modest look. "Why John Campbell, the African traveller, to be sure," answered the other.—*Moore's Diary.*

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JUST AS BAD

SOME ONE using the odd expression about some light wine he was giving, "There's not a headache in a hogshead of it," was answered "No, but there's a belly-ache in every glass of it."—*Moore's Diary.*

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OVERPAID.

LUTTRELL in good spirits, and highly amusing: told of an Irishman, who, having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon receiving sixpence from the person as a reward for the service, looked first at the sixpence, and then at him, and at last exclaimed, "By ——, I'm *over*paid for the job."—*Moore's Diary.*

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A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

A MAN asked another to come and dine off boiled beef and potatoes with him. "That I will," says the other;

"and it's rather odd it should be exactly the same dinner I had at home for myself, *barring the beef.*"—*Thomas Moore's Diary.*

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THE VIPERS LOOSE.

Lord H's story of the man in Spain with a basket of vipers, proclaiming their freshness and liveliness to a large party of travellers who slept in the same room with him. At night somebody awaked by feeling something cold passing over his face; and at the same moment the viper merchant exclaiming aloud in the dark, "My vipers have got loose; but lie still, all of you; they will not hurt you, if you don't move," etc.—*Moore's Diary.*

—o—

A COMMERCIAL LETTER.

Lord L. mentioned the conclusion of a letter from a Dutch commercial house, as follows:—"... sugars are falling more and more every day; not so the respect and esteem with which we are," etc., etc.—*Moore's Diary.*

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AN ADVERTISEMENT.

One Andrew Henderson, a Scotchman, who kept a bookseller's shop or stand in Westminster Hall, at a time when lawyers' tongues and witnesses' souls were not the only commodities exposed for sale there, published a tragedy called "Arsinoe, or the Incestuous Marriage." The story was Egyptian; but the drama deserves to be called Hendersonian, after its incomparable author; for he assured the reader in a prefatory advertisement that there were to be found in it "the most convincing arguments against incest and self-murder, interspersed with an inestimable treasure of ancient and modern learning, and the substance of the principles of the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, adapted to the meanest capacity, and very entertaining to the ladies, containing a nice description of the passions and behaviour of the fair sex."—*Southey's Doctor.*

IRISH LANDLORD.

Dined at Fielding's: George Dawson and Montgomery. Dawson told a good story about the Irish landlord counting out the change of a guinea. "Twelve, 13, 14 (a shot heard); 'Bob go and see who's that killed;' 15, 16, 17 (enter Bob), 'It's Kelly, sir,'; 'Poor Captain Kelly! a very good customer of mine'; 18, 19, 20, 'There's your change, sir.'"—*Moore's Diary.*

—o—

A CALCULATING CANADIAN.

There was Hugo Himmelman, who made his wife dig potatoes to pay for the marriage licence. "Lawyer," he continued, addressing himself to Barclay, "I must tell you that story of Hugo, for it's not a bad one; and good stories, like potatoes, ain't as plenty as they used to be when I was a boy. Hugo is a neighbour of mine, though considerably older than I be; and a mean neighbour he is too. Well, when he was going to get married to Gretchen Kolp, he goes down to Parson Rogers, at Digby, to get a licence. 'Parson,' said he, 'What's the price of a licence?' 'Six dollars.' Says Hugo, 'That's a dreadful sight of money! couldn't you take no less?' 'No,' said he; 'that's what they cost me at the secretary's office at Halifax.' 'Well, how much do you ax for publishing in church, then?' 'Nothing,' says parson. 'Well,' says Hugo, 'that's so cheap I can't expect to give no change back. I think I 'll be punished. How long does it take?' 'Three Sundays.' 'Three Sundays!' says Hugo: 'well, that's a long time too. But three Sundays only make a fortnight after all; two for the covers, and one for the inside like; and six dollars is a great sum of money for a poor fellow to throw away. I must wait.' So off he went a-jogging towards home, and a-looking about as mean as a new sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came into his head, and back he went as hard as his horse could carry him. 'Parson,' says he, 'I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars. I'll tie the knot with my tongue that I can't undo with my teeth.' 'Why, what in natur is the meaning of all this?'

says parson. 'Why,' says Hugo, 'I've been cyphering it out in my head, and it 's cheaper than publishing banns after all. You see, sir, it 's potato digging time. If I wait to be called in church her father will have her work for nothing; and as hands are scarce and wages high if I marry her to-night she can begin to dig our own to-morrow, and that will pay for the licence, and just seven shillings over; for there ain't a man in the Clements that can dig and carry as many bushels in a day as Gretchen can. And besides, fresh wives like fresh servants work like smoke at first, but they can get saucy and lazy after awhile."—*Life in a Colony, by Sam Slick.*

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AN ORIENTAL LETTER.

I CANNOT better conclude than by showing the spirit in which eastern philosophy and Mussulman resignation contemplate the evidences of ancient greatness and civilization, suddenly rising up in the midst of modern ignorance and decay. A letter in my possession contained so true and characteristic a picture of the feelings that such an event excites in the mind of a good Mahommedan that I here give a literal translation of its contents. It was written to a friend of mine by a Turkish cadi, in reply to some inquiries as to the commerce, population, and remains of antiquity of an ancient city, in which dwelt the head of the law. These are its words:—

"My illustrious Friend, and Joy of my Liver!

"The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But, above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it. Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto

us, and we welcomed thee; go in peace. Of a truth, thou hast spoken many words; and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people thou hast wandered from one place to another, until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise be to God!) were born here, and never desire to quit it. Is it possible then that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? God forbid! Listen, O my son! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God! He created the world, and shall we liken ourselves unto Him in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of His creation? Shall we say, behold this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years! Let it go! He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it. But thou wilt say unto me, Stand aside, O man, for I am more learned than thou art and have seen more things. If thou thinkest that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for that which thou hast seen, I defile it. Will such knowledge create for thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek paradise with thine eyes? O my friend, if thou wilt be happy, say, There is no God but God! Do no evil, and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death; for surely thine hour will come!

The meek in spirit (El Fakir),

IMAUM ALI ZADE."

—*Layard's Nineveh and Babylon.*

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FORCE OF HABIT.

AN emir had bought a left eye of a glass eye maker, supposing that he would be able to see with it. The man begged him to give it a little time: he could not expect that it would see all at once as well as the right eye, which had been for so many years in the *habit* of it.—*Southey's Omniana*, vol. ii.

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LOUIS XIV.—NOT THE LEAST OBJECTION.

M. D' Alet was mentioning an anecdote, which at once proves the influence of the Jesuits, and the inveteracy of the court prejudices against us. He had it from the Duke of Orleans. Some time ago a gentleman was proposed to the king as a proper travelling companion to the dauphin. The king, mistaking him for another person of the same name, objected to him as being a Jansenist. "Sire," said his informant, "he is so far from holding grace and election that he doubts if there be even a God." "Oh," returned the king, "that is another affair; I really thought he had been a Jansenist: I have not the least objection!"—*Schimmelpenninck's Tour to Alêt,* vol. i.

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"SUBSECIVÆ" BROWN.

It has been said that a man might as well have no name at all as only be called John Smith; and the like may be said of John Brown. It is amazing that, remembering names are a capital in trade, parents do not more conscientiously realize their responsibility. Those John Browns are everywhere. How can they have any individuality or social being? It is the same with our literature as with our professions, it is thronged with the Browns. True, they are not all Johns. First and foremost we have the famous Norwich physician, dear old Sir Thomas; and we have the nasty Brown, who never rises in literature beyond the dignity of *Tom;* and we have "Estimate Brown, and Capability Brown, and Simon Brown, and Brown the Brunonian;" and we have Pastoral Brown, and Brownist Brown; and we have Brown the great pudding-eater of Kent; and then the lamented chemist, Samuel Brown. And we have the tough old martyr, Ossawatomie Brown—a witness and a martyr we will maintain him to be, although not one of the wisest; but martyrs usually are not very wise. We have the Bishop Brown, author of the "Analogy," and Self-Interpreting Brown, of Haddington, the ancestor of our present author, whose memory he prizes so highly; and we have preachers and physicians innumerable named Brown; and in this very book we have John Brown the father, and John Brown

the son. We therefore think that we are guilty of no impertinence in giving, as a distinctive patronymic to our author, the designation he has adopted for his book. A man can scarcely hope for immortality by the name of John Brown; but he may walk down to posterity with tolerable individuality by the epithet of "Subsecivæ" Brown.—*Eclectic Review.*

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A DROLL FEAR.

Charles Gustavus (the successor of Christina of Sweden) was besieging Prague, when a boor of most extraordinary visage desired admittance to his tent, and, being allowed entrance, offered, by way of amusing the king, to devour a whole hog, weighing two hundred weight, in his presence. The old General Konigsmarc, who stood by the king's side, and who, soldier as he was, had not got rid of the prejudices of his childhood, hinted to his royal master that the peasant ought to be burned as a sorcerer. "Sir," said the fellow, irritated at the remark, "if your majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and his spurs, I will eat him before your face, before I begin the pig." General Konigsmarc (who at the head of a body of Swedes had performed wonders against the Austrians, and who was looked upon as one of the bravest men of the age) could not stand this proposal, especially as it was accompanied by a most hideous and preternatural expansion of the frightful peasant's jaws. Without uttering a word the veteran suddenly turned round, ran out of the court, and thought not himself safe until he had arrived at his quarters.—*Penny Magazine.*

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APPEARANCES DECEPTIVE.

A French paper gives an incident that lately happened to a celebrated artist, who is extremely neglectful of his toilette. Leaving his study one day, and walking along the street rather absently, he heard a call from a female voice behind him.

"Here, my man," said a lady beckoning to him, "can you carry a bundle a little way for me?"

The artist looked at the lady for a moment, saw that she was very handsome, and instead of explaining as he was about to do he said, "Willingly, madam!" and followed her into a shop.

The bundle was large and heavy, but he lifted it with some effort upon his shoulder, and followed after the lady. She mounted at last to the second storey of a house, with the tired porter close at her heels, and began to fumble in her pocket to find the money to pay him. As she did so the artist looked well at her face, and found it to be one of the most peculiar in its style of beauty, as well as one of the finest he had ever seen.

"Pardon me," he said, as she offered him the money, "I am not a porter; I am an artist, and instead of money will ask a favour of you—to allow me to make a copy of your face. The package was heavy, and the compliment you paid to my dress was not very gratifying; but I shall be well paid if I can send a copy of your beauty to the next exhibition of the Academy."

And so a great artist came by the original of one of the most exquisite pictures which his pencil has put upon canvas.

—o—

A PRUDENT OLD GENTLEMAN.

An incident, well known in Lombard Street, is in point. There was a banking firm headed by a baronet: a retired merchant, of enormous fortune, living in a small lodging in Threadneedle Street, was a customer of this firm, and generally left a balance of thirty or forty thousand pounds in their hands. All possible attention was to be paid to a customer of this importance, and in an evil hour the baronet requested the honour of his company to dinner at his suburban villa. The old man reluctantly complied. The hall door was opened by a fat porter; a refined groom of the chambers was in waiting; there were as many servants in and out of livery as guests, and a pompous butler was liberal of champagne. "I fear," said the guest apologetically, "that I am putting you to a great deal of inconvenience." "Not the least," said the baronet, "indeed I

should apologize to you, since we have taken the liberty of asking you to partake of a family dinner!" Not another word was uttered; but the customer took an early leave, and next morning drew out the whole of his balance.—*"Parisian Morals and Manners:" Edinburgh Review.*

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A SPANISH INNKEEPER.

I PASSED on to the room which had been prepared for me, and from which, the door being ajar, I heard the following short conversation passing between the innkeeper and his wife.

Innkeeper.—I do not like the servant, and still less the master. He has neither formality nor politeness: he tells me that he is not French, and when I spoke to him of the Irish Christians he did not seem to belong to them. I more than suspect that he is a heretic, or a Jew at least.

Wife.—Perhaps they are both. Maria Santissima! What shall we do to purify the house when they are gone?

Innkeeper.—Oh, as for that matter, we must of course charge it in the account.—*Borrow's "Bible in Spain."*

—o—

A BUNGLER IN FLATTERY.

THERE was my friend Sniffton. He hated pig and prune sauce as he hated a poor relative. Nevertheless, for twenty years did he consent to eat it at his uncle's table; nor could he find words rich enough to do honour to uncle's pig and prune sauce. Uncle died. "Thank heaven!" cried Sniffton, "I shall now receive my reward in hard cash for my sacrifice to that tiresome pig and prune sauce." The will was read, and Sniffton thus rewarded: "And I hereby give and bequeath to my dearly beloved nephew, Peter Sniffton, in consideration of his peculiar love to my pig and prune sauce, the sole—recipe whereby he may cook it."

—o—

SOMETHING SAID FOR A MURDERER.

EXCEPT that he murdered (sixteen were the number committed), Burke was a sensible, and what might be called a

respectable, man; not at all ferocious in his general manner, sober, correct in all his other habits, and kind to his relations. Though not regularly married, Helen Macdougal was his wife; and when the jury came in with the verdict convicting him, but acquitting her, his remark was—"Well! thank God, you're safe!"—*Lord Cockburn's Memorials.*

—o—

A MOST DESIRABLE PERSON.

The following lately appeared in a Dublin paper:—"A captain in a militia regiment, who at length being relieved from the hardships of war, is now willing to offer his services as land or house steward (the latter would be preferred) to any nobleman or gentleman of fortune. The captain, having had the advantage of two years' continued marching and counter-marching through England, is perfectly conversant in all the improved modes of agriculture practised in that delightful country. The captain will be found a thorough economist, having for many years (and no blame to him) supported a numerous offspring on his pay alone. The captain has been long accustomed to command and obey; he will therefore be found peremptory and authoritative to those under him, and at the same time subservient and obsequious to his employers. The captain flatters himself he will be a very useful man in a family—carves neatly, dresses salads, makes punch, and for drawing would not give the bush to any man in Ireland. N.B.—He will cheerfully undertake the management of the cellar. For particulars, apply to A. B., Gosson's Hotel, Bolton Street; if by letter, post-paid."

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A PLEASANT COMPANION.

Marc Monnier relates that, shortly before the revolution in 1860, a traveller resolved to ascend the Mattese. He took a guide, to whom he trusted himself entirely, and made a toilsome ascent in the midst of a magnificent country. At two-thirds of the way up he found a lake in the bosom of a savage valley whose rocky sides were clothed with a forest of firs and pines. From the summit

of the mountain the prospect extended to the shores of the two seas. In the midst of this strange solitude they encountered a cross. The guide said—

"I myself erected this cross."

"For what purpose?" inquired the traveller.

"In fulfilment of a vow that I had made."

"Why did you make the vow?"

"I met with an accident here."

"Indeed, of what nature?"

"I killed a man."

"*You?*"

"Yes, sir, there," and he pointed to the cross.

Upon various points of the mountain ridges *he had erected twenty-nine of these crosses.* The morality and religion of such a being belong to the darkest times.—*Italian Bandits.*

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A DUTCH PEASANT.

NAPOLEON, when travelling in Holland, after he had subdued it, visited the house of a peasant. The emperor was accompanied by two aides-de-camp, when the following dialogue took place:—

Aide-de-camp.—Here comes the emperor (addressing himself to the Dutchman).

Peasant.—What's that to me?

Napoleon. (entering the house)—Good morning, my good man.

P. (taking his hat off, but retaining his seat)—Good morning.

E.—I am the emperor.

P.—You?

E.—Yes, I.

P.—I am glad of it.

E.—I will make your fortune.

P.—I do not want for anything.

E.—Have you any daughters?

P.—Yes, two.

E.—I will provide husbands for them.

P.—No, I will do that myself.

The conqueror of Marengo was so chagrined at this uncourteous reception that he turned quickly on his heel and left the house.

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WELLINGTON'S DUEL.

Among other things, in speaking of the Duke of Wellington's powers of letter-writing, mentioned that those letters in the affair with Lord Winchelsea, in which Hardinge was the second, were written off at the moment with pencil, on being called out of the House of Lords by Hardinge, as the negotiation went on. Said also that the night he went to the duke to tell him there was nothing left for them but to fight, he found the duke in bed and asleep. It was then one o'clock; and after waking him, and mentioning what must be done, the duke coolly said, "Very well; see that I am called early enough in the morning;" and, turning round, betook himself to sleep again.—*Moore's Diary.*

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MY TOAST AND WATER.

One of the company mentioned that the first symptoms of poor R. L.'s madness was his ringing the alarm bell in the middle of the night at Belvoir Castle, and when the servants all came running up to know what was the matter, he said, "You forgot to leave me my toast and water." How many people there are in this life who, like poor R., ring the alarm bell about toast and water.—*Moore's Diary.*

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THE HUMOUR OF SAMUEL FOOTE.

The strength and predominance of Foote's humour lay in its readiness. Whatever the call that might be made upon it, there it was. Other men were humorous as the occasion arose to them, but to him the occasion was never wanting. Others might be foiled or disabled by the lucky stroke of an adversary, but he took only the quicker rebound from what would have laid them prostrate. To put him out was not possible. He was talking away one evening at the dinner table of a man of rank; when at the point of one of his best

stories, one of the party interrupted him suddenly with an air of most considerate apology, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket." "Thank you, sir," said Foote, replacing it; "you know the company better than I do," and finished his joke. At one of Macklin's absurd Lectures on the Ancients the lecturer was solemnly composing himself to begin when a buzz of laughter from where Foote stood ran through the room, and Macklin, thinking to throw the laugher off his guard and effectually for that night disarm his ridicule, turned to him with this question, in his most severe and pompous manner, "Well, sir, you seem to be very merry there; but do you know what I am going to say now?" "No, sir," at once replied Foote; "pray do you?" One night at his friend Delaval's, when the glass had been circulating freely, one of the party would suddenly have fixed a quarrel upon him for his indulgence of personal satire. "Why, what would you have?" exclaimed Foote, good-humouredly putting it aside; "of course I take all my friends off, but I use them no worse than myself, I take *myself* off." "Gads!" cried the malcontent, "that I should like to see." Upon which Foote took up his hat and left the room. No one could so promptly overthrow an assailant, so quietly rebuke an avarice or meanness, so effectually "abate and dissolve" any ignorant affectation or pretension. "Why do you attack my weakest part?" he asked of one who had raised a laugh against what Johnson calls his *depeditation*: "did I ever say anything about your head?" Dining when in Paris with Lord Stormont, that thrifty Scotch peer, then ambassador, as usual produced his wine in the smallest of decanters and dispensed it in the smallest of glasses, enlarging all the time on its exquisite growth and enormous age. "It is very little of its age," said Foote, holding up his diminutive glass. A stately and silly country squire was regaling a large party with the number of fashionable folks he had visited that morning. "And among the rest," he said, "I called upon my good friend the Earl of Chol-mon-dely, but he was not at home." "That is exceedingly surprising," said Foote: "what! none of his pe-o-ple?"

Being in company where Hugh Kelly was mightily boasting of the power he had as a reviewer of distributing literary reputation to any extent, "Don't be too prodigal of it," Foote quietly interposed, "or you may leave none for yourself." The then Duke of Cumberland (the *foolish* duke, as he was called) came one night into the green room at the Haymarket Theatre. "Well, Foote," said he, "here I am, ready as usual to swallow all your good things." "Really," replied Foote, "your royal highness must have an excellent digestion, for you never bring anything up again." "Why are you for ever humming that air?" he asked a man without a sense of tune in him. "Because it haunts me." "No wonder," said Foote; "you are for ever murdering it." One of Mrs. Montague's blue-stocking ladies fastened upon him at one of the routs in Portman Square with her views of "Locke on the Understanding," which she protested she admired above all things; only there was one particular word very often repeated which she could not distinctly make out, and that was the word (pronouncing it very long) *ide-a;* "but I suppose it comes from a Greek derivation." "You are perfectly right, madam," said Foote; "it comes from the word *ideaowski.*" "And pray, sir, what does that mean?" "The feminine of idiot, madam." Much bored by a pompous physician at Bath, who confided to him as a great secret that he had a mind to publish his own poems, but had so many irons in the fire he really did not well know what to do,—"Take my advice, doctor," says Foote, "and put your poems where your irons are." Not less distressed on another occasion by a mercantile man of his acquaintance, who had also not only written a poem but exacted a promise that he would listen to it, and who mercilessly stopped to tax him with inattention even before advancing beyond the first pompous line, "*Hear me, O Phœbus, and ye Muses nine!*" "Pray, pray, be attentive, Mr. Foote." "I am," said Foote; "nine and one are ten. Go on!"—"*Samuel Foote*": *Quarterly Review.*

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A CELEBRATED SCOTTISH PREACHER.

Mr. Shirra, a Seceding minister at Kirkcaldy, is another

minister well remembered: a kind of Rowland Hill, alike in his excellent and eccentric qualities. A young officer of a volunteer corps on duty in the place, very proud of his fresh uniform, had come to Mr. Shirra's church, and walked about as if looking for a seat, but in fact to show off his dress, which he saw was attracting attention from some of the less grave members of the congregation. He came to his place however rather quickly, on Mr. Shirra quietly remonstrating, "O man, will ye sit doun, and we'll see your new breeks when the kirk's dune."

This same Mr. Shirra was well known from his quaint, and as it were parenthetical comments which he introduced in his reading of Scripture; as, for example, on reading from the 116th Psalm, "I said in my haste all men are liars," he quietly observed, "Indeed, Dauvid, an' ye had been i' this parish ye might have said it at your leesure."—*Ramsay's Scottish Characteristics.*

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A SCOTTISH GARDENER.

I HAVE two characteristic and dry Scottish answers, traditional in the Lothian family, supplied to me by the present excellent and highly gifted young marquis. A Marquis of Lothian, of a former generation, observed in his walk two workmen very busy with a ladder to reach a bell, on which they next kept up a furious ringing. He asked what was the object of making such a din, to which the answer was, "Oh, just, my lord, to ca' the workmen together." "Why, how many are there?" asked his lordship. "Ou, just Sandy and me," was the quiet rejoinder. The same Lord Lothian, looking about the garden, directed his gardener's attention to a particular plum-tree, charging him to be careful of the produce of that tree, and send the *whole* of it in, marked, as it was of a very particular kind. "Ou," said the gardener, "I'll do that, my lord; there's just twa of them!"—*Ramsay's Scottish Characteristics.*

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SCOTTISH COOLNESS.

ONE dark winter evening, Ritchie undertook to conduct

the minister of an adjoining parish to the residence of his own pastor in a suburb of the town. It was particularly dark, and the minister who accompanied John began to express a fear that his guide would miss the way. John however continued to assert that all was right, till, after a lengthened journey, they reached the precincts of a large building. Exclaimed the not discomfited functionary, "I 've ta'en ye a little aboot, sir; but I thocht ye wad maybe like to see the Cholera Hospital!" The Asiatic scourge was then raging in the town; and John had indeed lost his road. Alexander M'Lachlan, beadle in the parish of Blairgowrie, had contracted a habit of tippling, which, though it did not wholly unfit him for his duties, had become a matter of considerable scandal. The Rev. Mr. Johnstone, the incumbent, had resolved to reprove him on the first suitable opportunity. A meeting of the kirk-session was to be held on a week-day at twelve o'clock. The minister and the beadle were in the session-house together before any of the elders had arrived. The beadle was flushed and excited, and the minister deemed the occasion peculiarly fitting for the administration of reproof. "I much fear, Saunders," began the minister, "that the bottle has become——" "Ay, sir," broke in the unperturbed official, "I was just gaun to observe that there was a smell o' drink amang 's!" "How is it, John," said a clergyman to his church officer, "that you never go a message for me anywhere in the parish but you contrive to take too much spirits? People don't offer me spirits when I 'm making visits in the parish." "Weel, sir," said John, "I canna precisely explain it, unless on the supposition that I 'm a wee mair popular with some o' the folks."—*Ramsay's Scottish Characteristics.*

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A BADLY BEHAVED DONKEY.

THERE was an old man who always rode a donkey to his work, and tethered him while he worked on the roads, or wherever else it might be. It was suggested to him by my grandfather that he was suspected of putting it in to feed in the fields at other people's expense. "Eh, laird, I could never be tempted to do that; for my cuddy winna eat onything but nettles and thristles." One day my grandfather was riding

along the road, when he saw Andrew Leslie at work, and his donkey up to the knees in one of his clover fields, feeding luxuriously. "Hollo, Andrew," said he, "I thought you told me your cuddy would eat nothing but nettles and thistles." "Ay," said he, "but he misbehaved the day; he nearly kicket me ower his head, sae I pat him in there just to *punish* him."—*Ramsay's Scottish Characteristics.*

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REPROOF.

A FRIEND has informed me that the late Lord Rutherford often told with much interest of a rebuke which he received from a shepherd, near Bonally, amongst the Pentlands. He had entered into conversation with him, and was complaining bitterly of the weather, which prevented him enjoying his visit to the country, and said hastily and unguardedly, "What a d——d mist!" and then expressed his wonder how or for what purpose there should have been such a thing created as east wind. The shepherd, a tall grim figure, turned sharp round upon him. "What ails you at the mist, sir? it wats the sod, it slockens the yowes, and"—adding with much solemnity—"it's God's wul;" and turned away with lofty indignation. Lord Rutherford used to repeat this with much candour as a fine specimen of rebuke from a sincere and simple mind.—*Ramsay's Scottish Characteristics.*

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TRAITS OF SCOTTISH HUMOUR.

HE must have tolerable hardihood who can maintain that theory with the names of Burns, and Scott, and Galt, and Professor Wilson, and Thomas Hood, and a host beside, before him; but these volumes very effectually dissipate any such delusion. They exhibit the national characteristics—great shrewdness and great simplicity; it is quite true there is a wit which is wholly unconscious, and is sometimes simply composed of these two; but quite in equal proportion exists the pith and point which frequently turns the tables on an adversary, and sets them at once in a roar. No doubt frequently to us the delight is in the charming unconsciousness frequently displayed, as in the *näive* answer of a farmer

on a rent day. The lady of the house asked him if he would take some *rhubarb* tart. "Mony thanks, mem, I dinna need it." Certainly there is a multitude of anecdotes of this kind. Many are the strange answers given to the catechising minister on those occasions, well known, when the whole family was expected to deliver clearly the answers from the Assembly's catechism. One of the most recent is that story where a minister, Mr. S.——, in the west country, in catechising an off-hand fellow of a ploughman, asks—"Who made you, John?" "God Almighty, Sir." "How are you assured of that?" "Ou, I dinna ken, it's just the clash of the country." A parishioner of the same gentleman's was purchasing some candles in Melrose, and was told by the shopkeeper that in consequence of the war the tallow was up and candles were dearer. "Lord preserve us!" she exclaimed, "do they ficht wi' candle-light?" John Clerk was a well-known name in Edinburgh. He had been dipping rather too deeply into the convivial bowl, in Queen Street, and had stayed until early in the morning. Upon emerging to travel home he lost his way. Seeing some one coming towards him, he stopped the person with the question—"Do ye ken where John Clerk bides?" "I'm thinking," was the reply, "ye're Mr John Clerk yoursel'." "Ay, ay!" answered he, "I ken that vary weel, my man; I ken I'm John Clerk, but I dinna ken where I live."—*Eclectic Review.*

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AN EVEN TEMPER.

The celebrated Dr. John Erskine, of Greyfriars, Edinburgh, was celebrated for the evenness of his temper. His handkerchief had disappeared every sabbath during his descent from the pulpit, and suspicion could only fall on an elderly female, who according to the practice of the times sat on the pulpit stair. In order to discover the depredator, Mrs. Erskine sewed the corner of the handkerchief to the minister's pocket. Returning from the pulpit, he felt a gentle pull, when turning round and tapping the old woman on the shoulder, he exclaimed, "No' the day, honest woman; no' the day."—*Ramsay's Scottish Characteristics.*

THE HUMOUR OF JOHN WESLEY.

Wesley's humour however enhanced the blandness of his piety, and enabled him sometimes to convey reproof in a manner which could hardly be resented with ill-temper. "Michael Fenwick," he says, "was often hindered from settling in business, because God had other work for him to do. He is just made to travel with me, being an excellent groom, valet-de-chambre, nurse, and upon occasion a tolerable preacher." This good man one day was vain enough to complain to him that, though constantly travelling with him, his own name was never inserted in Wesley's published journals. In the next number of the journals he found his egotism effectually rebuked. "I left Epworth," wrote Wesley, "with great satisfaction, and, about one, preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hay-rick." He could be noble in his reproofs as in all things else. Joseph Bradford was for many years his travelling companion, and considered no assistance to him as too servile, but was subject to changes of temper. Wesley directed him to carry a package of letters to the post; Bradford wished to hear his sermon first; Wesley was urgent, and insisted; Bradford refused; "Then," said Wesley, "you and I must part." "Very good, sir," replied Bradford. They slept over it. On rising the next morning Wesley accosted his old friend, and asked if he had considered what he had said, that "they must part"? "Yes, sir," replied Bradford. "And must we part?" inquired Wesley. "Please yourself, sir," was the reply. "Will you ask my pardon?" rejoined Wesley. "No, sir." "You won't?" "No, sir." "Then I will ask yours," replied the great man. Bradford melted under the example, and wept like a child. The aptness of Wesley's replies sometimes took the form of severe repartee, but only when it was deserved. "Sir," said a blustering low-lived man, who attempted to push against him and throw him down, "Sir, I never make way for a fool." "I always do," replied Wesley, stepping aside and calmly passing on.—*Stevens' History of Methodism*, vol. ii.

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THE REV. W. SHIRLEY AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM

SHIRLEY'S enemies annoyed the good prelate with their frequent accusations. The curate of Loughrea was especially zealous against him, going often to Tuam with new specifications; but his grace perceived the design of this weak-headed backbiter, and effectually stopped him. He arrived one day at Tuam with an air of great importance, and a certainty of ruining the intractable Methodist. "O your grace!" exclaimed the curate, "I have such a circumstance to communicate to you, one that will astonish you!" "Indeed," replied the archbishop, "and what can it be?" "Why, my lord," rejoined the curate with a solemn air, "he wears white stockings!" "Very anti-clerical and very dreadful indeed!" responded the prelate, with raised eyebrows. The curate was confident he had this time made an impression; he was at the very pinnacle of self-gratulation. The archbishop, drawing his chair closer to the overweening informer, solemnly asked, "Does Mr. Shirley wear them over his boots?" "No, your grace!" replied the mortified curate. "Well, sir," added the prelate, "the first time you find him with his stockings over his boots, pray inform me, and I shall deal accordingly with him."—*Stevens' History of Methodism*, vol. ii.

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BANNOCKBURN.

A SPLENETIC Englishman said to a Scottish countryman, something of a wag, that no man of taste would think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland. To which the canny Scot replied, "Tastes differ; I'se tak' ye to a place, no far frae Stirling, whaur thretty thousand o' yer countrymen ha' been for five hundred years, an' they 've nae thocht o' leaving yet."—*Ramsay's Scottish Characteristics.*

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SCOTTISH VOWELS.

IT has been said that the Scottish dialect is peculiarly powerful in its use of *vowels*, and the following dialogue between a shopman and a customer has been given as a

specimen. The conversation relates to a plaid hanging at the shop door—

Customer (inquiring the material). Oo? (wool?)

Shopman. Ay, oo (yes, of wool).

C. A' oo? (all wool?)

S. Ay, a' oo (yes, all wool).

C. A' ae oo? (all same wool?)

S. Ay, a' *ae* oo (yes, all same wool).—*Ramsay's Scottish Characteristics.*

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"*I'LL HANG YE A' AT THE PRICE.*"

A NORTH-COUNTRY drover had however a more *tangible* opportunity of gratifying his national animosity against the southern, and of which he availed himself. Returning homewards, after a somewhat unsuccessful journey, and not in very good humour with the Englishers, when passing through Carlisle, he saw a notice stuck up offering a reward of £50 for any one who would do a piece of service to the community by officiating as executioner of the law on a noted criminal then under sentence of death. Seeing a chance to make up for his bad market, and comforted with the assurance that he was unknown there, he undertook the office, hanged the rogue, and got the fee. When moving off with the money, he was twitted as a mean beggarly Scot, doing for money what no *Englishmen* would; he replied with a grin, and quiet glee, "I'll hang ye a' at the price."—*Ramsay's Scottish Characteristics.*

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COLERIDGE'S GARDEN.

THELWALL thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so?" said he: "it is covered with weeds." "Oh!" I replied, "*that* is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to

prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."—*Coleridge's Table Talk.*

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JAMIE SCOTT AND THE PIGS.

THERE was one person rather conspicuous at tent preachings in the south country in these times, named Jamie Scott, whose zeal was more potent than his judgment. It happened on one occasion that the preacher was much disturbed by the sudden appearance of some pigs on the hill-side where the tent was erected; the shepherds' dogs beheld them, and commenced to bark, and to show symptoms of giving chase. The preacher asked if some one would try and get the pigs removed. Jamie Scott sprang to his feet, and securing his staff, exclaimed, "I will go, sir, against these animals. They were forbidden under the law, and the deil was in them under the gospel; but by the grace of God I will scatter them abroad." And with that he set off and effected the clearance. The service then proceeded.—*Macfarlane's Life of Dr. Lawson.*

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HAPPY REPLY OF GEORGE CANNING.

IN his celebrated contest with Lord Lyndhurst, that noble lord having appeared in it with a speech borrowed for the most part from a popular pamphlet written by the late Bishop of Exeter (then Dr. Philpotts), he was overthrown amidst shouts of laughter by the appropriate quotation of the old song:—

> "Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale,
> Out of which I now drink to sweet Nan of the Vale,
> Was once Toby Philpot's."

—*Sir H. Bulwer's Historical Characters.*

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"WHO MADE YOU?"

"WHO made you?" was asked of a small girl. She replied, "God made me that length," indicating with her two hands the ordinary size of a new-born infant; "and I growed the rest mysel." This was before Topsy's time, and is wittier

than even "'Spects I growed," and not less philosophical than Descartes' *nihil* with Leibnitz's *nisi* as its rider.—*Dr. Brown's "Horæ Subsecivæ."*

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A MINERALOGIST'S LABOUR LOST.

THERE is one science the value of which it is very difficult to make a Highlander comprehend, and that is mineralogy. He connects botany with the art of healing; astronomy with guidance from the stars, or navigation; chemistry with dyeing, brewing, etc.; but "chopping bits off the rocks!" as he calls it,—this has always been a mystery. A shepherd, while smoking his cutty at a small Highland inn, was communicating to another in Gaelic his experiences of "mad Englishmen," as he called them. "There was one," said the narrator, "who once gave me his bag to carry to the inn by a short cut across the hills, while he walked by another road I was wondering myself why it was so dreadfully heavy, and when I got out of his sight I was determined to see what was in it. I opened it, and what do you think it was? But I need not ask you to guess, for you would never find out. It was stones!" "Stones!" exclaimed his companion, opening his eyes: "stones! well, well, that beats all I ever knew or heard of them! And did you carry it?" "Carry it! Do you think I was as mad as himself? No! I emptied them all out, but I filled the bag again from the cairn near the house, and gave him good measure for his money!"—*Dr. Macleod's Annals of a Highland Parish.*

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HIGHLANDERS AND THE ENGLISH.

IT must be confessed however that Highland honesty is sometimes very lax in its dealings with the Sassenach. The Highlander forms no exception, alas, to the tribe of guides, drivers, boatmen, all over Europe, who imagine that the tourist possesses unlimited means and travels only to spend money. A friend of mine who had been so long in India that he lost the Highland accent, though not the language, reached a ferry on his journey home, and, concealing his knowledge of Gaelic, asked one of the Highland boatmen what

his charge was. "I'll ask the maister," was his reply. The master being unable to speak English, this faithful mate acted as interpreter. "What will you take from this Englishman?" quoth the interpreter. "Ask the fellow ten shillings," was the reply of the honest master, the real fare being five shillings. "He says," explained the interpreter, "that he is sorry he cannot do it under *twenty* shillings, and that's cheap." Without saying anything, the offer was apparently accepted; but while sailing across my friend spoke in Gaelic, on which the interpreter sharply rebuked him in the same language. "I am ashamed of you!" he said; "I am indeed, for I see you are ashamed of your country; och, och, to pretend to me that you were an Englishman! you deserve to pay *forty* shillings—but the ferry is only five!" Such specimens however are found only along the great tourist thoroughfares, where they are in every country too common. —*Dr. Macleod's Annals of a Highland Parish.*

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"*SAT CITO, SI SAT BENE.*"

"I HAVE seen it remarked," says Lord Eldon, "that something which in early youth captivates attention influences future life in all stages. When I left school in 1766 to go to Oxford, I came up from Newcastle to London in a coach, then denominated, on account of its quick travelling as travelling was then estimated, a fly; being, as well as I remember, nevertheless three or four days and nights on the road; there was no such velocity as to endanger overturning or other mischief. On the panels of the carriage were painted the words '*Sat cito si sat bene*,' words which left a most lasting impression on my mind, and have had their influence upon my conduct in all subsequent life. Their effect was heightened by circumstances during and immediately after the journey. Upon the journey a Quaker, who was a fellow-traveller, stopped the coach at the inn at Tuxford, desired the chambermaid to come to the coach door, and gave her a sixpence, telling her he forgot to give it her when he slept there two years before. I was a very saucy boy, and said to him, 'Friend, have you seen the motto on the coach?' 'No.' 'Then look at it; for I think giving her only sixpence

now is neither *sat cito* nor *sat bene.*' After I got to town my brother, now Lord Stowell, met me at the White Horse in Fetter Lane, Holborn, then the great Oxford house, as I was told. He took me to see the play at Drury Lane. Love played Jobson in the farce, and Miss Pope played Nell. When we came out of the house it rained hard. There were then few hackney coaches, and we got both into one sedan-chair. Turning out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane, there was a sort of contest between our chairmen and some persons who were coming up Fleet Street, whether they should first pass Fleet Street, or we in our chair first get out of Fleet Street into Fetter Lane. In the struggle the sedan chair was overset with us in it. This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*. In short, in all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition on the panels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school, '*sat cito si sat bene.*' It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said too deliberative; and reflection upon all that is past will not authorize me to deny that, whilst I have been thinking '*sat cito si sat bene,*' I may not have sufficiently recollected '*sat bene si sat cito*' has had its due influence."—*Life of Lord Eldon.*

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COMING TO TERMS.

A CELEBRATED doctor of divinity, after a few hours' conversation with a lady, wrote to her thus:—"My dear Madam—In a few hours you have obtained a place in my heart, which I could not have expected in as many weeks: indeed, so fully have you possessed yourself that unless you consent to become a tenant for life, not only will our parting be exceedingly troublesome, but I fear that many terms will elapse before I can prepare the premises for another occupant." It is needless to say that the lady came to terms

Cooks and Cookery.

THE SUICIDE OF VATEL, THE ROYAL COOK.

Louis XIV., under whom cookery made prodigious advances, being one while employed to give a zest to his glories, and then again to console him in their decline. The name of his celebrated *maître d'hôtel*, Bechamel, a name as surely destined to immortality by his sauce as that of Herschel by his star, or that of Baffin by his bay, affords guarantee and proof enough of the discriminating elegance with which the royal table was served; and, as may be seen in the memoirs and correspondence of the time of Colbert, the celebrated administrator, and Conde, the great captain, were little if at all behind hand in this respect with royalty. The closing scene of Vatel, the *maître d'hôtel* of Conde, has been often quoted; but it forms so essential a portion of this history that we are under the absolute necessity of inserting it:—"I wrote yesterday," says Madame de Sevigné, "that Vatel had killed himself; I here give you the affair in detail. The king arrived on the evening of the Thursday; the collation was served in a room hung with jonquils; all was as could be wished. At supper there were some tables where the roast was wanting, on account of several parties which had not been expected: this affected Vatel; he said several times, 'I am dishonoured, this is a disgrace that I cannot endure.' He said to Gourville, 'My head is dizzy; I have not slept for twelve nights; assist me in giving orders.' Gourville assisted him as much as he could. The roast which had been wanting, not at the table of the king, but at the inferior tables, was constantly present to his mind. Gourville mentioned it to the prince; the prince even went to the chamber of Vatel, and said to him, 'Vatel, all is going on well; nothing could equal the supper of the king.' He replied, 'Monseigneur, your goodness overpowers me; I know that the roast was wanting at two tables.' 'Nothing

of the sort,' said the prince; 'do not distress yourself, all is going on well.' Night came; the fireworks failed; they had cost sixteen thousand francs. He rose at four the next morning, determined to attend to everything in person. He found everybody asleep. He meets one of the inferior purveyors, who brought only two packages of salt fish. He asks, 'Is that all?' 'Yes, sir.' The man was not aware that Vatel had sent to all the seaports. Vatel waits some time: the other purveyors did not arrive; his brain began to burn; he believed that there would be no more fish. He finds Gourville; he says to him, 'Monsieur, I shall never survive this disgrace.' Gourville made light of it. Vatel goes upstairs to his room, places his sword against the door, and stabs himself to the heart; but it was not until the third blow, after giving himself two not mortal, that he fell dead. The fish however arrives from all quarters; they seek Vatel to distribute it; they go to his room, they knock, they force open the door; he is found bathed in his blood. They hasten to tell the prince, who is in despair. The duke wept; it was on Vatel that his journey from Burgundy hinged. The prince related what had passed to the king, with marks of the deepest sorrow. It was attributed to the high sense of honour which he had after his own way. He was very highly commended; his courage was praised and blamed at the same time. The king said he had delayed coming to Chantilly for five years, for fear of the embarrassment he should cause." Such are the exact terms in which Madame de Sevigné has recorded the details of one of the most extraordinary instances of self-devotion recorded in history.—*Physiology of Taste.*

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THE TENDER MERCIES OF COOKS.

Take one or two live eels; throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is the best, as it is the only method of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable and indigestible. Cut the eel in pieces without ripping the belly, then run your knife into the hollow part, and turn it round to take out the inside.

Several reviewers have accused me of cruelty because I recommend in this work that eels should be burnt alive. As my knowledge of cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of taste and the preservation of health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and oil, which remain when the eels are skinned, render them highly indigestible. If any of these reviewers would make trial of both methods, they would find that the burnt eels are much healthier; but it is after all left to their choice whether to burn or skin. The *argumentum ad gulam* is here very happily applied; but M. Ude might have taken higher ground, and urged not merely that the eel was used to skinning, but gloried in it. It was only necessary for him to endow the eel with the same noble endurance that has been attributed to the goose. "To obtain these livers (the *foies gras* of Strasbourg) of the size required, it is necessary," says a writer in the almanac, "to sacrifice the person of the animal. Crammed with food, deprived of drink, and fixed near a great fire, before which it is nailed by its feet upon a plank, this goose passes it must be owned an uncomfortable life. The torment would indeed be altogether intolerable if the idea of the lot which awaits him did not serve as a consolation. But this perspective makes him endure his sufferings with courage; and when he reflects that his liver, bigger than himself, larded with truffles, and clothed in a scientific *paté*, will, through the instrumentality of M. Corcellet, diffuse all over Europe the glory of his name, he resigns himself to his destiny, and suffers not a tear to flow."—"*Ude's French Cook:*" *Quarterly Review*

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THE TRAGEDY OF THE TURBOT.

A DISTINGUISHED gastronomer, refining on this invention, proposes *eprouvettes* by negation. When, for example, a dish of high merit is suddenly destroyed by accident, or any other sudden disappointment occurs, you are to note the expression of your guests' faces, and thus form your estimate of their gastric sensibilities. We will illustrate this matter by an anecdote which our author has forgotten to note. Cardinal Fesch, a name of honour in the annals of gastro-

nomy, had invited a large party of clerical magnates to dinner. By a fortunate coincidence two turbots of singular beauty arrived as presents to his eminence on the very morning of the feast. To serve both would appear ridiculous; but the cardinal was notwithstanding most anxious to have the credit of both. He imparted his embarrassment to his *chef:* "Be of good faith, your eminence," was the reply; "both shall appear, both shall enjoy the reception which is their due." The dinner was served: one of the turbots relieved the soup. Exclamations unanimous, enthusiastic, religious, gastronomical! It was the moment of the *eprouvette positive.* The *maître d'hôtel* advances: two attendants raise the monster, and carry him off to cut him up; but one of them loses his equilibrium, the attendants and the turbot roll together on the floor. At this sad sight the assembled cardinals became pale as death, a solemn silence reigned in the conclave—it was the moment of the *eprouvette negative;* but the *maître d'hôtel* suddenly turns to the attendant, "Bring another turbot," said he, with the most perfect coolness. The other appeared, and the *eprouvette positive* was gloriously renewed.—"*Gastronomy and Gastronomers:*" *Quarterly Review.*

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DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S COOK.

The Duke of Wellington once requested the connoisseur whom the author of "Tancred" terms "the finest judge in Europe," to provide him a *chef.* Felix, whom the late Lord Seaford was reluctantly about to part with on economical grounds, was recommended and received. Some months afterwards his patron was dining with Lord Seaford, and before the first course was half over he observed, "So I find you have got the duke's cook to dress your dinner." "I have got Felix," replied Lord S., "but he is no longer the duke's cook. The poor fellow came to me with tears in his eyes, and begged me to take him back again, at reduced wages or no wages at all, for he was determined not to remain at Apsley House. 'Has the duke been finding fault?' said I. 'Oh no, my lord, I would stay if he had; he is the kindest and most liberal of masters; but I serve him a

dinner that would make Ude or Francatelli burst with envy, and he says nothing; I go out and leave him to dine on a dinner badly dressed by the cookmaid, and he says nothing. dat hurt my feelings, my lord.'"—*Hayward's Essays*, vol. ii.

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DR. LIVINGSTONE.—AN ELEPHANT'S FOOT.

We are talking of the doctor's interviews with various animals; it may be gratifying to the descendants of Soyer, and cuisinery artists, to receive his impressions about cooked elephant—not only the taste of it, but the mode of cooking. Not only in this, but in his previous volume, our traveller conveys to us the impression that necessity makes a man acquainted with strange cookery. He thinks elephant's trunk and tongue very good, and, after long simmering, much resembles the hump of a buffalo or the tongue of an ox. His verdict upon the other parts is, "very tough, and only palatable when very hungry." Excepting from the other parts though the foot, the doctor becomes almost epicurean as he describes his breakfast of elephant's foot; but it took a long time to cook. A large hole was dug in the ground, in which a fire was made; and when the inside was thoroughly heated the entire foot was placed in it, and covered over with hot ashes and soil. Another fire was made above the whole, and kept burning all night; "we had the foot then dressed, the next morning for breakfast, and found it delicious. It is a whitish mass, slightly gelatinous, and sweet, like marrow." But after a breakfast of elephant's foot the doctor recommends a long march, to prevent biliousness. Crocodile's eggs also seem to have come in the way of the doctor's palate. He speaks of them as much resembling custard—a delightful *recherché* variety for a table in Belgravia. It is not every table that could afford the rarity of crocodile's eggs.—*Eclectic Review.*

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THE INTRODUCTION OF THE USE OF FORKS.

I observed a custom in all those Italian cities and towns through which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels; neither do I think that

any other nation in Christendom doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, do always at their meals use a little fork when they do cut their meat. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meat out of the dish, they fasten their fork, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dish; so that whosoever he be that, sitting in the company of any other at meals, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers from which all at the table do cut, he will give occasion of offence to the company, as having transgressed the laws of good manners; insomuch that for his error he shall be for the least browbeaten, if not reprehended in words. This form of feeding I understand is generally used in all places of Italy, their forks being made for the most part of iron and steel, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meat, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and often times in England since I came home; being once quipped for that frequent using of my fork by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, a Mr. Lawrence Whitaker, who in his merry humour doubted not to call me at table *furcifer*, only for using a fork at feeding, but for no other cause.—*Coryat's Crudities*, vol. i.

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DINNER IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

In this meal we find the plenty and magnificence of the period mixed with its characteristic rudeness and discomfort. The huge oaken table still filled the central length of the castle hall; and at the hour of ten in the forenoon it groaned beneath shapeless masses of fresh and salted beef, followed by a succession of courses of fowl and fish, and curiously compounded dishes. The lord of the feast assumed his place on the *dais* (or raised part of the floor), at the head of the board; the friends and retainers, or holders in fee, were ranged above or below the salt, according to their respective

ranks; and, as the luxury of a fork was still unknown in England, the morsels were conveyed to the mouth with the fingers, while wine, beer, and ale, in goblets of wood or pewter, were handed round by numerous attendants. We may fill up this scanty outline by imagining the hawks of the master and guests standing on perches above their heads, and their hounds lying about on the pavement below. As the dinner generally lasted three hours, occasional pauses must have occurred: to fill up these the minstrels harped and piped, the jesters joked, the tumblers capered, and the jugglers juggled; or, if a better taste prevailed, some lay of the wars of Palestine, or poetical romance of knight-errantry, resounded over the mingled din, and feasted the mind with something of an intellectual gratification. When we ascend from these every-day exhibitions in the mode of living among the aristocracy to the banquets of the palace, and especially those which were commemorative of important events, we shall find that they were of a similar description, with a greater degree of splendour and bustle. Coarse abundance, whimsical variety, and stately parade still endeavoured to compensate for real discomfort.—*Pictorial History of England.*

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COOKERY.—JESUITS.

Men of erudition, who still attribute the importation of turkeys to the Jesuits, offer as a proof which they consider unanswerable, that in the several provinces of France the word Jesuit still signifies a turkey. The fact is, that in some remote districts people invite their friend thus:—"Come and dine with me, you shall get a fat crammed *jesuit.*" Thus follows the conversation: "I 'll trouble you, sir, for a little of that *jesuit;*" "Pray, sir, do you find that *jesuit* tough or tender?" "If you please, I will carve this *jesuit.*" People do not now say a *jesuit truffé,* but you may say a "*jesuit en capilotade,*" or a "*jesuit au feu d' enfer.*"

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There are still many men in the world who are afraid to sit thirteen at table, were it ever so exquisitely furnished. I know even some freethinkers, who had rather die of

hunger at the side of such a table, than run the risk of dying in any other manner during the course of the year by sitting down to it. A friend of humanity, a philanthropic gastronomer, who is domiciled in a small town where this superstition of thirteen is in full force, has just sent a circular to all householders, in the following terms:—

"Sir (or Madam),

"Nature has favoured me with a stomach of such capacity as to enable me to be ready for the table at any hour of the day. My appearance is genteel, and my corpulence tolerable. I possess a collection of anecdotes, songs and impromptus, which give me the power of sustaining the conversation when it languishes, of singing at the end of a repast, and of improvising a holiday compliment. I carve, and do the honours of the table, in capital style. I am never particular, except when I am set at table between a prating old woman and a voracious child, or when my back is to a door which is continually shutting and opening. I have sufficient experience not to meddle with a dish which the mistress is keeping for the next day, on which point my discretion is known since the time of the continental blockade, an epoch during which nobody ever saw me take either sugar or coffee. These I think are qualities sufficient to make a man figure usefully at a table where people object to dine *with thirteen*. You, sir (or madam), will no doubt think it better to let an honest man live, than to run the disagreeable chance of dying yourself in the course of the year. Do not fear therefore that you need ever have thirteen at your table, for I shall always be ready to make the number fourteen. I have the honour to be," etc.

Charles VI., by an edict of 1420, prohibited that anything more than two dishes and a soup should be served at dinner. Charles VI. died mad.

Marshal de Mouchy contended that pigeon had a consoling power. When he had lost a friend or relation he used to say to his cook, "Have roast pigeons to-day for dinner. I perceive that when I have eaten a couple of pigeons my grief is considerably diminished."—"*Gastronomy*": *Foreign Quarterly Review.*

Instances of Human Folly.

ETIQUETTE OF THE COURT OF SPAIN.

The etiquette was still a great check to the queen-consorts, who were often forbid things the most innocent. The Duchess de Terranova, camerera major, or one of the first ladies of the bedchamber to the wife of Charles II., used to tell her majesty that a queen of Spain must not look out of the windows of the palace. An unlucky accident happened to this princess, wherein the forms of the etiquette had like to cost her her life. She was very fond of riding; and several very fine horses having been brought to her from the province of Andalusia, she had a mind to try one of them; but had no sooner mounted, when the horse pranced, and rising upon his hind legs had like to have fallen backwards upon her; whereupon she fell off, and her foot unfortunately hitching in the stirrup, the horse ran away, and dragged her along to the utmost peril of her life. All the court were spectators of this misfortune, but nobody endeavoured to help the queen, because the etiquette forbade any man whatsoever, on pain of death, to touch the queen of Spain, and especially her foot. Why the foot should be more sacred than the hand I can't conceive; but in short the point was so settled, and nobody durst approach the queen's person. Charles II., who was very fond of his wife, and who from the balcony of his window saw the danger she was in, cried out vehemently; but the inviolable custom and the untouchable foot restrained the grave Spaniards from lending a hand to help her. However, two gentlemen, viz., Don Lewis de las Torres, and Don Jaime de Soto Mayor, resolved to run all hazards, in spite of the law of the queen's foot, *le loi del pie por la reina.* One caught hold of the horse's bridle, and the other of the queen's foot; and, in taking it out of the stirrup, he put one of his fingers out of joint. This done, the dons immediately went home; and during the confu-

sion they had an opportunity to saddle their horses, and fled from the punishment they had incurred by daring to offend against so august a custom. The queen, recovering from her fright, desired to see her two deliverers. A young lord, their friend, told her majesty they were obliged to flee from Madrid, to escape the punishment they deserved. The queen, who was a French woman, knew nothing of the prerogative of her heel; and, to be sure, never would if it had not been for her fall. She thought it a very impertinent custom that men must be punished for saving her life, easily obtained their pardon from the king her husband, honoured them with a present, and always granted them her protection.—*The Jewish Spy,* vol. iii.

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ST. JEREMIAH'S TOOTH.

The monks who serve at St. Jeremiah's affirm that they have still a *tooth* of that prophet. I inquired very strictly whether they had not some horn of our legislator in the temple of St. Moses, but I could not find they had; nor whether in St. Job's they had preserved any of that honest man's *scabs* in some holy phial. A friar told me in confidence that such relics were very uncommon and dear; the court of Rome selling them at an excessive price. So that in all appearance there is nothing in the temple of Moses but the *arms, legs,* and *jaws* of Nazarene saints, and no relics of the ancient Israelites in all Venice but the single *tooth* of the prophet Jeremiah, which is kept in a gold case adorned with diamonds: 'tis so big that it seems to be the tooth of a horse rather than of a man; at which the monk who showed it to me told me that I ought not to be surprised, because the ancient fathers were much taller than we are.—*The Jewish Spy,* vol. ii.

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SUPERSTITION.—A ROYAL DONKEY.

Philip III., King of Spain, being obliged to assist at an *auto da fe,* could not repress his tears when he observed two youths of about fifteen years of age, the one a Jew and the other a Moor, delivered up to the flames,

only on account of the imputed guilt of having been educated in the religion of their fathers, and continuing to embrace its doctrines. So natural a compassion was however violently reprehended by the Inquisition, as a crime against the Deity; and they even dared to tell this infatuated prince that his blood must be shed for the purpose of expiating his transgression. Philip suffered a surgeon to bleed him in the arm, and afterwards some drops, which issued from the vein, were cast into the fire by the hands of the common executioner.

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A STILL MORE UNFORTUNATE DONKEY.

The following instance of bigotry and superstitious fanaticism occurred at Nismes, in Languedoc, no longer ago than the year 1763.

A gardener's ass having brought some goods to market, and being unloaded, while the master was busily engaged, went into the church, which was hard by the stand, and meeting with the bason of holy water took a hearty draught of it; but the poor beast, being unfortunately detected and seized in the act, was tried by a formal process for sacrilege. Counsel indeed was allowed the ass, but the evidence being clear, judgment was pronounced against the grave animal, that he should be first hanged and then burnt; the gardener being at the same time condemned to pay all the expenses of the process.

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"E'EN IN THEIR ASHES LIVE THEIR WONTED FIRES."

Bishop Thomas once told that, when he was chaplain to the British factory at Hamburgh, a gentleman of the factory, being ill, was ordered into the country for the benefit of the air. Accordingly he went into a village about ten miles distant, and after some time died there. Upon this, application was made to the parson of the parish for leave to bury him in the churchyard. The parson inquired what religion he was of, and was told he was a Calvinist. "No," says he, "there are none but Lutherans in my churchyard, and there shall be no other." "This," says Dr. Thomas, "was told me,

and I wondered that any man of learning or understanding should have such ideas. I resolved to take my horse, and go and argue the matter with him; but found him inflexible. At length I told him he made me think of a circumstance which once happened to myself when I was curate of a church in Thames Street: I was burying a corpse, and a woman came and pulled me by the sleeve in the midst of the service. 'Sir, sir! I want to speak to you!' 'Prythee,' says I, 'woman, wait till I have done.' 'No, sir, I must speak to you immediately.' 'Why then what is the matter?' 'Why, sir,' says she, 'you are burying a man who died of the small pox, next my poor dear husband, who never had it!' This story had the desired effect, and the curate permitted the bones of the poor Calvinist to be laid in his churchyard."

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HOW TO LAY A GHOST.

Some days ago I received a letter from the Hague, with an account that a tradesman of that place complained of a spirit which came in the night time, and tore all his clothes and furniture to pieces. The common people, who are always credulous, readily believed it, and crowded to the tradesman's house, who showed them some of the pieces of stuff and linen that had been cut and torn off. He told a thousand stories, more surprising than all this, of the mischievousness of this spirit. The high bailiff, informed of the affair, ordered that nothing more should be laid in the spirit's way to be torn, and enjoined the tradesman to talk no more of the imp; nay, he gave the latter to understand that he should be answerable for the folly of the former. Since that time the spirit has decamped, and the tradesman now lays the blame upon the rats of what he imputed at first to this invisible substance.—*The Jewish Spy*, vol. ii.

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THE SUPERSTITIONS AND CRUELTIES OF THE OLD MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Look at the labour of the medical profession. In the fourteenth century John de Gaddesden treated a son of

Edward II. for the small pox by wrapping him up in scarlet cloth, and hanging scarlet curtains round his bed; and, as a remedy for epilepsy, the same physician carried his patients to church to hear mass. The medical art was so little understood in those days that the professors of medicine had made no impression upon the understanding of the people; and they consequently trusted not to medicine, but to vain charms, which superstitions the ignorance of the practitioners themselves kept alive. The surgical practitioners of Europe, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, put their unhappy patients to the most dreadful torture by their mode of treating wounds and broken limbs. When they amputated a leg or an arm they applied the actual cautery, of red-hot iron, to stop the effusion of blood. Ambrose Paré, one of the most eminent of the French surgeons of that period, who accompanied the army to the siege of Turin in 1536, thus describes the mode in which he found his surgical brethren dealing with gunshot wounds. "I was then very raw and inexperienced, having never seen the treatment of gunshot wounds. It is true that I had read in the treatise of Jean de Vigo, on wounds in general, that those inflicted by fire-arms partake of a poisonous nature on account of the powder, and that they should be treated with hot oil of elder, mixed with a little theriacum. Seeing therefore that such an application must needs put the patient to extreme pain, to assure myself before I should make use of the boiling oil, I desired to see how it was employed by the other surgeons. I found their method was to apply it at the first dressing, as hot as possible, within the wound, with tents and setons; and this I made bold to do likewise. At length my oil failed me, and I was fain to substitute a digestive, made of the yolk of eggs, and rose oil, and turpentine. At night I could not rest in my bed in peace, fearing that I should find the wounded, in whose cases I had been compelled to abstain from using this cautery, dead of poison: this apprehension made me rise very early in the morning to visit them; but beyond all my hopes I found those to whom I had applied the digestive suffering little pain, and their wounds free from inflammation. On the contrary, I found those to

whom the aforesaid oil had been applied, feverish, in great pain, and with swelling and inflammation round their wounds. I resolved therefore that I would never burn unfortunate sufferers from gunshot in that cruel manner again." Francis I., King of France, having a persuasion that, because the Jews were the most skilful physicians of that day, the virtue was in the Jew and not in the science which he professed, sent to Charles V. of Spain for a Jewish physician; but finding that the man who arrived had been converted to Christianity, he refused to employ him, thinking the virtue of healing had therefore departed from him. A statute of Henry VIII. says :—"Forasmuch as the science and cunning of physic and surgery is daily within this realm exercised by a great multitude of ignorant persons, of whom the greater part have no insight in the same, nor in any other kind of learning; some also con no letters on the book, so far forth that common artificers, as smiths and weavers and women, boldly and accustomably take upon them great cures, in which they partly use sorcery and witchcraft, partly apply such medicines to the disease as be very noxious, and nothing meet, to the high displeasure of God, great infamy to the faculty, and the grievous damage and destruction of diverse of the king's people." When such ignorance prevailed diseases of the slightest kind must have been very often fatal; and the power of all men to labour profitably must have been greatly diminished by the ravages of sickness. These ravages are now checked by medical science and medical labour.—*Charles Knight's "Knowledge is Power."*

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THE RAILWAY.—"STICK TO THE BASKETS."

When William Hutton, in the middle of the last century, started from Nottingham (where he earned a scanty living as a bookbinder) and walked to London and back for the purpose of buying tools, he was nine days from home, six of which were spent in going and returning. He travelled on foot, dreading robbers, and still more dreading the cost of food and lodging at public-houses. His whole expenses during this toilsome expedition were only ten shillings and

eightpence; but he contented himself with the barest necessaries, keeping the money for his tools sewed up in his shirt collar. If William Hutton had lived in these days, he would, upon sheer principles of economy, have gone to London by the Nottingham train at a cost of twenty shillings for his transit, in one forenoon, and returned in another. The twenty shillings he would have sacrificed for his conveyance, but he would have had a week's labour free to go to work with his new tools. He need not have sewed his money in his shirt collar for fear of thieves, and his shoes would not have been worn out and his feet blistered in his toilsome march of two hundred and fifty miles. A very few years ago it was not uncommon to hear men say that this wonderful communication, the greatest triumph of modern skill, was not a blessing, for the machinery had put some one out of employ. Baron Humboldt, a traveller in South America, tells us that, upon a road being made over a part of the great chain of mountains called the Andes, the government was petitioned against the road by a body of men, who for centuries had gained a living by carrying travellers in baskets strapped upon their backs over the fearful rocks, which only three guides could cross. Which was the best course;—to make the road, and create the thousand employments belonging to freedom of intercourse for these very carriers of travellers, and for all other men; or to leave the mountains without a road, that the poor guides might gain a premium for risking their lives in an unnecessary peril?—*Charles Knight's "Knowledge is Power."*

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A LEGEND OF AMIENS.—THE CONSECRATED CANDLE.

In a city not far from Paris there is a miraculous candle surnamed the *everlasting taper*, which is shown upon a certain day to the people, and, as they pretend, never goes out nor wastes. It is enclosed in a long candlestick, above which it rises not more than an inch, in such manner that it is always in their power to raise it to the same height when it is burnt to the edge of the candlestick, or put another in its place when it is consumed. Though this mummery is so visible, it would be dangerous to speak of it in public, before

people who are persuaded of the truth of this miracle, and who would be sure to despise, if not to hate you; for a Nazarene who would pardon a sensible affront would never forgive a banter on the reality of the miracle of the holy candle. The story which is told of this miraculous taper is founded on the pretended deliverance of a Nazarene who had given himself to the devil. This man, whose name was Christopher, weary of taking great pains for very little money, and of being always a slave, resolved to be more at his ease in this world, though he was not so happy in the next. He heard his pastor speak every day of the great power of the devil, and of the numbers of people that gave themselves to him; this priest made himself hoarse by speaking of all the wicked spirits which to his knowledge had gratified the criminal desire of private men. His discourses convinced the lazy Christopher, who with the help of the devil was resolved to have money, and to take less care and pains than he had done to get it. He called therefore several times to the devil; but whether his devilship had other business at that time upon his hands, or whether he foresaw what would happen to him, he made no great haste to come at Christopher's call, till, being quite tired out with the impatient Nazarene's importunity, he came one day to the house, and appeared to him in the shape of a pretty little monkey. "What is it thou dost want with me?" said he; "thou hast been calling for a long time. Speak, what can I do for thy service?" "My lord," replied Christopher, "they say that your lordship gives estates and wealth to whomsoever you please. I should be obliged to you if you would grant me some share in your favour." "But what hast thou to give me?" said the devil. "Alas! my lord," replied Christopher, "I have nothing for myself; I am but a poor carpenter that lives by my calling." "I will," says Beelzebub, "give thee for thirty years as much gold as thou canst wish; but after that time is expired I shall want a carpenter in the infernal mansions for some repairs which I foresee will be necessary in my palace, and therefore when that time is out I shall come to fetch thee." Christopher and the devil mutually signed their contract, which done, the monkey-Beelzebub gave a spring and made

his exit up the chimney. The Nazarene wished for 6000 pistoles, and presently he found that sum in his pockets; upon which he quitted his plane and his chisel, and buys a house. The 6000 pistoles being spent, he demands 6000 more and obtains them, which sum he lays out in furniture and plate. As soon as this sum was spent he wished for another, and no sooner asked than had it; so that never was there a devil more punctual, and Christopher was so taken with his honesty that he did not like to hear him taxed with the want of it. Fifteen years of the lease were expired, when one night, as the Nazarene was entertaining some of his friends at supper,—for after he had acquired a fortune he did not want friends,—he ordered his maid to go into the cellar for a particular sort of wine which he reserved for special regales. Down went Jenny as soon as she was bid; but how great was her surprise when she saw upon one of the barrels a lusty man dressed in black, who bid her go up and tell her master that he must needs speak with him, and that without delay, or he must expect to have his neck twisted before all his guests. The maid, very much aghast, called Christopher aside, and told him the message. By the description she gave him he mistrusted that this great black man was the devil, and having provided himself with his contract he took it down with him into the cellar to show him that his lease was but half expired. "Well," says the apparition to him, as soon as he was entered the cellar, "I come to tell thee thou hast but an hour to live." "My lord," replied Christopher "your lordship is mistaken by fifteen years. Here's my contract." "How long did I promise you life?" said Beelzebub. "Thirty years," replied Christopher. "Very well," replied the devil; "pray don't fifteen years of days and fifteen years of nights make up the account? That's our way of computation, and we shan't go to alter the method of calculating the infernal years to please you." Christopher, very much astonished, went up into the hall to his friends, who, seeing him so melancholy and dejected, asked him the reason of it, and he told them his unhappy case. "Be of good courage," said a Norman priest to him, who happened to be one of the guests; "go down into the cellar, and only tell the devil to prolong your life

while this candle burns." Christopher went and carried his petition to the devil, who, to convince him that he was a good-natured devil in the main, though he calculated the years otherwise than this world does, granted him his request. The Nazarene carried the candle back to the priest, who, without loss of time, dipped it in holy water, that the devil might not have power over it to seize and put it out. This stratagem, which Beelzebub was not aware of, rendered all his tricks of no avail. He made his way back to the infernal territories by a deep hole he opened in the ground, of which none could ever yet find the bottom. The Nazarene did penance a long while for his crime. The consecrated candle was again put into the hands of the friars, and it has brought them in more money than Christopher got from the devil of a monkey. Do but consider the credulity of these people, and judge whether the extravagances into which their weakness involves them are to be ascribed to anything but their own ignorance, or to the frauds of those who deceive and abuse them.—*The Jewish Spy*, vol. i.

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THE HEINOUSNESS OF SMOKING.

"Smoking tobacco" was the unhesitating answer; murder, and adultery, and false witness, "these are merely little sins." Hence two sins alone are great—polytheism and smoking; and Abd-el-Kereem asseverated very seriously that such was really the case; indeed there seems to be a very chief item in the religious creed of Riad—the enormity of the sin of using tobacco. "Of morality, justice, and judgment, mercy, and truth, purity of heart and tongue, and all that makes a man better, I never," says the traveller, "heard one syllable during a month and half of sermon frequentation in this pious capital; but," he continues, "of prayers, war against unbelievers, of the rivers of paradise, of houris, and of bowers, of hell, devils, and chains, the laws of divorce, etc., etc., plenty and to spare." But most frequent of all seems the denunciation of the enormity of tobacco; of the sad consequences resulting from that damnable and dreadful weed Mr. Palgrave gives to us a most appalling instance:—

"Nor should I omit a very frequent topic, the sinfulness of tobacco, ay, and that confirmed by visible and appalling judgments, curiously resembling those which a spirit, less Christian than Judaical, introduces occasionally into European books of edification. Thus, for example, a man, supposed of correct life and unquestionable Islam, died and was buried at Sedoos, the same little frontier town which we passed not long since. Prayers were said over him, and he was duly laid in his grave, reclining on his side, his face toward the Ca'abah, like any other good Muslim. Now it chanced that a neighbour, while assisting at the funeral ceremonies, had let fall, unperceived by himself, a small purse of money exactly into the pit, where it remained covered up with earth alongside of the dead man. On returning home, the owner of the purse discovered his loss; he searched everywhere, but to no purpose, and at last rightly concluded that his money must have found an untimely grave. What was to be done? To disturb the repose of the dead is an action no less abhorred among Mahommedans than among ordinary Christians. But *quid non mortalia pectora cogis auri sacra fames?* The peasant consulted the village kadee, who assured him that in such a case digging up a corpse was no crime, though he wisely advised him to await nightfall, for fear of scandal and gossip. Night at last came, and the excusable 'resurrection man' set to work, and soon released his purse from the cold grasp of death. But what was his amazement and horror to see his deceased townsman now laid with his face turned away from the Ca'abah, and shifted to a position exactly the opposite of that in which they had but lately placed him. Hastily covering up the grave, he returned to give the kadee information of the portent. Both agreed that the defunct, to merit this ominous transposition, must have died in infidelity or some equally grievous sin, and an official search of his quondam domicile was set on foot, to discover the traces or indications of his wicked ways. High and low they ransacked, and at last detected, where it had been carefully hidden in a crevice of the wall, a small bone pipe, whose blackened tube and diabolical smell too plainly denoted its frequent use, and revealed the infamous hypocrisy

of its owner. The crime was evident, the visible chastisement explained, and no doubt but that the amateur of 'shameful' smoke had already gone to unquenchable fire." —*Palgrave's Central Arabia.*

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THE PIG.

The unhappy penchant for forbidden fruit (the more so the sweeter) has not only characterised that sex who smooth our linen and our cares, from time immemorial, but has even subjected their husbands to the tyranny of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, by violating the rules enacted for eating fish instead of flesh. Thus we learn from Lewis's "Patriot King," that "Thomas Freburn's wife, of Paternoster Row, London, longed for pig!" Fisher, a butter woman, brought him a pig ready for the spit, but carried a part of it to Dr. Cocks, Dean of Canterbury, whilst at dinner. One of the dean's guests was Gartar king-at-arms, Freburn's landlord, who sent to know if any of his family were ill, that he ate flesh in Lent. "All well," quoth Freburn, "only my wife longs for pig." His landlord sends for the Bishop of London's apparitor, and orders him to take Freburn and his pig before Stocksley, the bishop. Stocksley sends him and his pig to Judge Cholmly, who not being at home he and the pig were brought back to the bishop, who committed them both to the Compter. Next day, being Saturday, he was carried before the lord mayor, who said on Monday next he should stand in the pillory, with one half of the pig on one shoulder, the other half on the other. The wife desired she might suffer, as the pig was on her account. A string was put through it, and it was hung about his neck, which he thus carried to the Compter. Through Cromwell's intercession (for this happened so late as the Reformation) the poor man at last gained his liberty by a bond of £20 for his appearance. This mischief-making pig was, by order of the right rev. father in God, the Bishop of London, buried in Finsbury Field by the hands of his lordship's apparitor; and Freburn was by his landlord turned out of his house, and could not get another in four years.—*Lambeth and Vatican*, vol. i.

FEAST OF THE ASS.

NEVER has the eccentricity of the human mind been so clearly displayed as in the feasts which were formerly celebrated in honour of the ass—the *Festa Asinaria.* "The Feast of the Ass" was celebrated in several churches and cathedrals in France, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, in commemoration of the Virgin Mary's flight into Egypt! The gross absurdities then practised under the pretence of devotion would surpass belief, were there not such incontrovertible evidences to substantiate the facts. A young female, richly dressed, with an infant in her arms, was placed upon an ass, and led in great ceremony to the altar, where high mass was performed with solemn pomp. The ass was taught to kneel; and a hymn, replete with folly and blasphemy, was sung in his praise by the whole congregation. And what was still more remarkable for folly and profaneness, the priest used at the conclusion of the ceremony, and as a substitute for the words with which he on other occasions dismissed the people, to bray three times like an ass, which was answered by three similar brays by the people, instead of the usual response, "We bless the Lord." Upon other occasions the procession of the ass was thus exhibited. The sub-deacons and children of the choir, after having decorated an ass's back with a large hood, went and received him at the church porch, singing a ridiculous anthem, which contained a verse to this purpose, that the virtue of an ass had enriched the clergy!

Aurum de Arabia
Tulit in ecclesia,
Thus et myrrham de Saba.
Virtus Asinaria!

At Rouen especially was performed a ceremony called the feast of the ass, at which the ass richly dressed was placed before the altar, and the infatuated people sung before him the following exquisite anthem:—

Eh, eh, eh,
Sire ane!
Eh, eh, eh,
Sire ane!

—*Lambeth and Vatican,* vol. ii.

MISTAKEN PIETY.—AGNES DE ROCHIER.

Agnes de Rochier was the only daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants of Paris, and was admired by all the neighbourhood for her beauty and virtue. In 1403 her father died, leaving her the sole possessor of his wealth, and rumour immediately disposed of her hand to all the young gallants of the quarter; but whether it was that grief for the loss of her parent had turned her head, or that the gloomy fanaticism of that time had worked with too fatal effect on her pure and inexperienced imagination, she took not only marriage and the male sex into utter abomination, but resolved to quit the world for ever, and to make herself a perpetual prisoner for religion's sake. She determined, in short, to become what was then called a recluse, and as such to pass the remainder of her days in a narrow cell built within the wall of a church. On the 5th of October accordingly, when the cell, only a few feet square, was finished in the wall of the church of St. Opportune, Agnes entered her final abode, and the ceremony of her reclusion began. The walls and pillars of the sacred edifice had been hung with tapestry and costly cloths; tapers burned on every altar; the clergy of the capital and the several religious communities thronged the church. The Bishop of Paris, attended by his chaplains and the canons of Notre Dame, entered the choir and celebrated a pontifical mass; he then approached the opening of the cell, sprinkled it with holy water, and after the poor thing had bidden adieu to her friends and relations, ordered the masons to fill up the aperture. This was done as strongly as stone and mortar could make; nor was any opening left, save only a small loophole, through which Agnes might hear the offices of the church, and receive the aliments given her by the charitable. She was eighteen years old when she entered this living tomb, and she continued within it *eighty* years, till death terminated her sufferings! Alas for mistaken piety! Her wealth, which she gave to the church, and her own personal exertions during so long a life, might have made her a blessing to all that quarter of the city, instead of remaining a useless object of compassion to the few, and of idle wonder to the many.—*Chronicles of Paris.*

BECKFORD AND THE FEATHER OF THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL.

The prior, who is not easily pleased, seemed to have suspicions that the seriousness of my demeanour was not entirely orthodox. I overheard him saying to Roxas, "Shall I show him the angel's feather? You know we do not display this—our most valued, incomparable relic—to everybody, nor unless upon special occasions." "The occasion is sufficiently special," answered my partial friend; "the letters I brought to you are your warrant, and I beseech your reverence to let us look at this gift of Heaven, which I am extremely anxious myself to adore and venerate." Forth stalked the prior, and drawing out from a remarkably large cabinet an equally capacious sliding shelf—the source, I conjecture, of the potent odour I complained of—displayed, lying stretched out upon a quilted silken mattress, the most glorious specimen of plumage ever beheld in terrestrial regions, a feather from the wing of the archangel Gabriel—full three feet long, and of a blushing hue more soft and delicate than that of the loveliest rose. I longed to ask at what precise moment this treasure beyond price had been dropped—whether from the air, on the open ground, or within the walls of the humble tenement at Nazareth; but I repressed all questions of an indiscreet tendency, the why and wherefore, the when and how, for what and to whom, such a palpable manifestation of archangelic beauty and wingedness had been vouchsafed.—*Beckford's Travels.*

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JUDAS.

It was believed in Pier della Valle's time that the descendants of Judas Iscariot still existed at Corfu, though the persons who suffered this imputation stoutly denied the truth of the genealogy. When the ceremony of washing feet is performed in the Greek church at Smyrna, the bishop represents Christ, and the twelve apostles are acted by as many priests. He who personates Judas must be paid for it; and such is the feeling of the people that whoever accepts this odious part commonly retains the name of Judas for life. Judas serves in Brazil for a Guy Faux, to

be carried about by the boys and made the subject of an *auto da fe.* The Spanish sailors hang him at the yard arm. It is not long since a Spaniard lost his life at Portsmouth during the performance of this ceremony, by jumping overboard after the figure. The Armenians, who believe hell and limbo to be the same place, say that Judas, after having betrayed our Lord, resolved to hang himself, because he knew Christ was to go to limbo and deliver all the souls which He found there, and therefore he thought to get there in time; but the devil was cunninger than he, and knowing his intent held him over limbo till the Lord had passed through, and then let him fall plump into hell.—*Southey's Omniana,* vol. ii.

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THE MIRACLE OF THE GRATEFUL COW.

Thou must not think this extraordinary; for the devils take a trip sometimes into the body of animals, when they can't find better employment. I have read in a book that a devil once possessed a cow, and that he sometimes cut capers in her belly, and sometimes on her back. "One Martin," says the author, "seeing what a sad plight the poor beast was in, ordered the devil to let her alone and depart. The cow was so sensible of this Martin's kindness to her that she came politely to pay him her homage, fell on her knees, and lowed three times to show her gratitude."—*The Jewish Spy,* vol. ii.

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MARTIN LUTHER'S BREECHES.

The Jesuit P. Francisco de Fonseca has a curious story concerning relics in his account of the embassy of the Conde de Villarmayor, Fernando Telles da Sylva, from Lisbon to Vienna, to bring home an Austrian princess for John V. "As we are upon the subject of the miracles which have been wrought by relics in Vienna," says he, "I will relate another prodigy that occurred in the same city, and which will serve not a little to confirm us in the faith with which we devoutly reverence these things. The Count of Harrach, who was greatly favoured by the Duke of Saxony, besought him that he would be pleased to bestow upon him some of

the very many relics in his treasury, which he preserved rather for curiosity than for devotion. The duke with much benignity ordered that various glasses should be given him, full of precious relics of Christ, of the most holy Virgin, the apostles, the innocents, and other various saints, and desired two Lutheran ministers to pack them with all decency in a valuable box, which the duke himself locked and sealed with his own seal, to prevent any fraud, and then sent it to Vienna. The box arrived at Vienna, and was deposited in the count's chapel, which is in Preiner Street; the count sent word to the bishop, that he might come to see, open, and authenticate the relics. The bishop came, and upon his opening the box there issued out a stench so abominable that it was not to be borne, and the whole chapel was infected with it. The bishop ordered that the reliquaries should be taken out, in order that he might carefully examine the cause of so strange an accident. This was done, and they soon discovered the mystery, for they found a case from which this pestilential odour proceeded: there was in it a piece of cloth with this inscription, '*Relics of Martin Luther's Breeches,*' which the Lutheran preachers, in mockery of our piety, had placed among the sacred relics. These abominable remains of the heresiarch were burnt by command of the bishop, and then not only did the stink cease, but there issued from the sacred relics a most sweet perfume, which filled the whole chapel."—*Southey's Omniana.*

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SERPENT WORSHIP EXTRAORDINARY.

A Malabar brahmin once played off a curious trick upon his flock. He raised money enough among them to make a golden snake and twelve golden eggs, which he carried to the pagoda in solemn procession, and there deposited, telling the people that in six weeks' time the snake would be vivified, hatch the eggs, and disappear with its young to become the tutelary divinities of their country. They disappeared accordingly at the time appointed, to the infinite joy of the believers.—*Southey's Omniana,* vol. ii.

THE MIRACLE OF DR. CHAFAÏ.

There are about Cairo several tombs of the Mahommedan doctors or santons, which are very much frequented by a great number of persons, who pay extraordinary devotion to them. One of the principal tombs is that of the famous Dr. Chafaï; 'tis almost as good an annuity to certain santons and dervishes, that take care to keep it in repair, as the chine or rump-bone of St. Francis is to his disciples the Franciscans. The Turkish monks have as much zeal for their saints as the Nazarene monks have for theirs. The boldest convulsionary Jansenist could not have fallen upon a more crafty method than they did to secure Chafaï to themselves. A sovereign of Egypt, who was caliph of Babylon and kept his court there, was desirous to have the body of this famous Chafaï carried to all the places where he chose to reside; he wrote to the governor of Egypt to cause it to be taken out of the ground, and to send it to him in a magnificent coffin: the governor was very sorry for this order, because, knowing what a profound veneration all the people had for this pretended saint, he dreaded an insurrection; and in order to avoid the sad consequences which commonly attend popular risings, he communicated the order which he had received to the dervishes, whom he exhorted to submit to the commands of their prince and recommended it to them to dispose the populace to consent to the removal of the saint. "I will go to-morrow," said he to them, "and perform the caliph's command; do you therefore be ready with all necessaries." The Turkish monks were not astonished at the summons; they resolved to act to some purpose, and to oppose the orders of the sovereign, but in such a manner as should not make him their enemy. To effect this with ease, they resolved to cover their fraud with a miracle, and to secure heaven on their side. That's the grand secret to attain to the end of the most difficult enterprises. They worked all night to finish their project, and, after having opened the saint's tomb they put combustible matter round the corpse, mixed with some phosphoruses which would take fire as soon as they took the air. After they had prepared everything, they very calmly waited for the governor, who, on pretence

of doing the more honour to the saint, repaired to his tomb with a retinue of ten thousand men; though all this apparatus and pomp was only to keep the people from rising up in arms. As soon as he was arrived the workmen began to open the ground. When they came to the place where the corpse lay, and began to give air to the phosphoruses, the combustible matters took fire, and such a hot bright flame burst out of the tomb that they who dug there were deprived for some moments of their sight: they were the first that cried out "a miracle;" the populace did the same, and then the priests proclaimed it was not the saint's will to quit the place of his retirement. The imagination of the Egyptians, which is ripe for prodigies, greedily caught at this, and the tomb was instantly covered up again, without presuming to go any farther to work. The governor, like a good politician and as good a courtier, artfully took the advantage of this pretended miracle to satisfy the people, without slighting the orders of his master, to whom he sent an account of this prodigy, which above ten thousand spectators could certify. The caliph, when he heard that the saint was well, and did not care to quit his lodging, consented to let him lie in his old tomb, where he still continues, and where the Mahommedan devotees go in crowds to pray. You must own, dear Monceca, that this prank tallies exactly with the tricks that are played by the Nazarene monks; go where we will, we shall find that superstition feeds the avarice of certain men who drive a scandalous trade with their religion, and disgrace themselves in the opinion of men of sense, to whom their knavery is soon known.—*The Jewish Spy*, vol. ii.

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COLUMBUS SPIRITUALIZED.

Mr. Pinkerton calls the West Indies the Isles of Colon. A name was certainly wanting for these islands which might be adopted by the writers of all countries. Mr. Pinkerton prefers this appellation to the more natural one of the Columbian Islands, because he says many foreign nations might interpret this latter name to mean the Isles of Doves, and therefore it is better to preserve the original name of

the great discoverer. Columbus however was the discoverer's family name, and it is thus curiously allegorized, or as the Methodists would say improved, by his son Fernando, in a manner which might have delighted Mr. Shandy. "His name and surname were not without some mystery. We may instance many names which were given by secret impulse, to denote the effects those persons were to produce, as in his is foretold and expressed the wonder he performed. For if we look upon the common surname of his ancestors, we may say he was true *Columbus*, or *Columba*, forasmuch as he conveyed the grace of the Holy Ghost into that new world which he discovered, showing those people who knew him not, which was God's beloved Son, as the Holy Ghost did in the figure of a dove at St. John's baptism; and because he also carried the olive branch and oil of baptism over the waters of the ocean, like Noah's dove, to denote the peace and union of those people with the church, after they had been shut up in the ark of darkness and confusion. And the surname of *Colon*, which he revived, was proper to him, which in Greek signifies a member, that his proper name being *Christopher*, it might be known he was a member of *Christ*, by whom salvation was to be conveyed to those people. Moreover, if we would bring his name to the Latin pronunciation, that is *Christophorus Colonus*, we may say that as *St. Christopher* is reported to have borne that name because he carried *Christ* over the deep waters, with great danger to himself, whence came the denomination of *Christopher;* and as he conveyed over the people whom no other would have been able to carry, so the admiral *Christophorus Colonus*, imploring the assistance of *Christ* in that dangerous passage, went over safe himself and his company, that those Indian nations might become citizens and inhabitants of the church triumphant in heaven; for it is to be believed that many souls, which the devil expected to make a prey of, had they not passed through the water of baptism, were by him made inhabitants and dwellers in the eternal glory of heaven."—*Southey's Omniana*, vol. ii.

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DRUNKEN GAMBLING.

A MORE extraordinary instance of frantic or drunken gambling appeared in the London newspapers. It follows here, as related in the *Times* of April 17, 1812. "On Wednesday evening an extraordinary investigation took place at Bow Street. Croker, the officer, was passing the Hampstead Road; he observed at a short distance before him two men on a wall, and directly after saw the tallest of them, a stout man about six feet high, hanging by his neck from a lamp-post attached to the wall, being that instant tied up and turned off by the short man. This unexpected and extraordinary sight astonished the officer; he made up to the spot with all speed, and just after he arrived there the tall man who had been hanged fell to the ground, the handkerchief with which he had been suspended having given way. Croker produced his staff, and said he was an officer, and demanded to know of the other man the cause of such conduct; in the mean time the man who had been hanged recovered, got up, and on Croker interfering gave him a violent blow on the nose, which nearly knocked him backward. The short man was endeavouring to make off; however, the officer procured assistance, and both were brought to the office, when the account they gave was that they worked on canals. They had been together on Wednesday afternoon, tossed up for money, and afterwards for their clothes; the tall man who was hanged won the other's jacket, trowsers, and shoes; they then tossed up which should hang the other, and the short one won the toss. They got upon the wall, the one to submit, and the other to hang him on the iron lamp-post. They both agreed in this statement. The tall one who had been hanged said if he had won the toss he would have hanged the other. He said he then felt the effects on his neck at the time he was hanging, and his eyes were so much swelled that he saw double. The magistrates expressed their horror and disgust, and ordered the man who had been hanged to find bail for the violent and unjustifiable assault upon the officer, and the short one for hanging the other. Not having bail they were both committed to Bridewell for trial."—*Southey's Omniana,* vol. ii.

Varieties of Womanhood.

NOBLE LAPLAND MAIDENS.

There was the young Lapland maiden and missionary, Maria Magdalena Mattsdotter, who came all the way from her wild Lapland mountains and snows to Stockholm, to see the king; travelling on her light snow-skates three hundred miles to implore him to do something for the education of his people. We are glad to learn that she did not come in vain. Herself converted, and comprehending deeply that Christ died for her, at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper she heard a voice saying to her, "For thee! for thee!" then she became conscious that her sins were forgiven, and a spiritual life of intense power possessed her experience. The young woman, who undertook this long journey from the realms where, through many a long winter's night, she had kept solitary watch over her herds of reindeer to guard them against bears and wolves, and amidst whose starry and snowy solitudes she had revolved the idea of that long journey for an interview, was only twenty-six years of age. Arrived in Stockholm, it says much for the simplicity of the place that she soon obtained an audience of the two queens—the queen dowager and her daughter-in-law; then an interview with the king followed, in which she laid before him at length the condition of her tribes. He promised her and her tribes his support and his help; and assured of this, she started again upon her homeward journey, skating back as she had skated up from Gefle on her *skidor* her solitary journey of three hundred miles. Truly we thank Miss Howitt for giving to us additional accounts of the noble stuff of which womanhood may be made. Involuntarily, as we read this account, we apostrophized the glorious young heroine in the well-known verse of Wordsworth,—

> "Thy thoughts, thy feelings shall not die,
> Nor leave thee, when grey hairs come nigh,
> A melancholy slave.

But an old age, serene and bright,
And lovely as *thy* Lapland night,
Shall guide thee to the grave!"

Magdalena Mattsdotter come from the depth of interior Lapland snows; but there was also Mamsell Berg, another brave young woman, who thought herself roused by the Holy Spirit to go out and teach young Lapland children. She could not get away from the thought that she ought to do it. A clergyman, to whom she spoke upon the matter, wisely counselled her, "Endeavour to shake off the feeling; if you cannot, then accept it as a vocation from God, and try it for six months." She said, "If I go it shall not be for six months but for three years." She went, and the three years became seven. She seems also to have been a nobly and simply beautiful creature; she gathered, in the most difficult circumstances, children round her, expending her little property in putting up a schoolhouse for them, and laying in sacks of potatoes, that she might feed the half famishing; learning herself the Laplandish language, and teaching them the Swedish, and discoursing to them about the love of God in such language as this:—

One day when she was telling the children of the love of God, "Our Lord," she said, "is nothing but love. You must not think of Him otherwise. When you read of His angry denunciations in the Bible you must think that it is His intense love which makes Him speak thus, just as a mother calls out, almost threateningly, when she sees her little child thrusting its hand into the stove or otherwise running into danger."

There were five young girls in the room, who, overcome with emotion on hearing these words, rushed to the table in the middle of the room and clasping each others' hands across it, exclaimed by one accord, and as it were involuntarily—

"We will always be the Lord's! We will belong to none other!"

"What is it they are doing?" asked a tiny little girl, rushing forward and trying to reach up her small hand, "Whatever it is, I 'm in it, I 'm in it!"

From that day these five became awakened Christians.

Four of them, now grown up, have remained so to this day; but the fifth has fallen away from the faith and love of her early youth.—*Miss Howitt's "Frederika Bremer and her Swedish Sisters:" Eclectic Review.*

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THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

THE following affecting story was related in America not long since, with touching simplicity, by the bereaved mother herself, an emigrant from the old world. During the recital the expression of her fine intellectual face, her fast-flowing tears, attested a truth we all admit—that warm hearts and tender sympathies may exist where the refinements of polished life are wanting.

"The steerage of our ship was crowded with passengers of all ages, and before we had been long at sea a malignant disease broke out among the children on board. One after another sickened and died, and each was in its turn wrapped in its narrow shroud and committed to the deep, with no requiem but the bursting sigh of a fond mother, and no obsequies but the tears of fathers and brothers and pitying spectators. As they suddenly plunged into the sea, and the blue waves closed over them, I clasped my own babe more strongly to my bosom, and prayed that heaven might spare my only child. But this was not to be. It sickened, and day by day I saw that its life was ebbing and the work of death begun. On Friday night it died, and to avoid the necessity of seeing what was once so beautiful, and still so dear, given to gorge the monsters of the deep, I concealed its death from all around me. To lull suspicion, I gave evasive answers to those who inquired after it, and folded it in my arms, and sang to it, as if my babe was only sleeping for an hour, when the cold long sleep of death was on it. A weary day and night had passed away, and the sabbath came. Like others, I wore my neatest dress, and put on a smiling face: but no! it was a heavy task, for I felt my heart breaking. On Monday the death of the child could no longer be concealed; but, from regard to my feelings, the captain had it enclosed in a rude coffin, and promised to keep it two days for burial, if in that time we should make

land. The coffin was placed in the boat which floated at the ship's stern, and through the long hours of night I watched it—a dark speck on the waves, which might shut it from my sight for ever. It was then I thought of my dear cottage home, and my native land, and the kind friends I had left behind me, and longed to mingle my tears with theirs. By night I watched the coffin of my babe, and by day looked for the land—raising my heart in prayer to Him who holds the winds in His hand, that they might waft us swiftly onward. On the third morning, just as the sun had risen, the fog lifted, and showed us the green shores of New Brunswick. The ship was laid to; and then the captain, with a few men, left, taking the coffin with them. I was not permitted to go, but from the deck of the vessel I could see them as they dug the grave under thick shades of the forest trees, on the edge of a sweet glade which sloped down to the water; and in my heart I blessed them, and prayed that God would reward their kindness to the living and the dead. When they returned on board, the captain came to me and said, 'My good woman, the place where your son is buried is Greenville, on the coast of New Brunswick. I will write it on a piece of paper, that you may know where his remains lie.' I thanked him for his care, but told him that the record was already written on my heart, and would remain there till my blessed boy and I should meet in a brighter and happier world."—*The Mother's Magazine.*

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LADY HOWARD.

It struck me that I could make Lady Howard into a character. All I knew of her then was that she bore the reputation of having been hard-hearted in her lifetime; that for some crime she had committed, nobody knew what, she was said to be doomed to run in the shape of a hound from the *gateway of Fitz-ford* to Oakhampton Park, between the hours of midnight and cockcrowing, and to return with a single blade of grass in her mouth whence she started; and this she was to do till every blade was picked, when the world would be at an end. Dr. Jago, the clergyman of Milton Abbot, however told me that occasionally she was said to

ride in a *coach of bones* up the west street towards the moor; and an old man of this place told a friend of mine the same story, only adding that "*he had seen her in it scores of times.*" A lady also who was once resident here, and whom I met in company, assured me that, happening many years before to pass the old gateway at Fitz-ford, as the church clock struck *twelve*, in returning from a party, she had herself *seen the hound start!* Now I verily believe the lady told truth; for my husband's father many years ago rented Fitz-ford. It was the residence of his hind or bailiff, and there the late Mr. Bray used to keep a pack of hounds. It is therefore nothing improbable that one of them might have slipped the kennel, and ran out as the church clock struck twelve, and so personated in the eyes of imagination the terrific spectre of the old tale. My husband can remember that when a boy it was a common saying with the gentry at a party, "Come, it is growing late; let us be gone, or we shall meet Lady Howard as she starts from Fitz-ford."—*Mrs. Bray's "Tamar and Tavy,"* vol. ii.

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AN UNNATURAL MOTHER.—LADY HOWARD.

The particulars of a story I have now to relate about her, from the careful way in which they have been most minutely handed down from generation to generation, in some of the most respectable families in the neighbourhood, and from the bad fame and ill character of Lady Howard I should be much tempted to consider are, if not wholly true, at least grounded on fact. I have been in the room, indeed once slept in it, though I saw no ghost, where the catastrophe of this story is said to have occurred, at Walreddon House. Lady Howard had an only daughter, I do not know by which marriage, whose history was involved in considerable mystery. She is said to have taken some strange dislike to the child from the very hour of its birth, so that she could not endure the infant in her sight. A lady of some station, who was a visitant at Walreddon and Fitz-ford (for Lady Howard resided occasionally at each dwelling), observing the cruel treatment the child received from her unnatural mother, felt so much compassion for her (as she really feared for the

little girl's life if she continued where she was), that she caused her to be secretly conveyed from Walreddon to a distant part of the country, where with every care, but in as private a manner as possible, she brought her up as if she had been her own child. Lady Howard felt not at all displeased at the idea of her daughter having been stolen; and if she had committed no other crime than the cruelty with which she treated her she deserved her nightly ride in the coach of bones for that offence alone. If the lady who had carried off the infant spread a false report of her death or not, tradition has not informed us; but it positively affirms that years rolled on, and no intelligence being received concerning her, Lady Howard believed that the wish she had often been heard to express was accomplished, and that her daughter was really dead. In the interval the child grew up a beautiful young woman, and so opposite to her hard-hearted mother in disposition that she was universally beloved for her kind and affectionate manners. The friend who had stolen her began now to reflect what a fine young woman she had grown, what an ornament she would be to her family, and, as there was no other child, what a pity it would be if Lady Howard died without knowing she had such a promising daughter alive, or without being reconciled to her, as it was not to be supposed she would obstinately shut her eyes to the young lady's merits, and refuse to give up a prejudice so unreasonable as that she had conceived against her whilst yet a child. Nevertheless, she knew enough of Lady Howard's character to feel she must be warily dealt with in the matter; and after long deliberation she fancied the most likely way to succeed would be to contrive to introduce the mother to the daughter in a manner that would afford her an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with her merits, without the danger of a favourable impression being prevented by any preconceived prejudices. She took the opportunity therefore of introducing the young lady to her mother as the orphan of a particular friend; and so much was Lady Howard delighted with her that she became fond of her, and expressed a wish for her society. The friend who had brought about the meeting felt so rejoiced at the happy prospect it had opened for her adopted child,

that she judged it best to let the truth be known; and on Lady Howard passing some high encomium on the girl, she told her "that it was her long lost daughter of whom she had spoken in such warm terms, and that she merited all her affection." The words were scarcely spoken, when a look of horror overspread the countenance of the undeceived mother; her passions rose to a degree of frenzy, and with many dreadful threats and considerable violence she turned her own child, who implored her to show her but the slightest mark of parental feeling, from her doors. Time again rolled on, and Lady Howard being advanced in life, her daughter was persuaded to make another attempt to soften her obdurate heart ere she died. Lady Howard was at this time living in her house of Walreddon, and thither went her daughter. At the moment of the meeting her mother was descending an upper flight of large old oak stairs, that led to the state apartment on the second floor; the daughter was ascending the hall stairs from below, which led in the same direction. Seeing her mother thus suddenly appear, she threw herself on her knees on the landing place, and caught hold of her dress, scarcely knowing what she did in such moments of agitation. Lady Howard rushed towards the state room, her daughter still holding her clothes with a firm grasp, and passionately imploring her to look on her with pity. At this instant they were under where the folding doors stood partly open. Lady Howard seized them, and with a force so sudden pushed them on her child that her arm was broken between the leaves of the door. The unnatural mother turned her from the house, and never saw her more. What became of the poor girl is not known, tradition is silent respecting her fate; but it should seem as if Lady Howard had felt some touch of remorse on her account before she died; for after bequeathing Walreddon and Fitz-ford to the Courtenay family, there was a certain portion of her property reserved with a clause that she gave it to any person who could prove herself to be the daughter of Mary, sole heiress of the late Sir John Fitz, and widow of Sir Richard Grenville. The legacy so strangely bequeathed was never claimed.—*Mrs. Bray's "Tamar and Tavy,"* vol. iii.

JUDGE GLANVILLE AND HIS DAUGHTER.

The judge's daughter was attached to George Stanwich, a young man of Tavistock, lieutenant of a man-of-war, whose letters, the father disapproving of the attachment, were intercepted. An old miser of Plymouth, of the name of Page, wishing to have an heir to disappoint his relations, who perhaps were too confident in calculating upon sharing his wealth, availed himself of this apparent neglect of the young sailor, and settling on her a good jointure obtained her hand. She took with her a maid-servant from Tavistock; but her husband was so penurious that he dismissed all the other servants, and caused his wife and her maid to do all the work themselves. On an interview subsequently taking place between her and Stanwich, she accused him of neglecting to write to her, and then discovered that his letters had been intercepted. The maid advised them to get rid of the old gentleman, and Stanwich at length, with great reluctance, consented to their putting an end to him. Page lived in what is now called the mayoralty house, at Plymouth, and a woman who lived opposite hearing at night some sand thrown against a window, thinking it was her own arose, and looking out saw a young gentleman near Page's window, and heard him say, "For God's sake stay your hand!" A female replied, "'Tis too late, the deed is done." On the following morning it was given out that Page had died suddenly in the night, and as soon as possible he was buried. On the testimony however of his neighbour, the body was taken up again, and it appearing that he had been strangled, his wife, Stanwich, and the maid were tried and executed. It is current among the common people here that *Judge Glanville, her own father, pronounced her sentence.—Mrs. Bray's "Tamar and Tavy,"* vol. ii.

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LADY MARGARET BARNARD.—A NOBLE WIFE.

Bred a hosier at Aberdeen, Alexander Fordyce found the north too confined for any extensive operations; and repairing to London, as the only place worthy his genius, obtained employment as clerk to a city banking house. He displayed great facility for figures, with great attention to business,

and rose to the post of junior partner in the firm of Roffey, Neale and James. Scarcely was he thus established, ere he began to speculate in the alley, and generally with marked good fortune.

"The devil tempts young sinners with success;"

and Mr. Fordyce, thinking his luck would be perpetual, ventured for sums which involved his own character and his partners' fortune. The game was with him; the funds were constantly on the rise; and, fortunate as daring, he was enabled to purchase a large estate, to support a grand appearance, to surpass nabobs in extravagance and *parvenus* in folly. He marked "the marble with his name" upon a church which he ostentatiously built. The Aberdeen hosier spent thousands in attempting to become a senator, and openly avowed his hope of dying a peer. He married a lady of title, purchased estates in Scotland at a fancy value, built a hospital, and founded charities in the place of which he hoped to become the representative. But a change came over his fortunes. Some political events first shook him; a sensible blow was given to his career by the affair of Falkland island; and he had recourse to his partners' private funds to supply his deficiencies. Like many who are tempted to appropriate the property of others, he trusted to replace it by some lucky stroke of good fortune, and redoubled his speculations on the stock exchange. But we refer to Fordyce for the sake of doing honour to his wife, Lady Margaret Fordyce, *nèe* Barnard, sister of that Lady Anne Barnard whose name is familiar to the literary reader as the writer of "Auld Robin Gray." A most charming description of this lady is to be found in the second volume of the "Lives of the Lindsays." Sheridan wrote of Lady Fordyce in the most enthusiastic terms:—"Always sweet, always entertaining, always instructive," said her sister, Lady Anne. "Her eloquence was remarkable, her singing frequently left the whole room in tears." "I may complete," says the author of the above work, "the portrait of a most pure and noble mind, by inserting a letter written by her at nineteen years of age to her husband, Alexander Fordyce, of Roehampton, on hearing he had ruined himself and her,

and made shipwreck of his character as well as his fortune, though this she could not believe." The letter is worthy to be classed with anything in the English language. It was written shortly after this most unhappy failure, and sadly instances the social unhappiness which follows speculation. "For the sake of heaven, your own and my repose, my dear husband, let not the unhappy affair affect your mind too much. I have heard all, even the worst, from our ever valued friend, Mr. Atkinson; and I have borne it with a fortitude which nothing but a thorough conviction of our sole dependence on Him who gives and Him who takes away could give me. Do you think in the same way, and by calming your troubled mind ease me of the greatest part of the misfortune, the idea of your unhappiness. I hope you know me well enough, my dear Fordyce, to be convinced that I can live with as much content on a small fortune as a large. I think I could even look poverty in the face without shrinking, if it was necessary, which, thank heaven, it is not; and who knows but that when the unfortunate affair is in some measure passed, we may live in a more happy manner than we have yet experienced, trusting more to each other, and to our own minds, for that content which if not found there will fly us in every situation? Perhaps we may not be able to live in this country; well then, my dear husband, we will go to another. We cannot go where all-protecting Providence will not comfort and sustain us, if we submit with resignation to His will. The dread tongue of malice, and the triumph of those who are not our friends, is I know hard to bear; but while you know I am convinced of the rectitude of your intentions, in those plans which have turned out so unfortunately, the lenient hand of time, and may I add, the soothing attention of a wife, will get the better of all those misfortunes, and we shall yet be happy. Oh! my Fordyce, had I known your mind had so great a calamity to struggle with, how should I have tried to have soothed, and instead of being hurt or offended at any little starts of temper, would rather have wondered how they could be so few. I have sometimes told you I was a philosopher, and if it were necessary could be an economist. I come now to the test, and am too proud to be caught shrink-

ing back, like a coward, when I have affirmed I could face the enemy. I would fain make you smile by painting to you the otherwise timorous Margaret, armed at all points, fighting against the foe misfortune, and getting the better of him by the sole armour of contentment and the hope of better days. I know him to be a coward and a bully; appear afraid of him, and he overwhelms you; face him, and he flies. Yet we have all a vulnerable part; mine is the thought of your unhappiness. Let me find you composed and comfortable. Let me, if possible, see you, that I may pour the balm of consolation into your wounded mind, and I shall then hope that the time may not be at a great distance when I may sign myself your happy, as well as affectionate M. F."

Two years afterwards she wrote to her sister, and it should be a lesson to all speculators, ere they risk family as well as self:—"I went on Sunday—oh! Anne, where?—to Roehampton, to choose from amongst what was my own what I wished to purchase! Yes, Anne, I came away satisfied with my own philosophy. I repeated to myself with Solon or Socrates, no matter which, 'How many things are here which I can do without!' adding what alone made it a boast, 'though once possessed of them.' I prayed for a little rain to sadden the glories of the prospect to a more suitable gloominess; they were not heard; the day was delightful; the place in perfect order and beauty; all the walls and shrubberies which we had made are now in the greatest perfection; not one tree we planted that has not grown with the most uncommon luxuriance."—*Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange.*

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A GAMESTER'S WIFE.

At Tunbridge, in the year 1715, Mr. J. Hedges made a very brilliant appearance; he had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for

play; but he was unacquainted with his own heart, and he began by degrees to bet at the table for trifling sums, and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain; he was soon surrounded by sharpers, who with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions. His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but, at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with his brother, who at that time was possessed of a small fellowship at Cambridge. It was easily seen that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind seemed to be there fixed unalterably: it was determined therefore to let him pursue fortune, but previously take measures to prevent the pursuit being fatal. Accordingly, every night this gentleman was a constant attender at the hazard tables; he understood neither the arts of sharpers, nor even the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet still he played. The consequence is obvious; he lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony upon this occasion was inexpressible; he was even mean enough to ask a gentleman who sat near to lend him a few pieces in order to turn his fortune; but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there was no expectations of being repaid, refused to lend a farthing, alleging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of ill success, and pulling out his watch asked if any person in company would set him sixty guineas upon it; the company were silent: he then demanded fifty; still no answer: he sunk to forty, thirty, twenty; finding the company still without answering, he cried out, "By —— it shall never go for less," and dashed it against the floor; at the same time attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimney-piece. The last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company; they instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool he was permitted to return home, with sullen discontent, to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction, while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity;

his disposition being quite altered with his misfortune. "But, my dear Jemmy," said his wife, "perhaps you don't know the news I have to tell; my mamma's old uncle is dead, the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you." This account seemed only to increase his agony, and looking angrily at her he cried, "There you lie, my dear; his estate is not settled upon me." "I beg your pardon," said she, "I really thought it was, at least you have always told me so." "No," returned he, "as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard table." "What, all?" replied the lady. "Yes, every farthing," returned he, "and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have got to pay." Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had a little enjoyed his perplexity, "No, my dear," cried she, "you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing: our brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune; we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me. Your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were unjustly taken. I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and to keep you, my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future." Her prudence had the proper effect. He ever after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played for the smallest sums, even for amusement. —*Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

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THE WIFE OF LAVATER.

My wife asked me, during dinner, what sentiment I had chosen for the present day. I answered, "Henceforth, my dear, we will pray and read together in the morning, and choose a common sentiment for the day. The sentiment I have chosen for this day is: 'Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.'" "Pray how is this to be understood?" said she. I replied,

"Literally." "That is very strange indeed," answered she. I said, with some warmth, "We at least must take it so, my dear; as we would do if we heard Jesus Christ Himself pronounce the words; 'Give to him that asketh of thee,' says He whose property all my possessions are; I am the steward and not the proprietor of my fortune." My wife merely replied that she would take it into consideration. I was just risen from dinner, when a widow desired to speak with me; I ordered her to be shown into my study. "My dear sir, I entreat you to excuse me," said she; "I must pay my house rent, and I am six dollars too short. I have been ill for a whole month, and could hardly keep my poor children from starving. I must have the six dollars to-day or to-morrow. Pray hear me, dear sir." Here she took a small parcel out of her pocket, untied it, and said, "There is a book encased with silver; my husband gave it to me when I was betrothed. It is all I can spare; yet it will not be sufficient. I part with it with reluctance, for I know not how I shall redeem it. My dear sir, can you assist me?" I answered, "Good woman, I cannot assist you;" so saying, I put my hand accidentally, or from habit, into my pocket; I had about two dollars and a half. "That will not be sufficient," said I to myself; "she must have the whole sum, and if it would do I want it myself." I asked if she had no patron, or friend, who would assist her. She answered, "No, not a living soul; and I will rather work whole nights than go from house to house. I have been told you were a kind gentleman. If you cannot help me I hope you will excuse me for giving you so much trouble; I will try how I can extricate myself. God has never yet forsaken me; and I hope He will not begin to turn away from me in my seventy-sixth year." My wife entered the room. O thou traitorous heart! I was angry and ashamed. I should have been glad if I could have sent her away under some pretext or other; because my conscience whispered to me, "Give to him that asketh of thee, and do not turn away from him who would borrow of thee." My wife too whispered irresistibly in my ear, "She is an honest pious woman, and has certainly been ill; do assist her if you can." Shame, joy, avarice, and the desire of assisting her, struggled together in my

heart. I whispered, "I have but two dollars by me, and she wants six. I will give her something, and send her away." My wife pressing my hand, with an affectionate smile, repeated aloud what my conscience had been whispering, "Give to him who asketh thee, and do not turn away from him who would borrow of thee." I asked her archly whether she would give me her ring to enable me to do it. "With great pleasure," she replied, pulling off her ring. The good old woman was too simple to observe, or too modest to take advantage of, the action. When she was going my wife asked her to wait a little in the passage. "Were you in earnest, my dear, when you offered your ring?" said I. "Indeed I was," she replied; "do you think I would sport with charity? I remember what you said to me a quarter of an hour ago; I entreat you not to make an ostentation of the gospel. You have always been so benevolent. Why are you now so backward to assist this poor woman? Did you not know there are six dollars in your bureau, and it will be quarter-day very soon?" I pressed her to my heart, saying, "You are more righteous than I. Keep your ring. I thank you." I went to the bureau, and took the six dollars. I was seized with horror because I had said, "I cannot assist you." The good woman thought at first it was only a small contribution. When she saw that it was more, she kissed my hand, and could not at first utter a word. "How shall I thank you!" she exclaimed: "did you understand me? I have nothing but this book; and it is old." "Keep the book and the money," said I hastily; "and thank God, not me. I do not deserve your thanks, because I so long hesitated to help you." I shut the door after her, and was so much ashamed that I could hardly look at my wife. "My dear," said she, "make yourself easy; you have yielded to my wishes. While I wear a golden ring (and you know I have several) you need not tell a fellow-creature in distress that you cannot assist him." I folded her to my heart and wept.—*Mrs. Child's Biographies of Good Women.*

THE DEVOTED WIFE OF DR. CHARLES TOWNLEY.

Mrs. Townley wore herself out in works of faith and labours of love, never for one moment considering her own ease and comfort, but often leaving a sick bed to minister to others. Some idea of the work which she performed, and of the dangers to which she was exposed, may be taken from the following account of one of her errands of mercy, written by a faithful servant, who frequently accompanied her in her visits to the needy. We prefer inserting the precise words of the narrative the good woman writes:—"Imagine the mistress and the maid, after domestic duties were arranged, daily setting out in quest of immortal spirits, and sometimes meeting with very perverse ones. I remember one morning a young woman having come to our hall door, and inquiring could she see the mistress? I replied, 'The mistress can't be seen, but send in your message.' She said, 'My mother sent me, who is lying in her bed, to tell that she will give any *grip* of her soul that can be *given*, if your mistress will give her the price of a drink and something to wear.' 'You mean by grip,' said I, 'that she'll *turn?*' 'Oh, yes,' said the woman, 'that she'll give a cheap bargain of her soul, and it is very good, and now especially that she is so ill.' 'What ails her?' I replied. She said, 'Fever.' Having mentioned all particulars to my honoured mistress, she asked if I would accompany her, with some nourishment, to see the invalid. Of course I consented; I then returned to the door, desiring the young woman to remain, in order to pilot us to her mother's house, which was an old garret, in one of the back lanes, in the Irish town. We proceeded onward, along Patrick Street, till we got into the Irish town. I was laden with a small basket, which contained arrowroot, a pot of jam, and port wine to strengthen the invalid. Having entered the room, where she was lying on some straw, we observed an old man sitting on a stool; he *appeared* to be a living creature, but that was all, *until by-and-by*. There was also another girl beside the one who brought us. 'Mother,' said she, 'here is Mrs. Townley I brought to see you.' 'Give her something to sit on,' said the invalid.

'Father,' said the girl, 'give Mrs. Townley that stool you sit on.' There was not any utterance, but a silent refusal. 'Oh then,' said the girl, 'what makes you so *impudent?*' She ran out of the room and brought in an old chair in which my honoured mistress sat, and then inquired of the invalid 'What is your hope of heaven?' The poor woman commenced a very long story, at the end of which she said, 'A daughter of mine died last year, and I hope she 'll help the intercession, together with God's blessed mother.' 'Then you don't understand that God can do all things without the aid of any person,' said my mistress. 'Oh, no; He never intended *that*,' was the reply. After some time had elapsed, my mistress, after speaking of the things which concern the Lord Jesus with all confidence, took the basket from me, giving the contents to the invalid, and inquiring of her what she would like best. On her wishing for some mutton to make broth, my mistress said she would send her some, and some soap to wash her clothes. Immediately there appeared an uncultivated looking young man, to whom the old man in the corner, who had sat silently all the time, said, '*Hoive* away with them women at once;' and we were then accosted with the following words:—'Ye she *debils*, the offspring of Martin Luther, that no horse would carry while he lived, nor after he was dead, that was born with a double pair of heels upon him; go out of the house.' 'Oh! oh! mother, you are selling your sowl, your poor sowl,' shouted the girl. After which I said, 'Ma'am, come away: that's a bold man.' My mistress then walked first, and I after; immediately there was the strength of arms put to our backs, that caused us to lose our footing, and we were hurled downstairs, no more respect being shown to the lady than to the maid. After some time we recovered ourselves, though greatly hurt, the stairs being broken. The girl who had piloted us appeared, and inquired if we were hurt. Having tried quietly to make our escape, we limped down another old flight, and as I opened the door I saw a mob collected. We passed through them without saying a word; but here there was a real attack made on us. The bonnet and cloak were torn off my mistress. A boy came, advanced boldly, and threw some of the street dirt on my mistress's cloak, and then laying hold

of the cape he tore it as he would brown paper. I shouted, for I became excited, fearing the loss of our lives, 'What harm are we doing ye?' Then I got a hit on the crown of my bonnet, another, and another, that I shall never forget; and very soon I had not a particle of bonnet or cap left. Being at this time unconverted, I was desirous in some way to have revenge, as I felt my limbs bruised, and I remember I spat at them. I lost sight of my mistress for some time, the mob being so dense; nor could we get through it on either side, we were so hemmed in. Indeed it is not a difficult matter for Satan to raise a mob in the Irish towns of Limerick and Athlone. After some hours, finding myself extricated, I went to look for my mistress, and not finding her, tried to hurry home. On my way I met her endeavouring to make her way home, but hardly able. I remember I said to her, 'Oh, ma'am, you must be greatly hurt.' She said, 'I do feel my legs and ankles badly injured, but yet it is in the work of my Redeemer; go and bring Sally (a faithful servant who had lived many years in the family), to help me home, but do not tell the doctor anything that has occurred.' She had a shawl over her head, and a part of her cloak that had been left on her. In conformity to her directions I hurried home as well as I could, and met Sally, who turned back with me. As we proceeded we met Mrs. Townley and brought her home. She was obliged to lie down, and the beloved doctor was made acquainted with the matter. He was advised to seek the law for protection. 'No,' replied he, 'we must follow peace with *all* men, they were ignorant of what they were doing.' My mistress called me about a month after the above incident had taken place, and said, 'I want you to go and see that poor woman we suffered so much about.' I paused, and feeling reluctant said, 'Ma'am, it will soon rain, for the clouds are full; let me wait till some other time.' At once she said, 'Tell me, are you reluctant? Clouds, empty or full, shall never prevent us from discharging our duty; we *must* try to be of service to our fellow-men.' In the course of the day I set out to go to the house where we had endured such hardships, taking with me a shilling for the invalid. Having come to the lane, and to the door, I halted, for I was afraid I would

lose my life if I went upstairs. After some time I went up and saw the poor woman sitting on the boards, with an old rug round her shoulders. The old man was lying on the straw, with his features ghastly and drawn, and death evidently near at hand. After some time, he faintly looked at me and said to his wife, 'Is this Mrs. Townley?' The reply was 'No; but it is her servant; and, Michael, you had no right to get her so badly treated when she came here to ask us what we wanted, and to serve us.' 'Well,' said he, 'I am now very weak, and I ask her pardon.' 'Do you think,' asked the wife, 'she would show him any kindness after the way he treated her?' 'I shall mention to her all about him,' replied I, 'and at the same time I shall buy you a little mutton with this shilling I have got to lay out for you.' From this time Mr. Pembroke, a Christian man, a Scripture reader, was sent to read the glad tidings of peace to the poor man until he died, which was shortly after. He used to give a favourable account of the poor man, who listened to him attentively, and tried to repeat verses after him. The poor woman, after she recovered, used to attend the Bible-class at the chapel every Monday morning, and the girl who had piloted us on our first visit was sent on trial to a Christian lady."—*Samuel Martin's Memorials of Dr. Townley.*

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THE WIFE OF OLDEN BARNEVELDT.

Of the wife of Barneveldt only one anecdote is preserved to us; but that one indicates a character worthy of the name she bore. Some time after Barneveldt's death, his two sons were executed for a conspiracy against Prince Maurice. Their mother threw herself at the feet of Maurice, to petition for their pardon. "How is it," asked the unfeeling enemy, "that you will beg that mercy for your sons which you refused to solicit for your husband?" "Because," replied the widow, "my husband was innocent, and my sons are guilty."—"*Barneveldt and De Witt:*" *Edinburgh Review.*

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH ON HIS WIFE.

Allow me in justice to her memory to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend;—a prudent monitress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life she preserved order in my affairs, from the care by which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth, and the partner of my misfortunes) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days.—*Life of Sir James Mackintosh.*

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A WIDOW.

I have heard Mary Colling, who is a most intelligent and exact registrar of all the old tales, traditions, and characters of any note in her native town, tell a very interesting story concerning a poor woman, formerly of this place, the particulars of which Mary received from a near relative of the person concerned in the tale; and these I deem not unworthy mentioning to you. Many years ago this poor woman, whose name Mary had never heard, or had forgotten, was left a widow with an only son. She was very fond of the boy, and as far as her slender means would go brought him up with more care than persons in her station were generally able to bestow on their children. Whilst he was yet a little fellow, an officer in the navy took a fancy to him on account of his hopeful and affectionate disposition, and persuaded

the widow that it would be better to let the lad go to sea than to stay at home and be brought up a labourer or a mechanic. Reluctant to part with her only treasure, yet not wishing to thwart a proposal which she was led to believe would be greatly to his advantage, she let him go, and looked forward with longing hopes to hear good news of her boy. None however came. Year after year rolled on, and still she heard nothing. She made many efforts to gain intelligence, but, not succeeding, at length concluded he was dead. Finding the home where she had parted from her son, and where she had hoped to see him again alive and well, become melancholy, she left the place; and after wandering for some time with a basket on her arm, selling fruit and trifles by which she obtained a livelihood, increasing years made her determine to take up a more fixed way of life again, and she removed to Plymouth. There she now sold fruit in the market as a regular dealer. Having something in her appearance that was venerable, being very neat in her dress, civil in speech, and just in her dealings, the old market-woman became a favourite, and never wanted customers. Many vessels put into Plymouth harbour, so that strangers were often frequenters of the market. Amongst these was a young man dressed in a sailor's jacket, who was a constant customer to the poor fruit-woman. For several days he renewed his visits to her basket, and at last, fixing his eyes upon her with great earnestness, he said, as the tears started into them, "I like to buy of you, good woman, because I had once a poor old mother, who, as I well remember, was much like you; but she is dead and gone." The woman looked up full in his face, the fruit she was about to sell fell from her hands as she exclaimed, "Good God! and if I had a son as old as you alive he would be your fellow, for you are like what his father was at your age. My boy had a mark on his forehead that came from a hurt he got by a fall that he had when a child." "Was it like this?" said the sailor, as he took off his hat and pushed aside his curling hair. The woman could give no answer, so much was she overpowered by her feelings on finding the dead alive in her own long lost son. She dropped down on the spot, was carried from it with the greatest anxiety by her child and

the neighbours, and on her senses being restored poured forth a blessing on her son, thanking God she had lived to see him once more, and now declared she had not a wish left but to die when so happy, and be in heaven. Her prayer, fervently offered, was no doubt mercifully accepted: in a few days the young man, deeply sorrowing, and attended by some of the ship's crew, who showed a generous sympathy in his filial grief, followed the remains of his affectionate mother to the churchyard in Plymouth, where they rest in peace. By what train of circumstances the youth had fancied her to be no more, so that she had received no news from him for so many years, I do not know, nor could I learn; but the story is not undeserving record.—*Mrs. Bray's "Tamar and Tavy,"* vol. ii.

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MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY.

"Such a woman," says Dr. Adam Clarke, "take her for all in all, I have not heard of, nor with her equal have I been acquainted. Such a one Solomon has described in the last chapter of his Proverbs; and to her I can apply the summed up character of his accomplished housewife; many daughters have done virtuously, but Susannah Wesley has excelled them all." In his comment on Solomon's sketch of the Jewish matron he again refers to the lady of Epworth rectory as the best exemplification he knew of the Scripture portrait. An exact balance of faculties was the chief characteristic of her intellect. With this she combined a profound piety. Her early interest in the Nonconformist controversy shows that, from her childhood, religion, even in some of its intricate questions, had engaged her thoughts. Her healthful common sense is manifest in all her allusions to the subject. Her womanly but practical mind never fell into mysticism; and when her sons were wavering under its influence at Oxford her letters continually recalled them to wholesome and scriptural sentiments. "I take Kempis," she writes to John, when he was poring over the pages of the "Imitation," "I take Kempis to have been an honest, weak man, who had more zeal than knowledge, by his condemning all mirth or pleasure as sinful or useless, in opposition to so many

direct and plain texts of Scripture." And again she wrote: "Let every one enjoy the present hour. Age and successive troubles are sufficient to convince any man that it is a much wiser and safer way to deprecate great afflictions than to pray for them, and that our Lord knew what was in man when He directed us to pray, 'Lead us not into temptation.' I think heretic Clarke in his expositions of the Lord's Prayer is more in the right than Castanira concerning temptations." With unusual sobriety on religious subjects she united a cheerful confidence in her own religious hopes. She consecrated an hour every morning and evening to entire seclusion for meditation and prayer; her reflections at these times were often recorded, and present the happiest blending of good sense and religious fervour. "If," she exclaims in one of her evening meditations, "if comparatively to despise and undervalue all the world contains, which is esteemed great, fair, or good; if earnestly and constantly to desire Thee—Thy favour, Thy acceptance, Thyself—rather than any or all things Thou hast created, be to love Thee—I do love Thee."—*Stevens' History of Methodism*, vol. i.

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PREJUDICE AGAINST FEMALE PREACHERS.

This seemed a strange idea for Methodists, some of whose brightest ornaments have been women preachers. As far back as Adam Clarke's time, his objections were met by the answer, "If an *ass* reproved Balaam, and a *barn-door fowl* reproved Peter, why shouldn't a *woman* reprove sin?" This classification with donkeys and fowls is certainly not very complimentary. The first comparison I heard wittily replied to by a coloured woman who had once been a slave. "Maybe a speaking woman *is* like an ass," said she; "but I can tell you one thing—the ass saw the angel, when Balaam didn't."—*Mrs. Child's Letters from New York.*

Anecdotes of Life and Character.

SELF CULTURE.—THE TWO GARDENERS.

A CERTAIN nobleman, very proud of the extent and beauty of his pleasure grounds, chancing one day to call on a small squire, whose garden might cover half an acre, was greatly struck with the brilliant colours of his neighbour's flowers. "Ay, my lord, the flowers are well enough," said the squire, "but permit me to show you my grapes."

Conducted into an old-fashioned little greenhouse, which served as a vinery, my lord gazed with mortification and envy on grapes twice as fine as his own. "My dear friend," said my lord, "you have a jewel of a gardener; let me see him!"

The gardener was called—the single gardener—a simple-looking young man under thirty. "Accept my compliments on your flower-beds and grapes," said my lord, "and tell me if you can why your flowers are so much brighter than mine, and your grapes so much finer. You must have studied horticulture profoundly."

"Please your lordship," said the man, "I have not had the advantage of much education; I bean't no scholar; but as to the flowers and the vines, the secret as to treating them just came to me, you see, by chance."

"By chance? explain."

"Well, my lord, three years ago master sent me to Lunnon on business of his'n, and it came on to rain, and I took shelter in a mews, you see."

"Yes; you took shelter in a mews, and what then?"

"And there were two gentlemen took shelter too; and they were talking to each other about charcoal."

"About charcoal? go on."

"And one said that it had done a deal o' good in many kinds of sickness, and specially in the first stage of cholera; and I took a note on my mind of that, because we 'd had

the cholera in our village the year afore; and I guessed the two gentlemen were doctors and knew what they were talking about."

"I dare say they did; but flowers and vines don't have the cholera, do they?"

"No, my lord; but they have complaints of their own; and one of the gentlemen went on to say that charcoal had a special good effect upon all vegetable life, and told a story of a vinedresser in Germany I think, who had made a very sickly, poor vineyard one of the best in all those parts, simply by charcoal dressings. So I naturally pricked up my ears at that, for our vines were in so bad a way that master thought of doing away with them altogether. 'Ay,' said the other gentleman, 'and see how a little sprinkling of charcoal will brighten up a flower bed.' The rain was now over, and the gentlemen left the mews; and I thought, 'Well, but before I try the charcoal upon my plants I 'd best make some inquiry of them as aren't doctors but gardeners: so I went to our nurseryman, who has a deal of book-learning, and I asked him if he 'd ever heard of charcoal dressing being good for vines, and he said he had read in a book that it was so, but had never tried it. He kindly lent me the book, which was translated from some forren one. And after I had picked out of it all I could I tried the charcoal in the way the book told me to try it; and that 's how the grapes and the flower-beds came to please you, my lord. It 's a lucky chance that ever I heard those gentlemen talking in the mews, please your lordship."

"Chance happens to all," answered the peer sententiously; "but to turn chance to account is the gift of few."

His lordship, returning home, gazed gloomily on the hues of his vast parterres; he visited his vineries, and scowled at the clusters; he summoned his head gardener—a gentleman of the highest repute for science, and who never spoke of a cowslip except by its name in Latin. To this learned personage my lord communicated what he had heard and seen of the benignant effects of charcoal, and produced in proof a magnificent bunch of grapes which he had brought from the squire's.

"My lord," said the gardener, scarcely glancing at the

grapes, "Squire ——'s gardener must be a poor ignorant creature to fancy he had discovered a secret in what is so very well known to every professed horticulturist. Professor Liebig, my lord, has treated of the good effect of charcoal dressing to vines especially; and it is to be explained on these chemical principles:" therewith the wise man entered into a profound dissertation, of which his lordship did not understand a word.

"Well then," said the peer, cutting short the harangue, "since you know so well that charcoal dressing is good for vines and flowers, have you ever tried it on mine?"

"I can't say I have, my lord; it did not chance to come into my head."

"Nay," replied the peer, "chance put it into your head, but thought never took it out of your head."

My lord, who, if he did not know much about horticulture, was a good judge of mankind, dismissed the man of learning; and, with many apologies for seeking to rob his neighbour of such a treasure, asked the squire to transfer to his service the man of genius. The squire, who thought that now the charcoal had been once discovered any new gardener could apply it as well as the old one, was too happy to oblige my lord and advance the fortunes of an honest fellow born in his village. His lordship knew very well that a man who makes good use of the ideas received through chance will make a still better use of the ideas received through study. He took some kind, but not altogether unselfish, pains with the training and education of the man of genius whom he had gained to his service. The man is now my lord's head forester and bailiff. The woods thrive under him, the farm pays largely. He and my lord are both the richer for the connection between them. He is not the less practically painstaking, though he no longer says "bean't;" and "his'n"; nor the less felicitously theoretical, though he no longer ascribes a successful experiment to chance.—*Lord Lytton's Caxtoniana.*

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HORACE VERNET AND THE JEW.

A WEALTHY Jewish banker was anxious to be put on canvas by Vernet. A picture of Vernet's, he reflected, was an

investment, as well as a joy for ever. It might some years hence fetch a very high price, and was therefore worth securing, even at a small sacrifice. Vernet however he knew was not a man to make two prices, and his only chance was cleverly to cajole him into naming a low figure the first time. Vernet at once saw the game of his wily customer; he looked him in the face, and with one glance took him in from head to foot, estimated the length of his pocket, and at the same time the measure of his meanness; he then said in a resolute tone, "M. le Baron, my price for a full length portrait of you would be ten thousand francs."

"Ten thousand francs! My dear Vernet, would you ruin me? I can't give that sum for a mere portrait."

Vernet shrugged his shoulders. "That is just as you please: there is no necessity to put yourself to the expense; and indeed it seems to me a very foolish way of spending your money: but that is not my affair. I wish you good morning."

M. le Baron stood bewildered; he wanted the portrait, but he could not make up his mind to part with so great a sum. He went home a sadder but perhaps not a wiser man. He resolved to shake off all thought of this extravagant indulgence; but it would come back upon him, have it he must, and in less than a week he was again in the painter's studio.

"Well, M. Vernet," he began, "have you thought over the matter we were talking about the other day?"

"No, upon my word I haven't indeed," said the painter, without suspending his occupation. "I have been very busy, and as it was a settled matter when you left there was no object in thinking of it again. We have had a pleasant change in the weather, M. le Baron, since I saw you," added he after a pause.

R—— could scarcely conceal his vexation, and felt more desirous than ever to possess the object of his longings. "Now, M. Vernet, I am still open to arrange for that picture, and I came to-day to offer you five thousand francs for it; but mind, not one centime more. When shall I give you the first sitting?"

"Oh, my dear sir, don't mention it again, pray! I had

the honour to name to you my conditions; you must be good enough to regard them as final. Good morning, M. R——," and he politely conducted his visitor to the door, palette in hand.

"Confound the fellow's impudence!" exclaimed the disappointed millionaire, finding himself alone on the landing. "Why, hang him, he's as obstinate as a mule! I shan't manage him after all!" and he went away puzzled and mortified. Another and another haggling interview took place, but always with the same niggardly policy on the part of the banker and the same cool indifference on that of the painter. A long interval of hesitation followed, when one day Baron R——, having screwed himself up to the required pitch, and resolved to have his portrait, even at the startling sum demanded, again presented himself in the painting room. "M. Vernet," he exclaimed, "you have gained your point; I give in: paint me at your own price!"

"Paint *you!*" exclaimed Vernet, with well feigned surprise. "What! again?"

"Again! what do you mean?"

"Why, I *have* painted your portrait ever so long ago. All the time you were sitting huckstering there I was taking your portrait, and as you are so poor I will make you the compliment of it; you are painted without any charge."

"Generous man!" exclaimed the modern Shylock, "I accept. Where is the magic canvas, that I may admire it?"

"You will find it in the *Prise de la Smala,* now at Versailles; it has just been removed from my studio into its place."

R—— hastened to Versailles; he rushed into the midst of the admiring crowd congregated before the latest production of the great painter; he searched the surface with palpitating heart: but imagine his dismay; in one corner of the grand picture he saw himself represented in the diabolical figure of a Jew running away with a casket! He hurried back to Paris, and after reproaching Vernet with the severity of his pleasantry begged him on any terms to paint it out.

"I consent," said Vernet; "but on this condition: I asked you ten thousand francs to paint your portrait, and

you could well afford to give it me; but you bargained with genius, though you expected and would have received its unlimited exertions. I now demand twenty thousand to efface it, and if you refuse it remains there as a reminiscence of this little joke."

Vernet was inexorable; the Jew could never bring himself to draw so large a cheque, even to undraw such a picture, and he went out of the world, leaving behind him the equivocal memento.—*Once a Week.*

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A PEASANT OF THE MONASTERY OF PORT ROYAL.

One of the carters of Port Royal, named Innocent Fai, used always to eat the bran bread made for the dogs, in order to give his own portion to the poor. Being possessed of a little piece of land, he sold it for four hundred livres, one hundred of which he gave to deliver a prisoner, and the remaining three hundred he gave out to poor families in weekly allowances. One piece of land he kept in corn, which, after his work was over, he used to thresh out himself; his friend the miller of Port Royal having ground it, and his sister baked it, he gave it to the poor, as well as his wages, which he laid out in clothes for them. Perceiving his charities were spoken of, he begged a friend to distribute them in his own name; but he refusing to give them as his own, he then begged the nuns of Port Royal to keep his wages and let them be distributed amongst the charities of the house. Whenever his work was done he used to go into the stable, and shutting the door spend his leisure in prayer, pretending, if any one came in and surprised him kneeling, to look for something, as though he had dropped it in the litter between the horses. He also used to be very diligent in reading Scripture; and the nuns having given him a room of his own, with a key, he used to shut himself up there and copy out passages of Scripture, that he might learn them by heart. These he repeated as he pursued his daily labours, and they formed the subject of his conversation with his fellow-servants and with the poor. He always went very thinly clad, and literally fulfilled the precept, "Let him that hath two coats impart to him that hath none." One winter he

passed without shoes and stockings, having spent all his money, and having stripped himself of them to give to a poor old woman whom he saw as he was working out of doors. A gentleman one day seeing him in this condition told him "he was a great fool," and asked him "where he had learnt to strip himself in this manner?" He replied, "In the Bible." "You are an ignorant, stupid fellow," returned the gentleman, "and misunderstand it. You are the first poor person for whom you should keep your little property, and not leave yourself to die like a dog on a dunghill in your old age, and to starve for want." "Sir," returned Innocent Fai with great animation, "it is not wealth that can supply our real wants, but Providence; and if we do not submit our desires to Him, we may, in the midst of wealth, not only suffer from real wants but be tormented by the multitude of factitious ones. Death will come, and when it does come the conscience would be more tormented by superfluity than the body by want." The M. Angelica of St. John, who traces the character of Innocent Fai in the "*Necrologe de Port Royal*," adds, "It is remarkable that Innocent Fai died just one fortnight after this conversation," having not one penny in his pocket, but assisted by the best advice of the six first physicians in France; nursed not by hirelings but by the recluses of Port Royal—men whose education was in courts, whose names on earth were among the princes of the land, and in heaven who were enrolled amongst the saints. His funeral was attended with honour by a large community, whose numbers and whose names were equally calculated to bestow religious or worldly respect on his remains. It is equally remarkable that the gentleman who gave him advice lived a long and worldly life; he died in a noble mansion-house, situated in his own magnificent grounds, in a splendid room, on a bed of down. But his family had flown from the scene of sickness. The tardy footsteps of the often called, and often vainly expected, hireling alone broke the drear solitude of his empty palace, and the physician pronounced his doom to the indifferent ears of strangers. Then he found that the hand of unattached servitude, which alone relieves the wants of the ungodly rich, is colder than that with which casual

charity relieves the poor. But whether he died the death of the just his nearest relatives did not leave their scenes of dissipation to inquire.—*Schimmelpenninck's Tour to Alêt,* vol. ii.

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THE NEARNESS OF THE NOUS.

That wise little man, Dr. Henry Marshall, little in body but not little in mind, in brain, and in worth, used to give an instance of this. A young, well educated surgeon, attached to a regiment quartered at Musselburgh, went out professionally with two officers who were in search of "satisfaction." One fell shot in the thigh, and in half an hour after he was found dead, the surgeon kneeling pale and grim over him, with his two thumbs sunk in his thigh *below* the wound, the grass steeped in blood. If he had put them two inches higher, or extemporized a tourniquet with his sash and the pistol's ramrod and a stone, he might have saved his friend's life and his own—for he shot himself that night.—*Dr. Brown's Horæ Subsecivæ.*

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NEARNESS OF THE NOUS.

One more instance of nearness of the Nous. A lady was in front of her lawn with her children, when a mad dog made his appearance, pursued by the peasants. What did she do? What would you have done? Shut your eyes and think. She went straight to the dog, received its head in her thick stuff gown, between her knees, and muffling it up held it with all her might till the men came up. No one was hurt. Of course, she fainted after it was all right. —*Horæ Subsecivæ.*

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PRESENCE OF MIND.

I once saw a great surgeon, after settling a particular procedure as to a life and death operation, as a general settles his order of battle. He began his work, and at the second cut altered the entire conduct of the operation. No one not in the secret could have told this: not a moment's pause, not a quiver of the face, not a look of doubt. This is the same master power in man, which makes the difference between Sir John Moore and Sir John Cope.

Mrs. Major Robertson, a woman of slight make, great beauty, and remarkable energy, courage, and sense (she told me the story herself), on going up to her bedroom at night—there being no one in the house but a servant girl, in the ground floor—saw a portion of a man's foot projecting from under the bed. She gave no cry of alarm, but shut the door as usual, set down her candle, and began as if to undress, when she said aloud to herself, with an impatient tone and gesture, "I've forgotten that key again, I declare;" and leaving the candle burning and the door open, she went downstairs, got the watchman, and secured the proprietor of the foot, which had not moved an inch. How many women or men could have done, or rather been all this!—*Horæ Subsecivæ.*

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THE FUCHSIA.

Mr. Shepherd, the well informed conservator of the Botanical Gardens at Liverpool, has given the following curious account of the introduction of that elegant little flowering shrub, the fuchsia, into our English greenhouses and parlour windows. Old Mr. Lee, a nurseryman and gardener near London, well known fifty or sixty years ago, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a friend, who suddenly turned to him and declared—

"Well, you have not in your collection a prettier flower than I saw this morning at Wapping."

"No! and pray what was this phœnix like?"

"Why, the plant was elegant, and the flowers hung in rows like tassels from the pendent branches, their colour the richest crimson; in a centre a fold of deep purple," and so forth.

Particular directions being demanded and given, Mr. Lee posted off to the place, where he saw, and at once perceived that the plant was new in this part of the world. He saw and admired. Entering the house, "My good woman, this is a nice plant, I should like to buy it."

"Ah, sir, I could not sell it for no money, for it was brought me from the West Indies by my husband, who has now left again, and I must keep it for his sake."

"But I must have it."

"No, sir!"

"Here" (emptying his pockets), "here is gold, silver, copper" (his stock was something more than eight guineas).

"Well-a-day, but this is a power of money, sure and sure."

"'Tis yours, and the plant is mine; and, my good dame, you shall have one of the first young ones I rear, to keep for your husband's sake."

"Alack, alack!"

"You shall, indeed."

A coach was called, in which was safely deposited our florist and his seemingly dear purchase. His first work was to pull off and utterly destroy every vestige of blossom and blossom-bud; it was divided into cuttings, which were forced into bark beds and hot-beds, were redivided and subdivided. Every effort was used to multiply the plant. By the commencement of the next flowering season Mr. Lee was the delighted possessor of 300 fuchsia plants, all giving promise of blossom. The two which opened first were removed into his show-house. A lady came—"Why, Mr. Lee, my dear Mr. Lee, were did you get this charming flower?"

"Hem! 'tis a new thing, my lady—pretty, is it not?"

"Pretty! 'tis lovely. Its price?"

"A guinea; thank your ladyship;" and one of the two plants stood proudly in her ladyship's boudoir.

"My dear Charlotte! where did you get that elegant flower?"

"Oh, 'tis a new thing; I saw it at old Lee's; pretty, is it not?"

"Pretty! 'tis beautiful! its price?"

"A guinea; there was another left."

The visitor's horses smoked off to the suburb; a third flowering plant stood on the spot whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the second chosen fuchsia adorned the drawing-room of her second ladyship The scene was repeated, as new comers saw and were attracted by the beauty of the plant. New chariots flew to the gates of old Lee's nursery ground. Two fuchsias, young,

graceful, and bursting into healthy flower, were constantly seen on the same spot in his repository. He neglected not to gladden the faithful sailor's wife by the promised gift; but ere the flower season closed three hundred golden guineas chinked in his purse, the produce of the single shrub from the window in Wapping; the reward of the taste, decision, skill, and perseverance of old Mr. Lee.

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A FOOLISH FAMILY.

Strange are the stories told by the people of the neighbourhood of the mode of life of the Delavals of those two generations; the vast and almost perpetual crowds of company entertained; the fetes given, when this beautiful house and gardens became in truth a perfect fairyland of light, and beauty, and music, with floating throngs of gay and lovely creatures, who were ready to rush into the most extraordinary frolics and scenes of mischief imaginable. The daughters of Lord Delaval, who were very handsome, are said to have been fond of assuming various disguises, and playing off in them various pranks. The Delavals were particularly fond of theatrical amusements, and on one occasion the whole family acted on the boards of Drury Lane, by permission of Garrick. Here too the same pleasures went on, and a variety of practical jokes of no scrupulous kind. The lovely Lady Tyrconnel was one of these daughters, who had hair of such rich luxuriance that when she rode it floated on the saddle. There is a portrait of her, as well as of others of the family, and amongst them of her husband, said to be the finest man of his time,—at Ford Castle, and an arch and most lovely creature she must have been. The present Marquis of Waterford no doubt inherits not only Ford Castle, but *his* strong penchant for practical jokes, from his family, as well as his fair complexion and light hair, his mother being the only daughter of Lord and Lady Tyrconnel. It is said that many were the contrivances in the house for carrying into effect these jokes; such as beds suspended by pulleys over trap doors, so that when guests had retired after a carouse, and were just dropped asleep, they were rapidly let down into a cold bath, and awoke in

consternation, finding themselves floundering in darkness and cold water. Another contrivance was that of partitions between sleeping-rooms, which could be suddenly hoisted up into the ceiling by pulleys, so that when ladies and gentlemen were retiring to rest, and had doffed all their finery of wigs and hoop-petticoats, they were in a moment astonished to see the walls of their rooms disappear, and to find themselves in a miscellaneous assembly of the oddest and most embarrassing description. A story illustrative of their amusements is told of the brother of Lord Delaval. He laid a wager to walk blindfold from some distant part of the garden into the house in a straight line; but for this purpose he had provided a very fine silken thread as a clue to guide him. A boy however who had sharper eyes than the rest, perceived it, and silently pointed it out to the competitors, who speedily shifted the end from the grand portal to which it was attached, and placed it in a direction right across a pond on the lawn. Mr. Delaval therefore, boldly marching on as he supposed to the door, soon plunged headlong into the water—a fact announced not only by his own disagreeable astonishment, but by the peals of laughter with which it was accompanied from all sides, and which gave him no little wrath and chagrin. In such merriments and prodigalities, it is said, flew those days at Seaton Delaval; feasting was a daily matter of course, and such good things did the farmers pour into the house that on rent days they had, it is said, more frequently to receive money than to pay it. Lord Tyrconnel was a dissipated man, who kept several mistresses; and Lady Tyrconnel, on the other hand, was said to be the mistress of the Duke of York. It is no wonder then that the country people talk of the wickedness of the Delavals, and look on the extinction of this numerous family, so rapidly and completely, as a judgment on that account. Yet, if we may judge from other circumstances, the Delavals were rather mischievous to themselves than to their neighbours. They appear to have spent their estates freely amongst them, and to have been not only profuse, but generous, liberal, and sparing no cost to promote the good of their tenants and those about them. Sir Francis Delaval died at a comparatively early age. Of the manner of his

death the accounts differ. Cooke says he was dining at his brother-in-law's, Lord Mexborough, and having taken a large quantity of ice was seized with spasms, and died without ever recovering from the fit; Edgeworth, that the last illness was attributed to his drinking large quantities of water and small beer, of which last he had always a large jug standing by his bed. However, when Edgeworth went to see him he spoke of himself in a manner which might apply but too well to the generous but dissipated Delavals in general; and how strikingly effective might his last words be, if a certain living relative were to consider them as addressed expressly to him! "Let my example," said he, "warn you of a fatal error into which I have fallen. I have pursued amusement, or rather frolic, instead of turning my ingenuity and talents to useful purposes. I am sensible that my mind was fit for greater things than any of which I am now, or of which I was ever supposed to be, capable. I am able to speak fluently in public, and I have perceived that my manner of speaking has always increased the force of what I said. Upon various useful subjects I am not deficient in useful information; and if I had employed half the time and half the pains in cultivating serious knowledge which I have wasted in exerting my powers upon trifles, instead of making myself merely a conspicuous figure at public places of amusement, instead of giving myself up to gallantry, which disgusted and disappointed me, instead of dissipating my fortune and tarnishing my character, I should have distinguished myself in the senate or the army, I should have become a USEFUL member of society and an honour to my family. Remember my advice, young man! Pursue what is USEFUL to mankind. You will satisfy them, and, what is better, you will satisfy yourself."—*Howitt's Remarkable Places,* vol. ii.

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A REMARKABLE STORY, RECORDED BY SIR ROGER TWISDEN.

WHEN King Richard III. marched into Leicestershire against Henry Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., he lay at the Blue Boar inn, in the town of Leicester, where

was left a large wooden bedstead, gilded in some places; which, after his defeat and death in the battle of Bosworth, fought on August 23, 1585, was left either through haste, or as a thing of little value (the bedding being all taken out of it), to the people of the house. Thenceforward this old bedstead, which was boarded at bottom as the manner was in those days, became a piece of standing furniture, and passed from tenant to tenant with the inn. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth this house was kept by one Mr. Clarke, who put a bed on this old bedstead; which his wife going one day hastily to make, and jumbling the bedstead, a piece of gold dropped out. This exciting the woman's curiosity, she narrowly examined this antique piece of furniture, and finding it had a double bottom, took off the uppermost with a chisel; upon which she discovered the space between them filled with gold, great part of it coined by King Richard, and the rest of it in earlier times. Mr. Clarke concealed this piece of good fortune; though by degrees the effects of it made it known, for he became rich from a low condition, and in the space of a few years mayor of the town; and then this story of the bedstead came to be rumoured by his servants. At his death he left his estate to his wife, who still continued to keep the inn, though she was known to be very rich, which put some wicked people upon engaging the maid-servant to assist in robbing her. These folks, to the number of seven, lodged in the house, plundered it, and carried off seven horse-loads of valuable things, and yet left a considerable quantity of gold scattered about the floors. As for Mrs. Clarke herself, who was very fat, she endeavoured to cry out for help; upon which her maid thrust her finger down her throat and choked her, for which act she was burnt; and the seven men who were her accomplices were hanged at Leicester, some time in the year 1613. Sir Roger Twisden had this relation from two persons of undoubted credit, one of them living in the town of Leicester at the time when this accident happened, and having seen the bedstead at the Blue Boar inn, as well as the execution of Mrs. Clarke's murderers.—*Agreeable Entertainer.*

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MORALS OF THE OLD REGIME.

As a further illustration of the morals of the old *régime*, we shall introduce in this place the notice of a more important cause of M. Berryer, though it terminated at a later period of his career—that of Madame de Pestre de Seneffe. When the events which we have to relate commenced, she was between fifty and sixty years old, and resided at Brussels, a widow with seven children and a still more numerous progeny of grandchildren; enjoying a high reputation for virtue and morals, and a very large jointure derived from property in Belgium and France. At a supper in the palace of the Prince de Soubise a set of Parisian fashionables resolved that one of them should proceed to Brussels and marry the opulent widow. The necessary funds were supplied by a contribution, and the choice of the emissary was left to chance. The lot fell upon the Comte de Wargemont, a man of high family and of considerable property heavily encumbered. On his arrival at Brussels he introduced himself to Madame de Pestre, and secured the services of her maid and of her confessor. The maid concealed him one evening in her mistress's bedroom. In the middle of the night he showed himself. Madame de Pestre called for assistance. This was the signal for the appearance of the maid, who urged on her mistress the danger to her reputation of an *éclat*, and proposed that the advice of the confessor should be taken. The count protested that his indiscretion had been forced on him by the violence of his passion; and the confessor recommended that all scandal should be avoided by an immediate marriage. Madame de Pestre was weak enough to consent; but as she yielded, not to love, but to fear, she insisted that the marriage should take place in Brussels, that she and all her estates should continue subject to the laws of Flanders, that her husband should have no power to require her to enter France, that she should continue absolute mistress of her property, and that the only benefit derived by the count should be a life income of 20,000 francs, and 100,000 francs as capital. The marriage on these terms took place in February, 1776. The husband almost immediately quitted his wife, and in June wrote to ask her whether she could suppose that he had any motive

for marrying an old woman except the full command of her fortune. A few days afterwards he informed her that he intended to seize all her property in France, and to force her to join him there. His attempts to execute these threats produced a compromise, in pursuance of which a divorce *a mensa et toro*, in a suit instituted by the husband, was pronounced by the ecclesiastical tribunal of Mechlin; and the count, in exchange for all his claims under the marriage or the settlement, received 350,000 francs and an annuity of 10,000 more. The 350,000 francs however were soon spent, and the count renewed his legal warfare. He attempted to set aside the divorce, succeeded in getting possession of the French estates, and kept up a never ending litigation respecting those in Belgium. Madame de Pestre died, worn out with care and vexation. The annexation of Belgium rendered the whole property of her children subject to the jurisdiction of the French laws, and the count spent the remainder of his life in prosecuting them from tribunal to tribunal. M. Berryer was counsel for Madame de Pestre and for her descendants; and he dwells upon his exertions in their cause as one of the most arduous and of the most brilliant parts of his professional career. They procured him on one occasion a curious testimony of admiration. M. de Wargemont was dead, and his sister, Madame de Querrieux, had succeeded to some of his claims, and apparently to some of his litigiousness. As her brother's representative, she prosecuted an appeal against the Pestre family. An elderly lady sat behind M. Berryer while he conducted the defence. She was observed to listen with great emotion, and, as soon as he sat down, pressed him to accept a mark of her admiration, a ring made of the hair of her youth.—"*Berryer's Autobiographical Recollections:*" *Edinburgh Review.*

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M. BERRYER.

M. Berryer was admitted to the bar in 1778. One of the first transactions in which he was engaged is so striking an instance of the pride and the despotism of the aristocracy of France, as it then was, that we shall relate it at some length.

M. du B——, a man of considerable fortune, was a member of the provincial parliament of Normandy. In 1771, when the parliaments were exiled by Louis XV., he retired to Holland, leaving his affairs under the management of his wife, who, together with his son, a young man of twenty-two, resided in one of the country mansions of the family, a few leagues from Rouen. In that reign, and in that country, to be out of favour with the government was almost an exclusion from society. Neither neighbours, friends, nor even relations, visited the chateau, and the young man solitary and unemployed fell in love with his mother's maid. The mother's consent was obtained; her general powers of acting for her husband were supposed to enable her to give the father's assent, and the marriage took place in the chapel of the chateau. Two children were born, when in 1774 the parliaments were recalled, and M. du B—— returned. His daughter-in-law and her children fled before him, and took refuge in England. The son, now in his twenty-sixth year, remained. M. du B—— required him to take proceedings to annul the marriage; and on his refusal obtained a *lettre de cachet*, under which he was confined in the prison of St. Yon. The father visited him in his cell on the second floor of one of the towers. What passed between them is not known; but the result of the interview was that as the father was descending the staircase the son threw himself from the window, and was found by the father on the pavement of the court, with a fractured limb and a concussion of the brain. It does not appear that the father was softened; but the government was induced, by the horror of the catastrophe which its interference had occasioned, to revoke the *lettre de cachet*. The son, at liberty, but a cripple for life, fled to join his wife and children in England. In London however they must have all starved, or have had recourse to parish relief, unless M. Tubeuf, a French jeweller established in England, had supported them. M. Tubeuf's advances for this purpose amounted during four years to about £1200. They were made at the request of the mother, and with the knowledge of the father, but without his express authority. M. Tubeuf returned to France, demanded repayment from the father, was refused, commenced a suit against him in the

parliament of Paris, and engaged M. Berryer as his counsel. The first step was to obtain an order for the examination of M. du B—— on interrogatories—an order which was made, as of course, without notice to the party to be examined. Armed with this order M. Berryer and M. Tubeuf travelled to the chateau of the magistrate. When they entered its long avenue the carriage with M. Tubeuf was left concealed by the trees, and M. Berryer proceeded on foot. The first person whom he saw was Madame du B——. But such was the awe inspired by the domestic despot that she would not venture even to hint to her husband the object of M. Berryer's mission. He was forced therefore to explain it himself, and to communicate to M. du B—— the astonishing fact that MM. de Paris, his brethren, had subjected him to a public examination. The result however was that the fear of an open discussion prevailed, where justice, compassion, and natural affection had all been powerless. M. Tubeuf was sent for, and before they recrossed the drawbridge all had been arranged. Sixty years afterwards M. Berryer again visited Rouen as an advocate, and the matter was again a family contest originating in aristocratic pride. The chateau and family of B—— had long disappeared. M. Berryer interested his audience by a narrative of which he was probably the only depositary, and urged them to crown his second appearance in their county with equal success. —*"Berryer's Autobiographical Recollections:" Edinburgh Review.*

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M. BERRYER AND BUONAPARTE.

Buonaparte, who had all the jealousies and the instincts of ambition in their utmost intensity, must under any circumstances have hated the French bar; but he had also a personal quarrel with its members: out of more than two hundred advocates only three voted in favour of the empire, and this was a subject on which he never forgave opposition. He restored indeed the order, but he deprived it of self-government, and laid it at the feet of the imperial authorities. The express permission of the chief judge was necessary before an advocate could plead in any court but his own;

the attorney-general selected the members of the *conseils de discipline*, which regulated the internal affairs of the order; and he also selected from them the *bâtonnier*, or president of the bar; and finally the chief judge had an arbitrary power of suspension and even of expulsion. M. Berryer himself incurred Buonaparte's especial displeasure. He had been counsel against Bourrienne before Bourrienne had lost his master's favour; he had defended Moreau and Dupont, and the family of Monnet, the unfortunate defender of Flushing. For these offences he was excluded from the tribunate, and from the honours of the bar; but the contest which he appears to think the most dangerous was his defence of M. the mayor of Antwerp, in 1812 and 1813. The mayor, an old man of high character and great wealth, and once in high favour with Buonaparte, was married to a young wife, who quarrelled with the wife of the commissioner of the police about a box in the theatre. The commissioner avenged himself by accusing the mayor and three other municipal officers of embezzling the proceeds of the *octroi* of Antwerp; and having Buonaparte's confidence, contrived to render him the determined enemy of the accused. The indictment was an enormous instrument; the attorney-general of the imperial court of Brussels, which then included Antwerp in its jurisdiction, was said to have been killed by the labour of preparing it. The trial took place at Brussels, before a jury consisting of the principal persons of the country. After it had gone on for some days it became clear that it would terminate by an acquittal. The law officers who conducted the prosecution therefore interrupted its progress, by indicting for perjury two of the mayor's witnesses. As this matter was to be disposed of before the mayor's trial could be concluded, the latter was thrown over to a subsequent session and a new jury. The indictment against the witnesses utterly failed, and the mayor's trial was resumed. A new jury was selected solely from Frenchmen, most of them public functionaries, and all devoted to the emperor, whose determination to destroy the mayor was now notorious. We will pursue the narrative in M. Berryer's words:—"On my second arrival at Brussels I had to unveil before the jury the complicated iniquity of the prosecution. I referred to the oppress-

ive indictment of the witnesses for the defence, and showed it to have been a trick to get rid of the first jury. I dwelt on the absence of any documentary evidence against my clients, and refuted all the verbal testimony which had been procured. The trial, after several days of hearing, ended in a general acquittal. The whole population of Brussels surrounded the mayor, and drew his carriage in triumph to his hotel. Even when I left the town late in the evening, on my return to Paris, the streets were still resounding with music and acclamations. The news reached Buonaparte at Dresden, and put him in a state of fury. He instantly sent a violent dispatch to Paris, ordering the mayor and his co-defendants to be retried, and even the jury to be tried for having acquitted them. The minister of justice transmitted the order to Argenson. M. Argenson replied that it was impossible to try men again on charges from which a jury had acquitted them. The council of state was assembled, and decided that the imperial command must be obeyed. The decision was notified to M. Argenson. He merely repeated his refusal. Application was now made by the minister of justice to the senate, as the highest body in the state. The senate referred the matter to a committee ; I flew to the Luxembourg, and obtained an interview with a member of the committee. He heard all I had to say, agreed with me that such a profanation of the forms and the substance of law would be disastrous, but ended by saying, 'After all, what would you have us do? do you not perceive that we should upset ourselves?' The committee accordingly reported as the council of state had done before; and, by virtue of a decree of the senate, the mayor and his supposed accomplices were directed to be tried before the court of assize of Douai. I heard of the decree before it was published, and had time to advise two of those who had been acquitted with the mayor, and some of the members of the jury who had fled to me in Paris for my aid in the extreme danger in which they were placed, to avoid the storm by concealing themselves. M. Argenson not only persisted in his refusal, but resigned. Other persons however less scrupulous were found, and the mayor was arrested and conveyed to the prison of Douai. Worn out however by oppression and

anxiety, he died there; before the period of trial could have been terminated, the man who had been mad enough to order it had ceased to reign.—"*M. Berryer's Autobiographical Recollections:*" *Edinburgh Review.*

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THE STUDENT OF UPSALA.

One visit we pay to the old deserted city and its university, where Miss Howitt picked up the following story, which is so pleasant and good that it is one of the stories which ought to be true, although it is by no means new:—

There was, in the early part of this century, a young student lately come to Upsala, the son of a poor widow, who was standing with some of his college companions in one of the public walks on a fine Sunday morning. As they were thus standing, the young daughter of the governor, a good and beautiful girl, was seen approaching them on her way to church, accompanied by her governess.

Suddenly the widow's son exclaimed, "I am sure that young girl would give me a kiss!"

His companions laughed, and one of them, a rich young fellow, said, "It is impossible! Thou an utter stranger, and in a public thoroughfare! It is too absurd to think of."

"Nevertheless, I am confident of what I say," returned the other.

The rich student offered to lay a heavy wager that so far from succeeding he would not even venture to propose such a thing.

Taking him at his word, the poor student, the moment the young lady and her attendant had passed, followed them, and politely addressing them, they stopped, on which, in a modest and straightforward manner, he said, speaking to the governor's daughter, "It entirely rests with Fröken to make my fortune."

"How so?" demanded she, greatly amazed.

"I am a poor student," said he, "the son of a widow. If Fröken would condescend to give me a kiss I should win a large sum of money, which, enabling me to continue my studies, would relieve my mother of a great anxiety."

"If success depend on so small a thing," said the innocent

girl, "I can but comply;" and therewith, sweetly blushing, she gave him a kiss, just as if he had been her brother.

Without a thought of wrong doing the young girl went to church, and afterwards told her father of the encounter.

The next day the governor summoned the bold student to his presence, anxious to see the sort of person who had thus dared to accost his daughter. But the young man's modest demeanour at once favourably impressed him. He heard his story, and was so well pleased that he invited him to dine at the castle twice a week.

In about a year the young lady married the student whose fortune she had thus made, and who is at the present day one of the most celebrated Swedish philologists. His amiable wife died a few years since.—*Miss Howitt's Frederika Bremer and her Swedish Sisters.*

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ORIENTAL TRADITION.

When Eliezer, the servant of Abraham, came to the city of Sodom, he saw an inhabitant of that city maltreating a stranger and robbing him of his clothes. "Why dost thou rob the poor stranger?" exclaimed Eliezer enraged; "how darest thou commit such a crime?" "Art thou," asked the robber, "this man's brother, or our judge?" Eliezer made no reply, but went about to assist the stranger. Thereupon the robber picked up a stone, hurled it at Eliezer, and struck him on the forehead. The blood began instantly to flow from the painful wound, and Eliezer stood perplexed, unable to stop the streaming blood. He thought the villain would regret his rash misdeed, but the latter saucily cried—"How beautifully the blood is trickling down, how beautifully!" "Thou hast wounded," exclaimed Eliezer, "nay, thou hast almost killed me, and dost thou even deride me? I shall obtain justice! I am going directly to the court!" "That is just the place where I wish to go with thee," cried the audacious villain. A vast crowd of the inhabitants had in the meantime gathered around them; they seized the screaming Eliezer, and dragged him to the residence of the judge. "Stranger," exclaimed the latter, "why dost thou raise such a tumult in our peaceful city?" "I am a peace-

able man," replied Eliezer; "I saw a stranger in thy city robbed, and when I wished to help him this man cast a stone at my forehead, mocked me, and in connection with his associates dragged me hither. Behold what a wound he has struck; see how the blood flows." "Then," said the judge gravely, "thou must pay him eight silver shekels, for this is the price which the surgeons of this city charge for bloodletting!" Such was the decision of the judge of Sodom.

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WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

Towards the bottom of Highgate Hill, on the south side of the road, stands an upright stone, inscribed "Whittington's Stone." This marks the situation of another stone, on which Richard Whittington is traditionally said to have sat when, having run away from his master, he rested to ruminate on his hard fate, and was urged to return back by a peal from Bow Bells, in the following distich:—

"Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

Certain it is that Whittington served the office of lord mayor three times; viz., in the years 1398, 1406, and 1419. He also founded several public edifices and charitable institutions. Some idea of his wealth may be formed from the circumstance of his destroying bonds which he held of the king, Henry V., to the amount of £60,000 sterling, in a fire of cinnamon, cloves, and other spices, which he had made, at an entertainment given to that monarch at Guildhall. A similar anecdote to that of the destruction of the bonds is related of a merchant to whom Charles V. of Spain was indebted in a much larger sum; but as Whittington lived long before that time it is fair to suppose that, if true at all, the story belongs to the London citizen. The fable of the cat, by which Whittington is better known than by his generosity to Henry V., is however borrowed from the east. Sir William Gore Ouseley, in his travels, speaking of the origin of the name of an island in the Persian Gulf, relates, on the authority of a Persian MS., that in the tenth century one Keis, the son of a poor widow in Siraf, embarked for India with his sole property, a cat. "There he fortunately

arrived at a time when the palace was so infested by mice or rats that they invaded the king's food, and persons were employed to drive them from the royal banquet. Keis produced his cat, the noxious animals soon disappeared, and magnificent rewards were bestowed on the adventurer of Siraf, who returned to that city, and afterwards with his mother and brothers settled in the island, which from him has been denominated Keis, or, according to Persians, Keish."—*Relics of Literature.*

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PRETTY, BUT VERY APOCRYPHAL.

A MAN of Medina, taking leave of his wife as he was about to go to the wars, commended to the Lord her unborn babe. She died presently afterwards, and every night there appeared a brilliant light upon the middle of her tomb. The husband, hearing of this upon his return, hastened to the place; the sepulchre opened of itself; the wife sat up in her winding-sheet, and holding out to him a boy in her arms, said to him, "Take that which thou commendedst to the Lord. Hadst thou commended us both, thou shouldest have found us both alive." So saying, she delivered to him the living infant and laid herself down, and the sepulchre closed over her.—*Southey's Doctor.*

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A TALE OF A TURKEY.

As a certain learned judge in Mexico, some time since, walked one morning into court, he thought he would examine whether he was in time for business; and feeling for his repeater, found it was not in his pocket. "As usual," said he to a friend who accompanied him, as he passed through the crowd near the door; "as usual, I have again left my watch at home under my pillow." He went on the bench, and thought no more of it. The court adjourned, and he returned home. As soon as he was quietly seated in his parlour he bethought him of his timepiece, and turning to his wife requested her to send for it to their chamber. "But, my dear judge," said she, "I sent it to you three hours ago!" "Sent it to me, my dear? Certainly not." "Un-

questionably," replied the lady, "and by the person you sent for it!" "The person I sent for it!" echoed the judge. "Precisely, my dear, the very person you sent for it! You had not left home more than an hour when a well-dressed man knocked at the door and asked to see me. He brought one of the very finest turkeys I ever saw; and said that on your way to court you met an Indian with a number of fowls, and having bought this one quite a bargain, you had given him a couple of reals to bring it home; with the request that I would have it killed, picked, and put to cool, as you intended to invite your brother judges to a dish of *molle* with you to-morrow. And, 'Oh! by the way, Senorita,' said he, 'his excellency the judge requested me to ask you to give yourself the trouble to go to your chamber and take his watch from under the pillow, where he says he left it as usual this morning, and send it to him by me.' And of course, *me querido*, I did so." "You did!" said the judge. "Certainly," said the lady. "Well," replied his honour, "all I can say to you, my dear, is that you are as great a goose as the bird is a turkey. You've been robbed, madame; the man was a thief, I never sent for my watch; you've been imposed on, and as a necessary consequence the confounded watch is lost for ever!" The trick was a cunning one; and after a laugh, and the restoration of the judge's good humour by a good dinner, it was resolved actually to have the turkey for to-morrow's dinner, and his honour's brothers of the bench to enjoy so dear a morsel. Accordingly, after the adjournment of court next day, they all repaired to his dwelling, with appetites sharpened by the expectation of a rare repast. Scarcely had they entered the sala and exchanged the ordinary salutations, when the lady broke forth with congratulations to his honour upon the recovery of his stolen watch! "How happy am I," exclaimed she, "that the villain was apprehended!" "Apprehended!" said the judge with surprise. "Yes; and doubtless convicted too by this time," said his wife. "You are always talking riddles," replied he; "explain yourself, my dear. I know nothing of thief, watch, or conviction." "It can't be possible that I have been again deceived," quoth the lady; "but this is the story: about one o'clock to-day a pale and rather

interesting young gentleman, dressed in a seedy suit of black, came to the house in great haste—almost out of breath. He said that he was just from court, that he was one of the clerks; that the great villain who had had the audacity to steal your honour's watch had just been arrested; that the evidence was nearly perfect to convict him, and all that was required to complete it was the turkey, which must be brought into court, and for that he had been sent with a porter by your express orders." "And you gave it to him?" "Of course I did; who could have doubted him, or resisted the orders of a judge?" "Watch—and turkey—both gone! pray, what the devil, madame, are we to do for a dinner?" But the lady had taken care of her guests, notwithstanding her simplicity, and the party enjoyed both the joke and their viands.—*Mayer's Mexico as it Was.*

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FAIR PLAY.

A NOBLEMAN resident at a castle in Italy was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a turbot so large that it seemed to have been created for the occasion. Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him. "One hundred lashes," said the fisherman, "on my bare back, is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whip cord on the bargain." The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished, but our chapman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, "Well, well, the fellow is a humourist, and the fish we must have; but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence." After fifty lashes had been administered, "Hold, hold," exclaimed the fisherman, "I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share." "What, are there two such madcaps in the world?" exclaimed the nobleman; "name

him, and he shall be sent for instantly." "You need not go far for him," said the fisherman; "you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot." "Oh, oh," said the nobleman, "bring him up instantly, he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice." This ceremony being finished, he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.—*Penny Magazine.*

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A WISE SIMPLICITY.

On his way to conquer the world, Alexander the Macedonian reached a country in Africa where the people, separated from the rest of the world, dwelt peacefully in huts, and knew nothing of wars or conquerors. Alexander was led into the presence of the ruler of this people, who received him hospitably. The ruler placed before him dates, figs, and bread, but all of gold. "Do you eat gold here?" asked Alexander. "I put it before you," replied the ruler, "because you have nourishing food in your own country and could not have come here to seek it." "Your gold did not entice me here," replied Alexander, "but I would learn your customs." "Indeed!" replied the other, "then stay with us as long as you will."

While they were conversing two citizens came to ask for judgment. The plaintiff said, "I bought a piece of land of this man, and in digging it I have found a treasure. This is not mine; I only purchased the land, and not the treasures which were hidden in it; but still he from whom I bought it will not receive it back." The defendant answered, "I am as conscientious as my fellow-citizen. I sold the land and all that it contained, and therefore the treasure."

The judge repeated their words, that he might be certain he had understood the case, and after some reflection he said, "You have a son, my friend, have you not?" "Yes." "And you a daughter?" "Yes." "Well, your son shall marry his daughter, and the treasure shall be given to the pair for a marriage portion." Alexander appeared surprised. "Is my decision unrighteous?" asked the ruler. "Oh,

no," replied Alexander; "but it surprises me." "How would the case have been settled in your country?" "To tell the truth," answered Alexander, "the two men would have been put under guard, and the treasure seized for the king." "For the king?" asked the ruler in astonishment: "does the sun shine in your country?" "Oh, yes." "Does it rain there?" "Certainly." "Singular! are there tame, grass-eating animals there?" "Of many kinds?" "Then," said the ruler, "it must be on account of these innocent animals that the All-good Being allows the sun to shine and the rain to fall. You men do not deserve it."

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BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

THE following sketch is from the *New York Mirror*, to which the editor prefixes the remark that it is a "prose poem, handed to us a few days ago by a critical friend as a gem well worth preserving. It is a comment on toilsome acquisition, which will have a dangerous sweetness to the indolent."

One day the Queen of Sheba gave Solomon a ring, with many score of oxen. She bade him bestow it on the wisest of his sages. So Solomon commanded his wise men to appear before him on the feast of the full moon. They came from Bethel and Dan, the court and the school of the prophets.

Then King Solomon, arrayed in the regal robes, sat on his throne, the sceptre of Israel in his right hand. The Queen of Sheba sat beside him. He commanded his sages to speak. Many opened their mouths, and discoursed right eloquently; they told of many things. The eyes of the queen shone like dewdrops which quiver at sunrise on the peach-blossoms. Solomon was sad.

At last one arose of courtly mein. He told of wondrous cities in far-off lands; how the sun scalds the dew in Sahara; how it forsakes the chill north for whole months, leaving the cold moon in its place; he spoke of the fleets that go down to the sea; he told how they weave wax at Tyrus, spin gold at Ophir; of the twisted shell that comes from Oroba, and

the linen in Egypt that endures the fire; he spoke of fleets, of laws, the art that makes men happy.

"Truly, he is wise," said the king. "But let others speak."

Another came forth; he was young in years, his cheek was burning with enthusiasm, the fire of genius shone in his eye like the day star when all the others are swallowed up in light. He spoke of the works of the great One; told how the cedar of Lebanon, when the sun kisses its forehead, lifts up its great arms with a shout, shaking off the feathery snow in winter, or the pearly dew of autumn, to freshen the late river that glitters at its foot. He spoke of the elephant, the antelope, the jackal, the eagle, the mule; he knew them all. He told of the fish that make glad the waters as the seasons dance the frolic round about their heads. He sang in liquid softness of the daughters of air who melt the heaven into song; he rose to the stars, spoke of old chaos, of the world, the offering of love. He spoke of the stars, the crown, Mazzaroth, and the tall ladder Jacob saw. He sang again the star of creation.

"He is wiser than Solomon," said the king; "to him belongs the prize."

But at that moment some men in humble garb brought a stranger unwillingly along. His raiment was poor, but comely and snow white. The seal of labour was on his hand; the dust of travel covered his sandals. His beard, long and silvery, went down to his girdle; a sweet smile, like a sleeping infant's, sat unconscious on his lip. His eye was the angel's lamp, that burns in still devotion before the court of paradise, making the day. As he leaned on his shepherd's staff in the gay court, a blush like a girl's stole over his cheek.

"Speak," said the king.

"I have nothing to say," exclaimed the hoary man. "I know only how unwise and frail I am. I am no sage."

And Solomon's countenance rose. "By the sceptre of El-Shaddai I charge thee to speak, thou ancient man."

Then he began: "My study is myself; my acts, my sentiment. I learn how frail I am; I of myself can know nothing. I listen to that voice within; and I know all, I can do all." Then he spoke of his glees, his glooms, and his hopes; his

aspirations, his faith. He spoke of nature, the modest trees, the pure golden stars. When he came to Him who is ALL IN ALL he bowed his face and was dumb.

"Give him the ring," said Solomon. "He knows himself, he is the wisest. The spirit of the Holy is in him."

"Take back the gift," said the sage, "I need it not. He that knows himself needs no reward, he knows God, he sees the All of things. Alas! I do but feebly know myself—I deserve no ring. Let me return to my home and my duty."

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LOST CAMEL.

A DERVISH was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied. "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervish. "He was," replied the merchants. "Had he lost a front tooth?" said the dervish. "He had," rejoined the merchants. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?" "Most certainly he was," they replied; "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can in all probability conduct us unto him." "My friends," said the dervish, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you." "A pretty story, truly!" said the merchants, "but where are the jewels, which formed part of his cargo?" "I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervish. On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervish with great calmness thus addressed the court: "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in

one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand: I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because wherever it had grazed a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."—*Penny Magazine.*

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THE RING AND THE FISH.

THERE is a curious relic of bygone days over the door of a public-house in Hudson Street, between Hamersley Street and Greenwich Bank, of which few guess the origin. It is the sign of a fish with a ring in its mouth. Tradition says that in the year 1743 a young nobleman, disguised as a sailor, won the heart of a beautiful village maiden, on the western coast of England. It is the old story of woman's fondness and woman's faith. She trusted him, and he deceived her. At their parting they exchanged rings of betrothal. Time passed on, and she heard no more from him, till at last there came the insulting offer of money, as a remuneration for her ruined happiness and support for herself and child. Some time after she learned, to her great surprise, that he was a nobleman of high rank in the royal navy, and that his ship was lying near the coast. She sought his vessel, and conjured him, by all recollections of her confiding love and of his own earnest protestations, to do her justice. At first he was moved, but her pertinacity vexed him, until he treated her with angry scorn for presuming to think she could ever become his wife. "God forgive you," said the weeping beauty; "let us exchange our rings again; give me back the one I gave you. It was my mother's, and I could not have parted with it to any but my betrothed husband. There is your money, not a penny of it will I ever use; it cannot restore my good name, or heal my broken heart. I will labour to support your child." In a sudden fit of anger he threw the ring into the sea, saying, "When you can recover that bauble from the fishes you may expect to be

the wife of a British nobleman; I give you my word of honour to marry you then." Sadly and wearily the maiden walked home with her poor old father. On their way the old man bought a fish that was offered him, just taken from the sea. When the fish was prepared for supper that night, lo! the ring was found in its stomach. When informed of this fact, the young nobleman was so strongly impressed with the idea that it was a direct interposition of Providence that he did not venture to break the promise he had given. He married the village belle, and they lived long and happily together. When he died an obelisk was erected to his memory, surmounted by the effigy of a fish with a ring in its mouth. Such a story was of course sung and told by wandering beggars and travelling merchants, until it became universal tradition. Some old emigrant brought it over to this country; and there in Hudson Street hang the fish and the ring to commemorate the loves of a past century.—*Mrs. Child's Letters from New York.*

Crime.

THE POLICEMAN OUTWITTED.

A STRANGER who calls himself Jacquin came to offer his services to Vidocq as indicator. "What can you do?" the policeman asked him. "Well, a good many things; for instance, I can drive a famous bargain." "In that case take these two five-franc pieces, and buy me a pair of fowls at market. I shall be glad to have a specimen of your skill." The new comer promised to return shortly, and did so; he handed to Vidocq two splendid fowls, and moreover the two five-franc pieces he had received to purchase them with. "Very good," said the master. "Now tell me how you managed it." "In this way," Jacquin answered; "I borrowed a white jacket, cap, and *hotte*, from a cook whom I knew. My *hotte* was filled with stones, which I covered with six sous' worth of vegetables, and then I went and paid my court, like a gallant cook, to a dealer in fowls. I bargained with her for this couple, and then paid. My *hotte* was heavy, and I had it on my back, and so I begged her to put my fowls into it for me, as it was not worth while taking it off. I stood facing her, as a man should do to the fair sex, and stooped down. While her hands were busy over my head mine were at work in her large front apron pocket. It is a funny fancy of theirs, by the way, to keep their receipts on their abdomen. I got back my two five-bullet pieces, with some thirty other francs." "Do you often work like that?" Vidocq asked. "A man must live as he can," the other replied. "Modest, and not clumsy. Very well, I take you into my service from to-morrow, so don't get yourself into trouble between this and then." And Vidocq dismissed Jacquin. But while the latter had been explaining to the chief the robbery he had made a great many demonstrations and gestures. In a word, he profited by these gestures, for he cleverly robbed Vidocq of a very handsome gold watch and appendages.—"*French Police System:*" *American Eclectic.*

MURDER DISCOVERED BY BIRDS.

A GENTLEMAN who had been robbed by his servant forgave him, on condition that he would promise to abandon his bad habits; this promise he so far kept, and conducted himself so steadily, as to accumulate enough of money to enable him to marry and to keep an inn on a much frequented road. About twenty years after the gentleman, travelling that way, came to lodge with his old servant, whom he did not recollect until the man came forward, made himself known, and expressed how gratified and happy he was in again waiting upon him. He gave him the handsomest room and the best fare; but the night had no sooner set in than this perfidious wretch, after so much show of attachment, stabbed his old master with a dagger, threw his body into a cart, and carried it to a river at the back of his house. In order to avoid discovery, and to prevent the corpse from rising to the surface of the water, he pierced the body through with a long stake sharpened at the end, which he pushed so far into the mud that only a very small portion of the stake was visible. A few days afterwards some ravens arrived from all directions, and crowded to the spot. Their increasing croaking, altogether unusual to the place, led the inhabitants to fancy a thousand foolish stories. The pertinacity of the birds was such also, that it was useless to attempt driving them away. This increased the excited curiosity so much that the stake was at length with difficulty drawn out, which was no sooner done than the body rose to the surface of the water. Inquiries were accordingly made to discover the murderer, and the wheel marks of the cart having been traced to the back of the inn the master was taken up on suspicion, and confessed his crime.—*"Faculties of Birds:" Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

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MADAME DE BEAUFREMONT AND CARTOUCHE THE ROBBER.

DURING the night I speak of, Madame de Beaufremont first heard a smothered noise in her chimney, and she soon after perceived a cloud of soot, swallows' nests, and plaister, which rolled down helter-skelter, with a man armed to the

crown of his head. As he made the firewood roll into the room with all the lighted fagots, the first thing he did was to take the tongs and methodically replace all the sparks into the chimney; he kicked away some lighted coals, without crushing them on the carpet, and then he turned towards the marquise, to whom he said, "May I ask to whom I have the honour of speaking?" "Sir, I am Madame de Beaufremont; but as you are a perfect stranger to me, as you have not the appearance of a robber, and as you have taken the greatest care not to injure my furniture, I cannot guess why you thus arrive in my room in the middle of the night" "Madame, I have no intention to come into your bedchamber. Will you have the goodness to accompany me to the gate of your hotel?" added he, taking a pistol from his belt and a lighted candle in his hand. "But, sir—" "Madame, have the goodness to hasten," continued he, loading his pistol; "we will go down together, and you must order the porter to open the gate." "Speak lower, sir, speak lower, or the Marquis de Beaufremont may hear you," replied she, trembling with fear. "Put on your cloak, madame, and do not remain in your dressing gown; it is bitterly cold." In short everything was settled as he dictated, and Madame de Beaufremont was so overcome by it that she was obliged to sit down in the porter's lodge as soon as this terrible man had passed. Then she heard a knock at the window of the lodge which looked towards the street. "Porter," said the same voice, "I am Cartouche; do you hear? and I have this night walked one or two leagues on the roofs of the houses, because I was pursued by spies. Do not suppose that it is an affair of gallantry, or that I am Madame de Beaufremont's lover. You would have to answer it to me; however, you shall hear from me by the post the day after to-morrow." Madame de Beaufremont went upstairs and awakened her husband, who maintained to her that it was a nightmare, and that she had had a frightful dream; but she received, two or three days afterwards, a letter of excuses and thanks, perfectly respectful and well worded, in which was enclosed a safe-conduct for Madame de Beaufremont, with an act to authorise her to deliver one to her family. The letter had been preceded by

a little box, which contained a fine unset diamond; and the stone was valued by Monsieur Lempereur at 6000 francs, which the Marquis de Beaufremont placed for the sick at the Hotel Dieu, in the hands of the treasurer of Notre Dame. —*"Recollections of the Eighteenth Century:" Leigh Hunt's London Journal.*

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INNES AND HIS STEP-DAUGHTER.

A TRADITION is current that very shortly after the establishment of the office a fraud was discovered in time to save the society from loss, and to hang the criminal for the attempt. A man named Innes induced his step-daughter to insure her life with the *Equitable* for £1000. Soon after this she died, and in proper time Innes produced a will, duly signed and attested by her, making him executor and legatee. There were facts connected with her death which seemed morally to implicate him in a terrible tragedy; but there was nothing which could be brought home as a legal proof. The character of the man, his eagerness to procure the money, the doubtful circumstances of the case altogether, made the assurers hesitate, and they took the bold course of refusing to pay, upon the ground that the will was not a genuine document. But the man whose character was bad enough to justify such suspicions was not likely to lose his money for want of a few false oaths; so he produced upon the trial one of the attesting witnesses, who swore that the will was executed in Glasgow and that he personally knew the other witness. As Innes however undertook to procure further evidence in his favour, the trial was postponed; and when it came on a second time everything went swimmingly on in his favour. His two confederates—one of them was named Borthwick—were ready to swear anything and everything. The time, the place, the room, were minutely described; the scene was graphically painted; and they sat down satisfied that they had played their parts to perfection. But Innes was not contented: he wanted the thousand pounds, and resolved to "make assurance doubly sure," another person was called, who was to clench the argument by proving that he saw the deceased person sign the will in the presence of the two men

who had attested the signature. This witness appeared with fatal effect. Wan and ghastly he is said to have arisen in the witness box, and well might he be ghastly who was about to peril a brother's life! "My lord," he said, "my name is Borthwick, I am brother to the witness of the same name who has been examined. *The will was not made on the Bridge gate at Glasgow, it was forged by a schoolmaster in the Maze, in the Borough.*" The trial immediately ceased: "a screw is loose," said Innes, as in vain he endeavoured to glide out of court. Of the confederates in this base deed, one graced the pillory, another was imprisoned; Innes himself paid the extreme penalty of life; the office escaping the meditated fraud.—*Annals of Life Assurance.*

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A DARK TRADITION OF AN ASSURANCE OFFICE.

In one of the eastern possessions of this country there resided a lady who, when gold was sought there by adventurous men, and when young ladies were regularly educated for the Indian matrimonial market, had left England on an expedition of this character. Her craft and cunning would have ensured success, had not her beauty, which is described as exceedingly great, been a sufficient guarantee. She was consigned to the care of a lady who had gone out on a similar adventure herself, and who then held a somewhat high position in her own circle. The arrival of the young adventuress as a new article was marked by a succession of amusements: whispers of love and offers of settlement were not wanting, though, being ineligible, they were disregarded until she became acquainted with a civilian reputed to be very wealthy and known to be rather old. This gentleman she married. Unhappily the wealth was only reputed; and the stormy indignation of the young beauty when she discovered her error,—when she found her requests for new carriages were disputed, and for new jewellery were refused,—somewhat astounded the indolent Anglo-Indian, who had been wooed rather than the wooer, and been married rather than he had married. So soon as she discovered that she had wedded a poor instead of a wealthy man, and that all her care and cunning had been in vain, she grew gloomy,

dark, and discontented; but at last, on representing to her husband that she should be comparatively penniless if he were to die, accompanied by blandishments which were the more welcome from their rarity, he procured an insurance on his life from the agent of a London company, for some thousands. Among others attached to the household of this gentleman was a native domestic, who at first had received the authority of his new mistress with discontent, for until she came he had been paramount. But it was not long before he succumbed, being suspected of a warmer attachment than could be reconciled with the connection of servant and mistress. There were many whispers circulated concerning them in the dissipated circle in which the lady moved; though, so long as open decency was preserved, the manners of the time allowed a considerable latitude; and rather than disturb the *dolce far niente* of their indolent and luxuriant existence, they were content to give her the benefit of the doubt. It was not long before symptoms of decaying health—"the liver disease," said the doctor, for everything was then and there so called—began to appear in the insured man. Whether he declined to apply for leave of absence, or whether some backstairs influence was used to prevent it, is uncertain; at any rate he still kept at his old quarters, dying gradually away, wasted by slow disease. During this period the behaviour of his wife was exemplary: his pillow was smoothed, his medicine was administered, his cough was hung over by her; and if she left him for a time the Hindoo, gliding about like a shadow, was ever by his master's side, to complete what his mistress began. It was noticed however that the patient seemed to suffer rather than desire so close a connection, and to shrink from rather than claim such attention. This however was thought little of, being attributed to an irritability of temper arising from disease. In due time the unhappy man died; the insurance money was claimed by the widow, and paid by the insurers. The household was broken up, and the widow came to England. For a few years she lived in great luxury, indulging expensive tastes on the money she had received, until only a few hundred pounds were left in the hands of her bankers. Being a woman of such remarkable beauty, it is somewhat

surprising that she had not married a second time in accordance with the extravagant and voluptuous tastes which her residence in the east had engendered. Instead of this she formed an acquaintance with a young man of inferior position; a proposal of marriage followed, and she induced him to offer his life for insurance, undertaking to pay the premiums out of her own funds. The banker with whom her money was lodged was amazed when he heard what she was about to do, and made some inquiries of an old East Indian, who was then in England, concerning her former life. The replies of this gentleman, although cautious, were sufficient to point the lady out as a very doubtful character; and whether on this a hint was given to the intended bridegroom is uncertain, but that gentleman declared off; and the condition of the insurance not being complied with, the dark purpose was foiled. A few months after other offices were applied to, with proposals for an insurance on the life of a young relative of the same lady, accompanied by a reference to the gentleman who acted as her banker. Inquiries were necessarily instituted as to the reasons for insuring, but no sufficient cause could be shown. It was found too that she had no money to pay more than one insurance; and coupled with the reports which were afloat concerning her first husband's death, a very dark purpose was assigned to her present movement. Awkward questions were raised—information was received, which pointed to her as the poisoner of her husband, and to the Indian servant as an agent in the infamous deed. A prompt negative was given to her application for insurance; and whether conscience aroused her to a sense of her frightful position, or whether she saw her way to success on the continent or in India, is uncertain. She drew her money from her agents, and disappeared for ever from the society in which she had glided like an incarnation of evil.—*Annals of Life Assurance.*

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FRAUDS IN LIFE ASSURANCE.—IMAGINARY DEATH.

As the evening of an autumnal day began to close, four men might have been seen hiring a boat at one of the numerous stairs below Blackfriars Bridge. Their appear

ance was that of the middle order, but the reckless daring which characterized their air and manner marked them of the class which lives by others' losses. By the time they had rowed some distance up the river, the only light that guided them was the reflection of the lamps which fringed it; and no sooner were they shrouded by the darkness of night than without any apparent cause the boat was upset, and the four were precipitated into the Thames. They were close to land, and while they buffeted the tide and made their way they hallooed lustily for help, which, as the shore was now ringing with the noise of boats and boatmen putting off to their assistance, was soon rendered. Of the four who had started only three landed together, and great was their outcry for their lost companion. The alarm was immediately given; all that skill could do to recover their friend was tried; but the night was too dark to render human help of much avail. It was pitiable to the by-standers to witness the grief of those who were saved, who, finding nothing more could be done, were obliged to content themselves with offering a reward for the body, coupled with a promise to return early in the morning. They then went away, and the scene resumed its ordinary quiet. A few hours after this, at the dead of night, a second boat, with the same men, pursued its silent and somewhat solitary course up the river towards the scene of the previous misfortune. With them was a large suspicious looking bundle, which, when they had arrived at a spot suitable to their purpose, they lifted in their arms, placing their horrible burden,—for it was the body of a dead man,—where from their judgment and their knowledge of the tide the corpse of their friend would be sought. Favoured by darkness and by night, they accomplished their object, again rowing rapidly down the stream to an obscure abode in the neighbourhood of Greenwich. When morning began to break, they returned once more to the place which had witnessed their mysterious midnight visit, where, with much apparent anxiety, they asked for tidings of their companion. The reply was what they expected. A body had been found,—it was that which they had placed on the strand,—and this they at once identified as that of the friend who had been

with them in the boat, and for whom they had offered a reward. A coroner's jury sat upon the remains, a verdict of accidental death was recorded, and the object of the conspirators fairly achieved. That object was to defraud an assurance office to a very large amount, for the missing man had not been drowned; the grief expressed was only simulated, and the body which had been placed on the banks of the Thames had been procured to consummate the deception. Against a fraud planned with so much art, and carried out with such skill, no official regulation could guard; and when the papers containing the report of the inquest and the identity of the body were forwarded to the office as the groundwork of a claim for the representatives of the deceased, not a doubt could be entertained of its justice. It was true that the claimant under his will was his mistress; and his executors were the persons who perpetrated the fraud, and were with him at the time of the accident; but there were the broad and indisputable facts to be disposed of that the insured man had met with a sudden and accidental death, and this was attested by the verdict of a jury. The money was paid, and with that portion of it which came to the deceased he went to Paris. In that gay capital, with a mistress as expensive in her habits as himself, the cash was soon spent; and so successful had been the first attempt in this line that it seemed a pity for gentlemen thus accomplished to abandon a mine so rich. Very shortly therefore after the previous fraud, an application was made from Liverpool to an office in London, to insure the life of a gentleman for £2000. The applicant was represented as a commercial traveller, and permission was sought to extend the privilege of travelling to America. This insurance was effected, and when only a few months had elapsed information was received by the company that the insured gentleman, while bathing in one of the large American lakes, had been drowned; that his clothes had been left on the banks of the water where his body had been found; and in verification of this all the necessary documents were lodged in due time. As the death and identity of the traveller seemed clearly established, the office intimated its readiness to pay the policy at the end of

the accustomed three months. But three months seemed a very long period to those who felt the uncertain tenure by which their claim was held; so, to induce the office to pay ready money, they offered a large and unbusiness-like discount. This, together perhaps with some suspicions created by the manner of the applicant, placed the office on its guard. Inquiries was soon instituted, and discoveries made which induced them to proceed still further; but no sooner was it found that a close inquisition was being entered on than the claim was abandoned, and the claimant seen no more at the office.—*Annals of Life Assurance.*

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A BRITISH ROBBER.

Our friend Mr. Evans, of Park wood, the other day told me the particulars of a story about a ruffian, who some fifty years ago concealed himself in a wood on the banks of the Tamar. His name was Nicholas Mason. What might have been his motive, as he was the son of respectable parents, to adopt the trade of a bandit I do not know; but he succeeded in terrifying and laying such heavy contributions on the neighbourhood by his nightly depredations that the farmers and gentlemen at length combined to rout him out. This freebooter was as light of foot as he was of hand; and one of his practices was to get into farmhouses by descending with the utmost care the chimneys during the time the families were at rest. His spoils he placed in a bag, and managed to make his retreat in the same dark and strange manner. For some time his mode of action was not suspected, as in the morning all the doors were found locked just as they were on the previous night, and no signs of violence appeared. The good people thus robbed were puzzled what to think, and as a bad character is a very bad thing, the devil, being the father of thieving as well as lying, obtained the credit of achieving in his own person what were in fact but the acts of one of his sons. However, as the robber, grown bold by success, at length ventured on hen-roosts and the firstlings of the flock, human agency was suspected to have some concern in the matter. The robber was at length

discovered to have secreted himself in a cave situated in a thick wood near Tamar. The discovery was made by a hound quarrelling with a brother hound for some bones that were scattered near the entrance of Mason's den. The squire and huntsmen were led to suspect from this circumstance that they had found out the hiding-place of the thief; and having dexterously concerted their measures so as not to give him any previous alarm, they called in the assistance of some sturdy ploughmen who were working not very far from the spot. The attack commenced, and the robber, like a hare, got the start of his pursuers, for huntsmen, hounds, and peasants were all after him. Suddenly he was espied in a thicket of heath and furze under the brow of a precipice, as he was seeking concealment amongst the adjacent rocks. From this stronghold he was speedily hurled by a bold peasant armed with a pitchfork, who managed to crawl up the cliff after him, though not without danger, as Mason snapped a pistol at him, which providentially missed fire. He was at length taken, yet not till the huntsmen and dogs that had unkennelled him were again obliged to follow in chase, so fleet was he of foot, so quick in doubling, and so intimately acquainted with the place in all its nooks, windings, and ways of retreat. On being taken, he displayed a temper of the most ferocious daring, told the two gentlemen who had been the principal hunters that he regretted they had escaped him, and assured them they owed their safety to their not having caught his eye in time to put his fire arms in proper order to shoot them. The party next examined the cave; the ruffian had there collected every sort of necessary for his own accommodation. There was a pan of milk (for he used to milk the farmers' cows long before daylight) scalding over the embers of a wood fire; a fat sheep that he had stolen, and was skinning at the moment of discovery, hung on the side of the cave, and all sorts of stolen goods were there amassed in regular order. These were removed, as the whole party with shouts of triumph bore along their captive to undergo the examination of the magistrates in full assembly. His father and mother, poor but honest people, to whom he had always been a torment from his earliest days, showed the utmost sorrow for his miserable condition,

and felt that shame for him which he did not feel for himself. Such was the terror this man had inspired, that, though he was in custody and about to stand his trial, many of the poor country people feared to swear to their own property found in the cave. One woman however deposed to a shirt as belonging to her husband; she swore to the work being her own, said she could not be mistaken, for she was left-handed. Other witnesses at length came forward, and Mason was convicted and hanged. The wood in which he had secreted himself is situated near Cartha Martha rocks; it is called Dunterwood.—*Mrs. Bray's "Tamar and Tavy,"* vol. iii.

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EXTRAORDINARY DELIVERANCE.

The author of "Tremaine" seriously vouches for the truth of the following remarkable narrative:—

At the memorable dinner at Mr. Andrews', which I have mentioned, his story naturally recalled many others of the same kind; and one voluble gentleman, who had a greater range than accuracy of memory, asserted that Sir Evan Nepean, when under-secretary of state, had been warned by a vision to save the lives of three or four persons who, but for this appearance, would all of them have been hanged through Sir Evan's neglect.

You may well suppose we did not give much credence to this; but knowing Sir Evan very well, I informed him of what he was charged with and begged him to tell me what the ghost said. "The gentleman," said he good-humouredly, "romances not a little; but what he alludes to is the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me."

He went on to tell me that one night, several years before, he had the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined. He was in perfect health; had dined early and moderately, had no care, nothing to brood over, and was perfectly self-possessed. Still he could not sleep, and from eleven to two in the morning had never closed an eye. It was summer, and twilight was far advanced; and to dissipate the *ennui* of his wakefulness he resolved to rise and breathe the morning air in the park. There he saw nothing

but sleepy sentinels, whom he rather envied. He passed the Home office several times, and at last, without any particular object, resolved to let himself in with his pass-key. The book of entries of the day before lay open upon the table, and in sheer listlessness he began to read. The first thing appalled him: "A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution the next day." It struck him that he had no return to his order to send the reprieve; and he searched the minutes, but could not find it. In alarm he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing Street, knocked him up (it was then long past three), and asked him if he knew anything of the reprieve being sent. In greater alarm the chief clerk could not remember. "You are scarcely awake," said Sir Evan; "collect yourself, it must have been sent." The clerk said he did now recollect he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to forward it to York. "Good," said Sir E., "but have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?" "No." "Then come with me to his house; we must find him, it is so early." It was now four, and the clerk of the crown lived in Chancery Lane. There was no hackney coach, and they almost ran. The clerk of the crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday he was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at the visit of the under-secretary at such an hour, he was still more so at his business. With an exclamation of horror cried the clerk of the crown, "The reprieve is locked up in my desk." It was brought; Sir Evan sent to the post-office for the trustiest, fleetest express, and the reprieve reached York the next morning at the moment the unhappy people were ascending the cart.

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FORCE OF HABIT.

Sir George Staunton visited a man in India who had committed a murder, and, in order not only to save his life, but what was of much more consequence, his *caste*, he submitted to the penalty imposed; this was, that he should sleep for seven years on a bedstead without any mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron, resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George

saw him in the fifth year of his probation, and his skin was then like the hide of a rhinoceros, but more callous: at that time however he could sleep comfortably on his "*bed of thorns,*" and remarked that at the expiration of the term of his sentence he should most probably continue that system from choice which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity.—*Penny Magazine.*

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SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.

Was informed by Mr. Owen that yesterday John Dyer (who entered at Mahon) deserted from the long boat, and fled for sanctuary to a marabout, and turned Moor. By further information found that he had five years ago turned Moor, and had a wife and family here. On which I sent to the Dey of Algiers to demand he might be sent on board the *Centurion,* to receive the punishment he had incurred as a deserter, which was death. In answer to which the dey said, "It was contrary to his laws to give up people who turned Moors; but, as he had turned backwards and forwards so often, he was neither fish nor flesh, and fit for neither of us; therefore as the punishment on our side was death, and that of a renegado flying from his country was death likewise, he, to split the difference, would take off his head, if I had no objection;" to which I assented.—*Life of Admiral Lord Keppel.*

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A MAN HANGED UPON HIS OWN SELF ACCUSATION.

Since you have entered upon stories, I also will tell you one, the which, though I heard it not with mine own ears, yet my author I dare believe: it is concerning one old Tod, that was hanged twenty years ago or more at Hertford, for being a thief. The story is this. At a summer assize, holden at Hertford, while the judge was sitting upon the bench, comes this old Tod into the court, clothed in a green suit, with his leathern girdle in his hand, his bosom open, and all in a dung sweat as if he had run for life; and being come in he spake aloud as follows: "My lord," said he, "here is the veriest rogue that breathes upon the face of the earth. I have been a thief from my child. When I was but a little one I gave myself to rob orchards, and to do other such like wicked things; and I have continued a thief ever since. My lord, there has

not been a robbery committed this many years, within so many miles of this place, but I have either been at it or privy to it." The judge thought the fellow was mad; but after some conference with some of the justices, they agreed to indict him, and so they did, of several felonious actions, to all which he heartily confessed guilty, and so was hanged with his wife at the same time.—*Bunyan's Works*, vol. ii.

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MURDER DISCOVERED.

Dr. Donne, afterwards the celebrated Dean of St. Paul's, when he took possession of the first living to which he was inducted, walked into the yard of the church where he was to officiate. It happened that as he sauntered along the sexton was digging a grave, and the doctor stood for a moment to observe his operations. As the man was at work he threw up a skull which in some way or other engaged the doctor's attention. While he examined it he perceived a headless nail which perforated the temple, and which convinced him that some dreadful deed must have been perpetrated. Taking up the skull, he demanded of the grave-digger to whom it had belonged. The man instantly said that he knew very well, that it had belonged to a man who was accustomed to excess in the use of liquor, and who, one night having been guilty of his usual intemperance, had been found dead in his bed in the morning. Dr. Donne then asked, "Had he a wife?" The answer was in the affirmative. "What character does she bear?" The sexton said a very good one, only she was reflected upon for marrying immediately after the death of her husband. This was enough for the doctor, who, upon pretence of visiting all his parishioners, soon called upon the woman in question; and in course of conversation he inquired of what sickness her husband had died. She gave him precisely the same account as the sexton had given before her. But the doctor produced the skull, and pointing to the place said, "Woman, do you know this nail?" The unhappy criminal was struck with horror at the demand and the sight, and instantly owned that she had been the perpetrator of the deed which had hurried her husband, in a state of intoxication, into the eternal world.—*Providence of God Illustrated.*

Cruelty.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE.—A MONARCH'S WRATH.

A VAGABOND, Peter by name, and a native of Volhynia, having been justly punished for his crimes by the authorities of Novgorod, resolved to be revenged on the whole city. He composed a letter, as if from the archbishop and the inhabitants, to the king of Poland, offering to put themselves under the protection of that monarch. This letter he concealed behind an image of the Virgin, in the church of St. Sophia, and then went to Moscow to acquaint the czar with the existence of the conspiracy. However willing Ivan might be to take instant vengeance on the inhabitants, who had long been hateful to him, he despatched a confidential servant with Peter to the place where the treasonable document was concealed. It was soon found, and the condemnation of the whole city pronounced. In December, 1569, the czar left Alexandrovsky, accompanied by his son and his favourite legion. On his way he exterminated the whole population of Klin, a town in the principality of Tver. Thence he proceeded to Tver, where his confidant Skuratof secretly strangled the deposed metropolitan in the cell of a monastery to which that virtuous pastor had been exiled. This secret crime was followed by public ones. Instead of entering Tver, Ivan remained during five days at a neighbouring monastery, while his lawless soldiers were pillaging the city; they commenced with the clergy, and did not leave a single house unvisited. The lighter and more valuable property they carried away; what they could not remove they burned; and they amused themselves in torturing, cutting to pieces, or hanging the people. In short they reminded the unfortunate inhabitants of the terrible era of 1327, when the Khan Usbeck exercised his vengeance on their ancestors. The Polish prisoners of war who were detained in the prisons were massacred, or drowned in the Volga. Ivan assisted at this spectacle! Proceeding still

towards Novgorod, the czar depopulated the towns, and laid waste the country to the banks of the Ilmen. On the 2nd of January his advanced guard entered the devoted city. The churches and convents were closed, and the monks who could not pay twenty roubles each were bound and flogged from morning till night. The houses of the inhabitants were guarded, and the owners fettered. Terror seized on all; all in fearful expectation awaited the arrival of the monarch. On the 6th of the same month Ivan halted with his troop at Goroditche, a village distant two versts from Novgorod. The following day saw the massacre of all the monks who had not paid the redemption tax; they were beaten to death with clubs, and their bodies transported to their respective monasteries for interment. On the 8th, at the head of his legion, and accompanied by his son, he made his long expected entry. The archbishop, with the clergy and the miraculous images, waited for him on the bridge. He refused to receive the accustomed benediction, and heartily cursed the prelate. He then ordered the crucifix and images to be carried into the church of St. Sophia, where he heard mass; he prayed with great fervour, and afterwards went to the episcopal palace, and sat down to dinner with his boyards. Suddenly he rose and raised a terrible cry! At this signal his satellites appear; they seize the archbishop, his officers, and servants; the palace and cloisters are instantly given up to plunder. Soltikof, master of the court ceremonies, and Eustace, the czar's confessor, ventured to ransack the cathedral itself; they bore away its treasures, its sacred vessels, images and bells; they also pillaged the churches attached to the rich monasteries. After these acts of sacrilege came the tortures of death, which were executed by Ivan and his son in the following manner. Every day from five hundred to a thousand inhabitants were brought before them, and immediately massacred, tortured to death, or consumed by a combustible composition. Sometimes these unfortunate beings were tied to sledges by the head or feet, and dragged to the banks of the Volkhof, to a place where the river is nearly covered with ice. From the bridge which overhangs it whole families were precipitated into the water, wives

with their husbands, mothers with their sucking children. In the mean time some soldiers, armed with pikes, lances, and hatchets, sailed on the river, and pierced or hewed in pieces all who attempted to swim on the surface. This massacre continued five weeks, and ended by a general pillage. Ivan, followed by his legion, visited all the neighbouring monasteries; everywhere he removed the treasures from the churches, ruined the buildings, destroyed the horses and cattle, and burned the corn. In the same manner was Novgorod treated. The czar passed from street to street, to watch his ruffians besieging the houses and shops; the doors were forced or the windows entered, the silks and furs were divided among the rabble, the hemp and hides were burned, the wax and tallow cast into the river. Detachments of these robbers were sent into the domains of Novgorod to pillage and murder, without examination or respect of persons. At length Ivan condescended to pardon all who remained alive. He ordered them to assemble; they appeared, pale and ghastly, like spectres rather than living beings, so worn out were they with terror and despair. He spoke to them with mildness, desired them to pray that heaven would grant him a long and happy reign, and finally bade them a most gracious adieu. He quitted the city, after transmitting his immense booty to Moscow, and proceeded to Pskof. In the executions at Novgorod and in the environs the number of victims is estimated at 60,000. The surviving inhabitants were in a state approaching to delirium; they had seen enough of life, which indeed they were not long doomed to support, for pestilence and famine destroyed most of those whom the monarch's tender mercies had spared. The city was a desert, it was one vast cemetery.—*Karamsin's History of Russia.*

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A JOCULAR MONARCH.—IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

Ivan forgot neither his devotions nor his diversions. His palace alternately resounded with praying and carousing. For his pastime bears were brought from Novgorod. When from his window he perceived a group of citizens collected,

he let slip two or three of these ferocious animals; and his delight on beholding the flight of the terrified creatures, and especially on hearing the cries of the victims, was unbounded; his bursts of laughter were loud and long continued. To console those who were maimed for life, he would sometimes send each of them a small piece of gold. Another of his chief amusements was in the company of jesters, whose duty it was to divert him, especially before and after his executions; but they often paid dear for an unseasonable joke. Among these none were more distinguished than Prince Gvosdef, who held a high rank at court. The czar, being one day dissatisfied with a jest, poured over his head the boiling contents of a soup basin; the agonized wretch prepared to retreat from table, but the tyrant struck him with a knife, and he fell senseless and weltering in his blood. Dr. Arnolph was instantly called. "Save my good servant," cried the czar, "I have jested with him a little too hard." "So hard," replied the other, "that only God and your majesty can restore him to life, he no longer breathes." Ivan expressed his contempt, called the deceased favourite a dog, and continued his amusement. Another day, while he sat at table, the voyvod of Staritza, Boris Titof, appeared, bowed to the ground, and saluted him after the customary manner. "God save thee, my dear voyvod!" said he, "thou deservest a proof of my favour." He seized a knife and cut off an ear! Without showing the least sense of pain, or the slightest change of countenance, Titof thanked the czar for his *gracious favour*, and wished him a happy reign.—*Karamsin's History of Russia.*

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A SCENE FROM THE LIFE OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

On July 25th eighteen gibbets were erected in the market-place of Moscow; instruments of torture were displayed; an enormous fire was made, over which was suspended an immense copper caldron. Seeing these frightful preparations, the Muscovites were persuaded that their last hour was at hand, that the czar was about to annihilate the capital and exterminate its inhabitants. Terrified out of their senses, they fly and conceal themselves, leaving their

shops open, their merchandise and money exposed. Immediately the streets were deserted; no one is seen except a troop of Opritshniks ranged in profound silence around the gibbets and the blazing fires. Suddenly the air resounds with the beating of drums; the czar is seen on horseback, with his eldest son, the beloved object of his affections. He is also accompanied by his boyards, princes, and devoted legion, who marched along in perfect order. After these came the condemned, in number exceeding three hundred, who resembled spectres; they were bruised, torn, bloody, and scarcely able to crawl along. On arriving at the foot of the gallows the czar looks around him. He is surprised to find no spectators are present, and he commands his legionaries to collect the inhabitants in the same place. He becomes impatient at their dilatoriness, and runs himself to call the Muscovites to the treat which he had prepared for them; at the same time he assures them of his perfect goodwill towards them. None dared to disobey. Immediately all issued from their hiding-places, and with trembling steps hastened to the scene of execution, which was instantly crowded; the walls and roofs also were covered with spectators. Then the czar cried aloud: "People of Moscow, you are about to witness tortures and punishments; but I punish none but traitors. Tell me, is mine a righteous judgment?" The air is instantly filled with acclamations: "Long live the czar, our lord and master! May his enemies perish!" Ivan separated from the crowd of victims one hundred and twenty, to whom as less guilty he granted life. The secretary to the privy council then read the names of the rest from a long roll of parchment which he held in his hand. Viskovaty was first made to advance, to whom the emperor read these words: "John Mikhailof, confidential ex-councillor of the czar! you have served me disloyally, and have written to King Sigismund, offering to put him in possession of Novgorod. This is your first crime!" The czar then struck him on the head with a whip, and continued: "The second crime is not quite so heinous. Ungrateful and perfidious man, you have written to the sultan, encouraging him to seize on Astrakhan and Kazan." Two blows follow. "You have also invited the Khan of Tauris

to invade Russia; this is your third crime!" Here Viskovaty in a modest but firm voice replied, lifting his eyes to heaven, "I take the Teacher of hearts to witness—He who knows the most secret thoughts—that I have faithfully served my sovereign and country. All that I have heard is a tissue of infamous calumnies; but to defend myself is vain, for my earthly judge is deaf to the voice of pity; He who reigns in heaven knows my innocence; and you also, sire, will one day acknowledge it before the throne of the Almighty." The assassins rush on him to stop his mouth, they hang him up by the feet, and cut him to pieces. Skuratof first began the execution by dismounting and cutting off the martyr's ear. The second victim was the treasurer Funikof, the friend of Viskovaty, and accused with as little foundation of the same treasons. "For the last time," said he to Ivan, "I salute thee on earth; God grant thee in the next world a meet reward for thy cruelties!" Over this wretch is alternately poured boiling and freezing water; he expires in horrible sufferings. The rest had their throats cut, or were hung and cut in pieces. The czar himself, on horseback and with the utmost coolness, pierced one old man with a lance. In four hours about two hundred were thus butchered.—*Karamsin's History of Russia.*

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IVAN THE TERRIBLE.—RELIGIOUS RECREATIONS.

The new palace had the appearance of an impregnable fortress, yet the czar did not think it sufficiently secure. He disliked Moscow, and he therefore removed to Alexandrovsky, which was afterwards his ordinary residence, and which from a humble village began to expand into a town, with its stone churches, shops, and houses. Its celebrated church of Our Lady was painted outside with the most dazzling colours, enriched with gold and silver; each brick had its representation of the cross. The czar inhabited an extensive palace, surrounded by a ditch and rampart; the officers of the court, with the other functionaries, civil and military, had separate houses; the legionaries had their particular street, and so also had the tradespeople. Ivan commanded that no one should either enter or leave the

town without his express permission, and to fulfil this order troops were continually patrolling to the distance of three versts. In this threatening castle, which was surrounded by dark forests, the czar devoted the greater portion of his time to Divine service, thus seeking to calm his troubled soul by the constant exercise of devotion. He even transformed his palace into a monastery, and his favourites into monks. He gave the name of *brothers* to three hundred of his most depraved legionaries; he himself took that of *abbot*. He made Prince Viazemsky the *treasurer*, and Skuratof the sacristan. Having provided them all with black vestments, under which they wore splendid habits embroidered with fur and gold, he composed the rule of the order, and by his own example inculcated its scrupulous observance. This is the description of so singular a monastic life:—At three every morning the czar, accompanied by his children and Skuratof, went to ring the bell for matins; soon all the brotherhood assembled in the church, absentees were punished by a week's imprisonment. During the service, which lasted until six or seven, the emperor sang, read, and prayed, and with so much fervour that his forehead bore marks of his prostrations against the ground. At eight all met again to hear mass, and at ten they sat down to table, except Ivan, who in a standing posture read aloud from some edifying book. In the repast there was no lack of good things; everything, especially wine and honey, abounded to such a degree that every day might have been taken for a festival. What remained after eating was carried to the market place, and distributed to the poor. The czar—that is to say the abbot—dined after the rest; he then conversed with his favourites about religious matters; sometimes he slept, or perhaps he descended into the dungeons to see the torture inflicted on some poor wretches. This horrible spectacle seemed to delight him greatly; he always returned from it with a countenance more cheerful than usual, he jested and spoke with more than his wonted gaiety. At eight in the evening vespers were read, and at ten Ivan retired to his bedchamber, where three blind men lulled him to sleep with tales. At midnight he arose and began the day with prayer. Sometimes while he was in the church he

listened to the reports of his ministers about public affairs, and often the most bloody orders were dictated at matin-song or during mass. To diversify this uniformity of life, he often took what he called *turns;* he visited monasteries, inspected the frontier fortresses, or pursued the wild beasts in the forests and deserts; he was particularly fond of bear hunting. But in every place and at every moment he was busied with public matters, for notwithstanding their boasted influence in the administration none of the boyards durst decide on anything without consulting him.—*Karamsin's History of Russia.*

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A STATE OF EUROPEAN SOCIETY BEFORE LAW.

At Tours dwelt two noble Franks who possessed extensive domains in the vicinity. One of these, named Austregil, slew and plundered some of the *Pueri,* or armed attendants of Sichar, the other. As the slain were not free-born Franks, but *hörigen,* or thralls, although appertaining to that armed portion of the household without whose escort no man of any consequence undertook a journey, the affair was referred to the burgher tribunal, which decided that Austregil had incurred punishment. But Sichar learning that the stolen goods were in his antagonist's house, troubled himself no further about the verdict, collected a body of armed followers, attacked the mansion by night, slew Austregil, and plundered his property. The town was alarmed for the consequences; and the bishop, in conjunction with the judge (probably the Frank *gravio*), invited the parties to appear before them. They came; the assembled citizens being likewise present. "Prosecute this quarrel no further," said Bishop Gregory; "be placable; and let him who has done the wrong make compensation. Should his wealth prove insufficient, the church shall buy him off with her gold." But Chramnisiud, the nearest kinsman of the murdered man, refused to accept any compensation, and the assembly broke up. It was soon afterwards reported that Sichar had been murdered upon a ourney by his own attendants (he was merely wounded). Immediately Chramnisind and his party fall upon Sichar's country residence, kill some of his servants, burn his houses,

and drive away his cattle. Both parties were again summoned before the *gravio,* and the judges decreed that he who, rejecting a just composition, had burnt the houses, should forfeit one-half of the composition previously adjudged to him, but that Sichar must still pay the other half. This was a proceeding contrary to law, devised as a means of restoring peace. The church paid the money; both parties respectively swore that neither would speak a word against the other, and so the dispute seemed to be ended. Not an idea appears of royal intervention, or of the two hundred *solidi* fixed by Salic law as the price of the blood of a free-born Frank. It was to be a voluntary bargain, in which neither party could be compelled to concur; and the sum offered must have been large, since it was pre-supposed beyond the pecuniary ability of the wrong-doer. But what has been related is only half of this strange incident, which so clearly marks the lawless habits of the Franks. The foes were so thoroughly reconciled that they frequently feasted together and slept in the same bed (an old German custom). As they sat one day at Chramnisind's table, drinking together in mirthful mood, Sichar said, "Thou shouldest thank me, good brother, for having killed thy kinsman, since the composition has made thee a rich man." Then thought Chramnisind in his heart, "If I leave my kinsman's blood unavenged I am not worthy to be called a man." He put out the lights, clove Sichar's head in twain, and hastening to the king, told how the thing had happened, and prayed for assurance of his life. He believed therefore that he had acted with perfect propriety; but he had Brunehild against him, because Sichar was a follower of her's, and Chramnisind was compelled to seek for safety in exile.—"*History of the Ancient Germans:*" *Foreign Quarterly Review.*

COSSACK LOGIC.

The empress Elizabeth of Russia during the war with Sweden commanded the old hetman of the Cossacks to come to court on his way to Finland. "If the emperor, your father," said the hetman, "had taken my advice, your majesty would not now have been annoyed by the Swedes." "What

was your advice?" asked the empress. "To put all the nobility to death, and transplant the people into Russia." "But that," said the empress, "would have been cruel." "I do not see that," he replied quietly; "they are all dead now, and they would only have been dead if my advice had been taken." Something strangely comprehensive and unanswerable in this barbarian logic!—*Mrs. Jameson's Common-place Book.*

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THE PLEASANTRIES OF ANCIENT EXECUTIONS IN LONDON.

Let us take, for instance, the places of public executions in London. Charing Cross was for centuries one of them, and its pillory was the most illustrious amongst the many that formerly graced the capital, illustrious by reason of the remarkable evil-doers who underwent ignominy in its wooden and unfriendly embrace. The notorious Titus Oates, and Parsons, the chief contriver of the Cock Lane ghost, were exposed in it. To the rough treatment which, in former days, sometimes succeeded exposure in the pillory, the following paragraph, from the *Daily Advertiser* of the 11th of June, 1731, abundantly testifies:—"Yesterday Japhet Crook, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, stood on the pillory for the space of one hour; after which he was seated in an elbow-chair, and the common hangman cut both his ears off with an incision knife, and showed them to the spectators, afterwards delivered them to Mr. Watson, a sheriff's officer; then slit both his nostrils with a pair of scissors, and seared them with a hot iron, pursuant to his sentence. He had a surgeon to attend him to the pillory, who immediately applied things necessary to prevent the effusion of blood. He underwent it all with undaunted courage; afterwards went to the Ship Tavern at Charing Cross, where he stayed some time; then was carried to the King's Bench prison, to be confined there for life. During the time he was on the pillory he laughed and denied the fact to the last." Petty punishments these, although barbarous enough, inflicted for paltry crimes upon mean malefactors. Criminals of a far higher grade had, previously to that, paid the penalty of their offences at the cross of Charing.

Hugh Peters, Cromwell's chaplain, was there hung, as were Scrope, Jones, Harrison, and others of the king killers. Long had been their impunity, but vengeance at last overtook them. To the end they showed the stern fanatical resolution of Oliver's iron followers. "Where is your *good old cause?*" cried a scoffer to Harrison, as he was led to the scaffold. "Here!" he replied, clapping his hand on his breast; "I go to seal it with my blood." At the foot of the ladder, which he approached with undaunted mien, his limbs were observed to tremble, and some amongst the mob made a mockery of this weakness. "I judge," said Harrison, "that some do think I am afraid to die, by the shaking I have in my hands and knees. *I* tell you, NO! but it is by reason of much blood that I have lost in the wars, and many wounds I have received in my body, which caused this shaking and weakness in my nerves." And he spoke further, and told the populace how he gloried in that he had done, and how, had he ten thousand lives, he would cheerfully lay them down in the same cause. After he was hanged a horrible scene took place. In conformity to the barbarous sentence then, and for many years afterwards, executed upon persons convicted of treason, he was cut down alive and stripped, his belly was cut open, his bowels taken out and burned before his eyes. Harrison, in the madness of his agony, rose up wildly, it is said, and gave the executioner a box on the ear, and then fell down insensible. It was the last effort of matter over mind, and for the time it conquered. The other regicides died with the same firmness and contempt of death. "Their grave and graceful demeanour," says the account in the "State Trials," "accompanied with courage and cheerfulness, caused great admiration and compassion in the spectators." So much, and so strong was the sympathy excited, that the government gave orders that no more of them should be executed in the heart of London. Accordingly the remainder suffered at Tyburn. Upon the old Westminster market-place a most barbarous event occurred in the time of that tyrannical, acetous old virgin, Queen Bess, who assuredly owes her renown, and the sort of halo of respect that surrounds her memory, far less to any good qualities of her own than to the galaxy of great men who flourished during her reign. The glory that

encircles her brow is formed of such stars as Cecil, Burleigh, and Bacon, Drake and Raleigh, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Sidney. Touching this barbarity, however, enacted by order of good Queen Bess; at the mature age of forty-eight, her majesty took it into her very ordinary looking old head to negotiate a marriage with the Duke of Anjou. Commissioners came from France to discuss the interesting subject, and were entertained by pageants and tournaments, in which Elizabeth enacted the Queen of Beauty; and subsequently the duke came over himself as a private gentleman to pay his court to the last of the Tudors. The duke being a Papist, the proposed alliance was very unpopular in England, and one John Stubbs, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, wrote a pamphlet against it, entitled, "The Discoverye of a Gaping Gulphe, whereinto England is like to be swallowed by another French marriage, if the Lord forbid not the banns by letting her majestye see the sin and punishment thereof." Certain expressions in this imprudent publication greatly angered the queen; Stubbs and his servant Page were brought to trial, and condemned to lose their right hands. This cruel and unusual sentence was carried into effect on the market-place at Westminster, and witnessed by Camden, who gives an account of it. Both sufferers behaved with great fortitude and courage. Their hands were cut off with a butcher's cleaver and mallet, and as soon as Stubbs had lost his he pulled off his cap with his left, waved it in the air, and cried, "God save the Queen!" He then fainted away. It took two blows to sever Page's hand, but he flinched not, and pointing to the block where it lay he exclaimed, "I have left there the hand of a true Englishman!" And so he went from the scaffold, says the account, "stoutlie and with great courage."—*Annals and Antiquities of London.*

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THE REFINEMENT OF CRUELTY.

In 1549 there was a dangerous rebellion in the west of England, on account of the Reformation. The Cornish rebels besieged Exeter, where the famine was so great that the inhabitants were obliged to eat horse-flesh. At last the

Lords Grey and Russell relieved the place, and the rebels were defeated. Many were taken and executed by martial law, and the person employed in this service was the provost Sir William Kingston, of whose wanton cruelty Sir Richard Baker relates *two* curious instances. One Boyer, mayor of Bodmin, had been amongst the rebels, but not willingly; to him the provost sent word he would come and dine with him. Accordingly the mayor made a plentiful provision to entertain his guest; but a little before dinner, Kingston took the mayor aside, and said "that there must be an execution in the afternoon, and therefore required him to have a gallows erected." The mayor saw the order executed; and presently after dinner, the provost, taking him by the hand, desired that he might be conducted to the place where the gallows stood. When they came to the place he asked the mayor if he thought it was strong enough. "Yes," said the mayor, "there can be no doubt of it." "Well then," said the provost, "get up and try, for it is provided for you." "I hope," said the provost, "you mean not as you speak." "In faith," said the provost, "there is no remedy, for you have been a busy rebel." And so, without respite or trial, he was put to death.

Near the same place dwelt a miller, who had been a busy actor in the rebellion. This man, fearing the approach of Kingston, told a sturdy fellow his servant that he was going from home, and that if any one came to inquire for him to say that he was the miller and had been so for three years. When the provost came and called for the miller, out came the servant and readily said that he was the man. "Then," said the provost to his attendants, "take and hang him up on the next tree." Upon this the fellow roared out that he was not the miller, but the miller's man. "Nay, friend," said the provost, "I will take thee at thy first word; for if thou art the miller thou hast been a busy rebel; and if not thou art a lying knave; let it be as it may, thou canst not do thy master a better service than hanging for him." And so, without any more ceremony, the poor fellow was executed.

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EXECUTIONS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

I AM tempted to quote, as not altogether irrelevant to my pages, a case which affords an example of the executions of those demoralized times, as well as a singular coincidence. The victim was one of eight who were hung at the same time, a poor mis-educated young man, who had sincerely repented, and died with Christian hope. "John Lancaster," says Told, "had no friends to procure him a proper interment; so that, when they had hung the usual time and were cut down, the surgeons' mob secured the body of Lancaster and carried it over to Paddington. When the crowd was nearly dispersed, a company of eight sailors, with truncheons in their hands, looked up to the gallows with an angry countenance, the bodies having been cut down some minutes previous to their arrival. An old woman who sold gin, observing them to grow violent by reason of their disappointment, mildly said unto them, 'Gentlemen, I suppose you want the man that the surgeons have got.' 'Ay,' replied the sailors, 'where is he?' The poor affrighted woman gave them to understand that the surgeons' crew had carried him over to Paddington, and pointed out to them the road thither. On this they hastened away, and as they entered the town inquired where the surgeons' mob was. On receiving information, they went and demanded the body of John Lancaster. When they had obtained it two of them took it on their shoulders and carried it round by Islington. They being tired, two others placed themselves under the body and carried it from Shoreditch to Coverlet's Fields. At length, after they were weary, they agreed to lay it on the step of the first door they came to. They did so, and went their way. This gave birth to a great riot in the neighbourhood, which brought an old woman, who lived in the house, downstairs. When she saw the corpse on the step of the door she cried out, 'Lord! here is my son, John Lancaster!' This being spread abroad, the Methodists made a collection, and got him a shroud and a coffin. This circumstance was the more extraordinary, as the seamen had no knowledge of the body, or to whom he belonged when living." The state of the police, as well as of the morals of that age, is hardly conceivable to a modern

citizen of London, notwithstanding the actual vice and suffering of the great metropolis.—*Stevens' History of Methodism,* vol. ii.

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THE DESERTED MOTHER.

The Rev. R. Moffat, who has spent so long a period in South Africa, in the service of the London Missionary Society, gives the following statement, which the great respectability of his character guarantees as correct and certain. "We had travelled all day over a sandy plain, and passed a sleepless night from extreme thirst and fatigue. Rising early in the morning, and leaving the people to get the wagon ready, I went forward to see if we could not perceive some indications of water. After passing a ridge of hills, and advancing a considerable way on the plain, we discovered at a distance a little smoke amidst a few bushes which seemed to skirt a ravine. On reaching the spot, we beheld an object of heart-rending distress. It was a venerable looking old woman, a living skeleton, sitting with her head upon her knees. She appeared terrified at our presence, and especially at me. She tried to rise, but trembling with weakness sunk again to the earth. I addressed her by the name which sounds sweet in every clime and charms even the savage ear: 'My mother, fear not; we are friends, and will do you no harm.' I put several questions to her, but she appeared either speechless or afraid to open her lips. I again repeated, 'Pray, mother, who are you, and how do you come to be in this situation?' to which she replied, 'I am a woman; I have been here four days. My children have left me here to die.' 'Your children!' I interrupted. 'Yes,' raising her hand to her shrivelled bosom, 'my own children, three sons and two daughters. They are gone,' pointing with her fingers, 'to yonder blue mountain, and have left me to die.' 'And, pray, why did they leave you?' I inquired. Spreading out her hands, 'I am old you see, and I am no longer able to serve them. When they kill game, I am too feeble to help in carrying home the flesh; I am not able to gather wood to make fire; and I cannot carry their children on my back as I used to do.'

This last sentence was more than I could bear; and though my tongue was cleaving to the roof of my mouth for want of water, this reply opened a fountain of tears. I remarked that I was surprised she had escaped the lions, which seemed to abound and to have approached very near the spot where she was. She took hold of the skin of her left arm with her fingers, and raising it up as one would do loose linen, she added, 'I hear the lions, but there is nothing on me that they would eat, I have no flesh on me for them to scent.' At this moment the wagon drew near, which greatly alarmed her, for she supposed it was an animal. Assuring her that it would do her no harm, I said that as I could not stay I would put her into the wagon and take her with me. At this remark she became convulsed with terror. She replied that if we took her and left her at another village they would only do the same again: 'It is our custom; I am nearly dead, I do not want to die again.' Finding it impossible to influence the woman to move, without running the risk of her dying convulsed in our hands, we collected a quantity of fuel, gave her a good supply of dry meat, some tobacco, and a knife, with some other articles; telling her to keep up a good fire at night, as the lions would smell the dried flesh if they did not scent her. We then pursued our course. I have often reasoned with the natives on this cruel practice, in reply to which they would only laugh. It may be imagined that people might devote their friends, and nobles their firstborn, like the Carthaginians, to appease some offended deity; and that mothers too should smile on the infants their own hands had murdered, from similar motives; but it appears an awful exhibition of human depravity when children compel their parents to perish for want, or to be devoured by beasts of prey in a desert, from no other motive than sheer laziness, or to get quit of those on whose breast they hung in helpless infancy, whose lips first directed their vocal powers, whose hand led them through many a weary waste, and who often suffered the most pinching want, that the babes whom nature taught them to love might be supplied. I have more than once handed food to a hungry mother, who appeared to have fasted for a month, when she would just

taste it and give it to her child, when perhaps that very child, instead of returning grateful service to the infancy of old age, leaves that very mother to perish from hunger."—*Moffat's Missionary Adventures in South Africa.*

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CRUELTY.

This last week several wagoners coming from Breslau to Silesia, upon their way in the Duke of Saxony's country, perceived a stag with a man upon his back, running with all his might: coming near the wagons he suddenly fell down: the wagoners drawing nigh him, the poor man sitting upon his back made pitiful complaint, how that the day before he was by the Duke of Saxony, for killing a deer, condemned to be bound with chains upon that stag, his feet bound fast under the stag's belly with an iron chain soldered, and his hands so chained to the horns. The miserable man begged earnestly that they would shoot him, to put him out of his pain; but they durst not, fearing the duke. Whilst they were talking with him the stag got up again, and ran away with all his might. The wagoners computed that he had run in sixteen hours twenty-six Dutch miles in the least, which makes near one hundred of our English miles in a direct line. The miseries which that poor creature did and must undergo, especially if the stag killed him not in running, cannot be expressed, hardly imagined."—*From newspaper called "Mercurius Politicus,"* 1655.

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THE REIGN OF TERROR IN FRANCE NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.

"I have made," said La Grange, "a statement of the mortality in Paris during the years 1793 and 1794, and on comparing them with the preceding years I do not find that the establishment of the revolutionary tribunal made any great difference. Deduct from the number of the victims those who would have died from old age, sickness, or accident, and you will find that the influence of this tribunal on the mortality of the capital is reduced to almost nothing." Now this calculation of the *bonhomme* La Grange (as Arnault

strangely calls him) is not more atrocious in morals than erroneous in statistics—as discreditable to the mathematician as to the man. In the first place, the population of Paris had been so enormously diminished—every one who could possibly quit that hell upon earth having done so—that if the mortality in the diminished numbers had only equalled the natural mortality of former years, it would have proved a vast increase on the proportionable number of deaths. Again, begging the philosopher's pardon, we think that, even if the number of deaths had been the same, some little difference might be suggested between dying in one's bed and being mangled on a scaffold. And again, did not this learned gentleman see that his calculation supposes that the guillotine was peculiarly active with those who were the least possible of being guilty of any offence—the old and the ailing? But above all, since his calculation was founded on the returns of the mortality, what was the use of the *calculation* at all? If the returns were accurate they must have specified how many were executed. Why then does he not tell us *that* number? Why proceed with circuitous trouble to produce a vague result, instead of the certainty which he must have possessed, and which he chooses to conceal? This was the same *savant* who, when "Napoleon, who liked that folks should believe in a God," asked him "what he thought of God," replied, A pretty theory, it explains a great many things. "*Lolie hypothèse!*" (the philosopher lisped), "*elle explique bien de sozes.*" La Grange's science seems to be quite on a par with the feeling of one Artaud, who a few days after the execution of Camille Desmoulins said, with a sentimental sigh, "One cannot mow the harvest without cutting down some flowers."—*Quarterly Review.*

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THE REIGN OF TERROR.

The inflicting death seems, like many other acts which are at first painful, to become a passion. No other explanation can be given of the condemnation by the revolutionary tribunal of many of the humblest and obscurest persons among the petty shopkeepers, and even workmen, of Paris. No other explanation can be given of some of the capricious

murders related by M. Berryer. We give one or two examples:—In 1787 money had been borrowed in Paris on printed debentures for £100 each, signed by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Clarence. They went by the name of *actions du Prince de Galles.* The transaction was an unfortunate one; the debentures were refused payment, lost their value, and disappeared. Six years afterwards, all persons concerned in their introduction into the Parisian market, or in their circulation, were accused as *contre-revolutionaires* and enemies of the people. The Duc de St. Aignan, a former client of M. Berryer, on whom a money-lender had forced some of these debentures, and who had obliged him by law to take them back, was among the accused. So was his duchess, a young woman of fashion, whom no one could suppose to have been acquainted with her husband's transactions. So were even the notaries in whose hands they were deposited, and their clerks; and even M. Chaudot, who had merely given a notarial attestation which he could not legally refuse. All were condemned, and all were executed.

Another notary, M. Martin, a friend like M. Chaudot of M. Berryer, met at his door, on a return from a morning's walk, a *gendarme,* who required his immediate attendance before the revolutionary tribunal. He found there three persons accused of having signed a pedigree certificate, which had been deposited in his office. There was nothing objectionable in the certificate, but it was said some ill use might be made of it. The public accuser simply asked him if the paper had been placed with him, and on his admitting it, required the tribunal to convict and sentence him to death, together with those previously accused. The tribunal instantly complied; the four prisoners were removed from the bar; room was found for them in the carriages which were setting off for the guillotine; and within three hours M. Martin was an un-accused man and an executed criminal —*Berryer's Autobiographical Recollections.*

Breaking of the Golden Bowl.

DR. ARNOLD'S LAST DAY AND HIS LAST PRAYER.

Our readers must pass a day with Arnold. They will see of how homely and plain a thread, to all appearance, it was composed. Only, to make it more impressive, the day we will choose shall be his last. It differs in itself in no respect from other days, except as it is more of a holiday, since it happens to be also the concluding day of the half-year. On the morrow he was to shake his wings for Westmoreland. The morning is taken up with examination in Ranke's "History of the Popes." Then came the distribution of prizes, the taking leave of the boys who are going, and all the mechanical details of finishing for the holidays; his usual walk and bathe follow; dinner next, when he talked with great pleasure to several guests of his early geological studies under Buckland, and of a recent visit to Naseby with Thomas Carlyle. An interval in the evening leaves room for an earnest conversation with an old pupil on some differences in their views of the Tractarian theology; after which the day rounds off with an annual supper to some of the sixth form boys. Arnold retired to bed, apparently in perfect health. But before laying down his head upon the pillow, from which he was never more to raise it, he put his seal upon this busy and cheerful day by an entry into his diary, which (reading it as we now read it) seems of prophetic import. Yet, in truth, these transitions had become so familiar to him that, in passing from what was most secular to what was most spiritual, he was hardly conscious of the change. He kept the communication between this world and the next so freely open—angels ascending and descending—that he blended the influence of both, of things temporal and things eternal, in one consistent whole:—"*Saturday evening, June* 11. The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to live to see it—my forty-seventh birthday since my birth. How large a portion of my life on

earth is already passed! And then what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age. In one sense, how nearly can I now say *'Vixi;'* and I thank God that, as far as ambition is concerned, it is I trust fully mortified. I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still there are works which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh; especially that great work, if I might be permitted to take part in it. But, above all, let me mind my own personal work, to keep myself pure and zealous and believing, labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it." What a midnight epitaph! How ominous and unconscious! How tender and sublime! He woke next morning, between five and six, in pain. It was *angina pectoris.* At eight o'clock he was dead!—*Life of Dr. Arnold,* vol. ii.

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DYING PREDICTIONS.

That extended encircling twilight world, which everywhere would seem as the *penumbra* of the full light, and of the central sun of the healthy human mind (in which other things than close things are dimmed), has been by philosophers faintly caught an idea of, as not only the conqueror of the possibility of chance to man (as containing everything to happen to him), but also as a dawn in which everything is, but only not yet arrived at; the future lifting from off us as the darkness of the night, and leaving us objects. Are the dying always clairvoyant? The reader of the Iliad is aware how the poet has made his expiring heroes utter predictions against their enemies. The same thing is common to the poetry and romance—and we may add, the history—of other nations. It is a part of the truth of nature to which Shakspeare was so sensitively alive. The patriarchs of Scripture likewise utter predictions on their death-bed. Ennemoser has a few words on this subject. When Calanus ascended the burning funeral pile, and Alexander asked him if he were in need of anything, he replied, "Nothing. The day after

to-morrow I shall see you;" which was verified by subsequent events. Posidonius mentions a dying Rhodian who named six persons, one after the other, in the order in which they were to die. Plutarch draws the following conclusion:—"It is not probable that in death the soul gains new powers which it was not before possessed of, when the mind was confined in the chains of the body; but it is much more probable that these powers were always in being, though dimmed and clogged by the body; and the soul is only then able to practise them when the corporeal bonds are loosened, and the drooping limbs and stagnant juices no longer oppress it." Aretæus uses almost the same words: "Until the soul is set free it works within the body, obscured by vapours and clay."—*Curious Things of the Outside World*, vol. i.

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DEATH OF CHARLES V.

September 20th.—During the whole of the past night he had been attended by his confessor, and by the preacher Villalva, who frequently read aloud, at his request, passages from Scripture, usually the psalms. The psalm which he liked best was that beginning "*Domine! refugium factum es nobis.*" Soon after daybreak he signified his wish to be left alone with his chamberlain. When the door was shut upon the retiring clergy, he said, "Luis Quixada, I feel that I am sinking little by little, for which I thank God since it is His will. Tell the king, my son, that I beg he will settle with my servants who have attended me to my death; that he will find some employment for William van Male; and that he will forbid the friars of this convent to receive guests in the house." He then expressed his great regret at not being able to confer with the archbishop of Toledo about the affair between the king and queen of Bohemia; and he said he had intended to send an envoy to convey his opinion of the matter to Maximilian, but had waited until he should have heard the primate's story. "As for what he told me to say of myself," said Quixada, in writing to Philip II., "I do not repeat it, being so nearly concerned in it; and other things I will also leave untold until it pleases God to bring your majesty hither." The emperor after-

wards asked for the eucharist. Fray Juan de Regla reminded him that after having received extreme unction that sacrament was no longer necessary. "It may not be necessary," said the dying man, "but it is good company on so long a journey." About seven in the morning therefore the consecrated wafer was brought from the high altar of the church, followed by the friars in solemn procession. The patient received it with great devoutness from the hands of his confessor, but he had great difficulty in swallowing the sacred morsel, and afterwards opened his mouth and made Quixada see if it had all gone down. In spite of his extreme weakness he followed all the responses as usual, and repeated with much fervour the whole verse: "*In manus Tuas, Domine! commendo spiritum meum; redimisti nos, Domine, Deus veritatis!*" and he afterwards remained kneeling in his bed for some time, and uttering ejaculations in praise of the blessed sacrament, so pious and so apposite that the friars conceived them to be prompted by the Holy Ghost. He was soon however seized with violent vomitings, and during the greater part of the day lay motionless, with closed eyes, but not unconscious of what went on around him. About noon the archbishop arrived and was immediately admitted to the sick room, where he was recognised by the patient, who addressed a few words to him and told him to go and repose himself. The count of Oropesa and his brother, Don Francisco, also came, although they were themselves hardly recovered from their illness. In the afternoon it was supposed that the emperor's strength was ebbing fast, and all his friends assembled at the palace. They found him perfectly calm and collected, for which he expressed great thankfulness, it having long been his dread that he might die out of his mind. A few words of consolation, touching forgiveness of sins, were at intervals addressed to him by the archbishop, words which Regla treasured up and reported to the Inquisition. Sad and swarthy of visage, Carranza had also a hoarse disagreeable voice. Hearing it on one of these occasions, the emperor gave a sign of impatience so unmistakable that Quixada thought it right to interpose, and whisper, "Hush, my lord, you are disturbing his majesty." The primate took the hint and was silent.

Towards eight o'clock in the evening Charles asked if the consecrated tapers were ready. He was evidently sinking rapidly. The physicians acknowledged that the case was past their skill, and that all hope was over. Cornelio retired. Mathys remained by the bedside, occasionally feeling the patient's pulse, and whispering to the group of anxious spectators, "His majesty has but two hours to live—but one hour—but half an hour." Charles meanwhile lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious, but now and then murmuring a prayer and turning his eyes to heaven. At length he raised himself and called for "William." Van Male was instantly at his side, and understood that he wished to be turned in bed, during which operation the emperor leaned upon him heavily and uttered a groan of agony. The physician now looked towards the door, and said to the archbishop, who was standing in its shadow, "*Domine, jam moritur.*" "My lord, he is now dying." The primate came forward, with the chaplain Villalva, to whom he made a sign to speak. It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning of the 21st of September, St. Matthew's day. Addressing the dying man, the favourite preacher told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in having been born on the feast of St. Matthias the apostle, who had been chosen by lot to complete the number of the twelve, and in being about to die on the feast of St. Matthew, who for Christ's sake had forsaken wealth, as his majesty had forsaken imperial power. For some time the preacher held forth in this pious and edifying strain. At last the emperor interposed, saying, "The time is come; bring me the candle and the crucifix." These were cherished relics, which he had long kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from Our Lady's shrine at Montserrat, the other a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which had been taken from the dead hand of his wife at Toledo, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son at the Escorial. He received them eagerly from the archbishop, and, taking one in each hand, for some moments he silently contemplated the figure of the Saviour, and then clasped it to his bosom. Those who stood nearest to the bed now heard him say quickly, as if replying to a call, "Ya, voy, Senor," "Now, Lord, I go."

As his strength failed his fingers relaxed their hold of the crucifix, which the primate therefore took, and held it up before him. A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed, after which, with his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the room, he cried, "Ay, Jesus!" and expired.—*Stirling's Cloister Life of Charles V.*

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CHARLES V. PERFORMING HIS OWN FUNERAL.

About this time, according to the historian of St. Jerome, the emperor's thoughts seemed to turn more than usual upon religion and its rites. Whenever, during his stay at Yuste, any of his friends, of the degree of princes or knights of the Fleece, had died, he had ever been punctual in doing honour to their memory, by causing their obsequies to be performed by the friars; and these lugubrious services may be said to have formed the festivals of his gloomy life in the cloister.

The daily masses said for his own soul were always accompanied by others for the souls of his father, mother, and wife. But now he ordered further solemnities of the funeral kind to be performed in behalf of these relations, each on a different day, and attended them himself, preceded by a page bearing a taper, and joining in the chant, in a very devout and audible manner, out of a tattered prayer-book. These rites ended, he asked his confessor whether he might not perform his own funeral, and so do for himself what would soon have to be done for him by others. Regla replied that his majesty, please God, might live many years, and that when his time came these services would be gratefully rendered without his taking any thought about the matter. "But," persisted Charles, "would it not be good for my soul?" The monk said that certainly it would; pious works done during life being far more efficacious than when they were postponed till after death. Preparations were therefore at once set on foot; a catafalque which had served before on similar occasions was erected, and on the following day, the 13th of August, as the monkish historian relates, this celebrated service was actually performed. The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church shone with a blaze of wax lights, the

friars were all in their places at the altars and in the choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. The pious monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred and to celebrate his own obsequies. While they were singing the solemn mass for the dead he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the kneeling throng and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, the curling incense, and the glittering altar, the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas whereon Titian had pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansions prepared for the blessed. Many years before, self-interment had been practised by a bishop of Liege, Cardinal Erard de la Marck, Charles's ambassador to the diet during his election to the imperial throne, an example which may perhaps have led to the ceremonies at Yuste. For several years before his death in 1528 did this prelate annually rehearse his obsequies and follow his coffin to the stately tomb which he had reared in his cathedral at Liege. The funeral rites ended, the emperor dined in his western alcove. He ate little, but he remained for a great part of the afternoon sitting in the open air and basking in the sun, which, as it descended to the horizon, beat strongly upon the white walls. Feeling a violent pain in his head, he returned to his chamber and lay down. Mathys, whom he had sent in the morning to Xarandilla to attend the Count of Oropesa in his illness, found him, when he returned, still suffering considerably, and attributed the pain to his having remained too long in the hot sunshine. Next morning he was somewhat better, and was able to get up and go to mass, but still felt oppressed and complained much of thirst. He told his confessor however that the funeral service of the day before had done him good. The sunshine again tempted him into his open gallery. As he sat there he sent for a portrait of the empress, and hung for some time lost in thought over the gentle face which, with its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great Queen of Castile. He next called for a picture of our Lord praying in the garden, and then for a

sketch of the Last Judgment, by Titian. Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of these other favourite pictures, to the noble art which he had loved with a love that cares and years and sickness could not quench, and that ever will be remembered with his better fame. Thus occupied, he remained so long abstracted and motionless that Mathys, who was on the watch, thought it right to awake him from his reverie. On being spoken to he turned round and complained that he was ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and pronounced him in a fever. Again the afternoon sun was shining over the great walnut-trees full into the gallery. From this pleasant spot, filled with the fragrance of the garden and the murmur of the fountain, and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from which he was to rise no more. —*Stirling's Cloister Life of Charles V.*

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THE CLOSING YEARS OF STEPHEN GRELLET.

He had been led, under a remarkable coincidence, between the openings of providence and the leadings of the Holy Spirit; and events have proved how surely he had been guided aright. He travelled home, and spent the remainder of his years in stillness, only broken by ministrations in his own neighbourhood and meeting. How beneficial is this glimpse he gives of himself and of his spiritual state, when he says :—

"Poverty is my clothing. My station in great measure is with a Mordecai at the gate; but it is the gate of the King eternal, the holy and blessed Redeemer. I trust that I may not be thought to assume too much by saying that at this gate, in that stripped state, in that poverty, I am permitted through adorable mercy to sit with great delight. It is an unspeakable favour that I am now permitted to mend my own net; but during this private personal enjoyment my heart is not straitened, but as much enlarged as ever in love, gospel love, towards my friends and others, near and

afar off. Sometimes I covet that such as have suffered little pebbles to stand in the way of this pure stream might feel how sweetly it flows from my heart towards them.

"The spirit of prayer is sweet; it proceeds from the ocean of pure love; mercy gives access to it; it knows no bounds; under this sense I salute all my friends."

To the latest year of his life tender interests and care for souls continued. Beautifully, when at the age of seventy-three, he says—"And when the Shepherd findeth the lost sheep, after leaving the ninety and nine in the wilderness, how does He bring it home? Does He whip it? Does He drive it? Does He threaten it? No such thing! He carries it on His shoulders, and deals more tenderly with the poor, weary, wandering one!" Such tearful and tender words seem to us a key to that deep tenderness of feeling which in all climes and countries, and in remote Cossack wildernesses, opened the iron gateways which fence the hearts of kings, and broke down the fences and palisades round the souls of boors and peasants. After a life of such brilliant and holy adventure, it seems strange and beautiful to think of him at home, sinking down into "the valley of the shadow of death" through perfect peace. In that home a well-known and well-loved friend of our own called upon him in that last year of his life, and has printed upon our mind the perfect picture of peace and calm with which the old man and his wife, on opposite sides of their fireplace, sat waiting for the messenger, who soon came.—*Life of Stephen Grellet.*

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A MATCH FOR POSTHUMOUS INDIGNITY.

To want a grave is the cruelty of the living, not the misery of the dead. An English gentleman, not long since, did lie on his death-bed in Spain, and the Jesuits did flock about him to pervert him to their religion. All was in vain. Their last argument was, "If you will not turn Roman Catholic, then your body shall be unburied." "Then," answered he, "I will stink;" and so turned his head and died. Thus love, if not to the dead, to the living, will make

him, if not a grave, a hole. . . . A good memory is the best monument. Others are subject to casualty and time; and we know that the pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders. To conclude: let us be careful to provide rest for our souls, and our bodies will provide rest for themselves. And let us not be herein like unto gentlewomen, who care not to keep the inside of the orange, but candy and preserve only the outside thereof. —*Thomas Fuller's Essay on Tombs.*

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DYING.

Death does not strike all the organs of the body at the same time. Some may be said to survive others, and the lungs are among the last to give up the performance of their function and die. As death approaches, they become gradually more and more oppressed; the air-cells are loaded with an increased quantity of the fluid, which naturally lubricates their surfaces; the atmosphere can now no longer come in contact with the minute blood-vessels spread over the air-cells, without first permeating this viscid fluid; hence the rattle. Nor is the contact sufficiently perfect to change the black venous into the red arterial blood. An unprepared fluid consequently issues from the lungs into the heart, and is thence transmitted to every other organ of the body. The brain receives it, and its energies appear to be lulled thereby into sleep—generally tranquil sleep, filled with dreams which impel the dying lip to murmur out the names of friends and the occupations and recollections of a past life: the peasant "babbles o' green fields"; and Napoleon expires amid visions of battle, uttering with his last breath, "*tête d'armée.*"—*Sir H. Halford's Essays: Death and Madness.*

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DEATH OF A FAMOUS WHIPPER-IN.

THE circumstances of his death are detailed in a letter from his old master, which will form no inappropriate conclusion to this article. It is printed with its original peculiarity of abbreviation :—

"Dr. Chambers,—On Tuesday last died poor Tommy Moody, (as good for Rough and Smooth) as ever enter'd Wildman's Wood. He died brave and honest, as he liv'd, Belov'd by all, hat'd by none that ever knew him. I took his own orders as to his Will, Funeral, and every other thing that could be thought of. He died sensible, and fully collected as man ever did, and, in short, died Game at ye last—For when he could hardly swallow, ye poor old Lad took ye Glass for success to Fox-Hunting, and his poor old master (as he term'd it,) for ever. I am sole Executor, and ye Bulk of ye Fortune is left to me—*six-and-twenty shillings real and* bona fide *stirling Cash, free from all encumbrances, after every debt discharged to a Farthing.*—Noble deeds for Tom, you'll say. The poor old Ladys at the Ring of Bells are to have a knot each, for remembrance of ye poor old Lad. Salop papers will show you ye whole ceremony of his Burial; but for fear you should not see that paper, I send it to you, as under. 'SPORTSMEN ATTEND.—On Tuesday 29th Inst. was buried at Barrow, near Wenlock, Salop, Thomas Moody, ye well known whipper-in to G. Forester, Esq.'s Fox-Hounds for 20 years.—He had every Sporting Honor paid to his memory.—He was carried to ye grave by a proper number of Old Earth Stoppers, and attend'd by many other Sporting Friends, who heartily mourn'd for him. Directly after the Corpse, followed his old favourite Horse, (which he always called his old soul,) thus accoutred—carrying his last Fox's Brush in ye front of his Bridle—with his Cap, Whip, Boots, Spurs, and Girdle, across his Saddle. The ceremony being over—*he* (*by his own desire*) *had three clear, rattling view Halloos given him over his grave:* and thus ended ye Career of Poor Tom, who liv'd and died an honest Fellow, but, alas! a very wet one.' I hope you and Family are well, and you'll believe me, much yours,

Willey, 5th Decr 1796." G. FORESTER."

—*Hayward's Essays*, vol. ii.

DEATHS OF DR. BLACK AND DR. HENRY.

Dr. Joseph Black had, at one time, a house near us, to the west. He was a striking and beautiful person—tall, very thin, and cadaverously pale; his hair carefully powdered, though there was little of it except what was collected in a long thin queue; his eyes dark, clear, and large, like deep pools of pure water. He wore black speckless clothes, silk stockings, silver buckles, and either a slim green silk umbrella or genteel brown cane. The general frame and air was feeble and slender. The wildest boy respected Black; no man could be irreverent towards a man so pale, so gentle, so elegant, and so illustrious. So he glided, like a spirit, through our rather mischievous sportiveness, unharmed. He died seated, with a bowl of milk on his knee, of which his ceasing to live did not spill a drop—a departure which it seemed, after the event happened, might have been foretold of this attenuated philosophical gentleman. I have known of some peaceful deaths not unlike this; but one that was even more tranquil was that of Dr. Henry, the historian—about 1790, I think. I had the account of it from Sir Harry Moncrieff, who I believe was his favourite younger friend. The doctor was living at a place of his own in his native county of Stirling. He was about seventy-two, and had been for some time very feeble. He wrote to Sir Harry that he was dying, and thus invited him for the last time: "Come out here directly. I have got something to do this week; I have got to die." Sir Harry went, and found his friend plainly sinking, but resigned and cheerful. He had no children, and there was nobody with him except his wife. She and Sir Harry remained alone with him for about three days, being his last three; during a great part of which the reverend historian sat in his easy chair, and conversed, and listened to reading, and dozed. While engaged in this way, the hoofs of a horse were heard clattering in the court below. Mrs. Henry looked out and exclaimed it was "that wearisome body," naming a neighbouring minister, who was famous for never leaving a house after he once got into it. "Keep him out," cried the doctor; "don't let the cratur in

here." But before they could secure his exclusion the cratur's steps were heard on the stair, and he was at the door. The doctor instantly winked significantly, and signed to them to sit down and be quiet, and he would pretend to be sleeping. The hint was taken, and when the intruder entered he found the patient asleep in his cushioned chair. Sir Harry and Mrs. Henry put their fingers to their lips, and pointing to the supposed slumberer as one not to be disturbed, shook their heads. The man sat down near the door, like one inclined to wait till the nap should be over. Once or twice he tried to speak, but was instantly repressed by another finger on the lip and another shake of the head. So he sat on, all in perfect silence, for above a quarter of an hour, during which Sir Harry occasionally detected the dying man peeping cautiously through the fringes of his eyelids, to see how his visitor was coming on. At last Sir Harry tired, and he and Mrs. Henry, pointing to the poor doctor, fairly waved the visitor out of the room; on which the doctor opened his eyes wide, and had a tolerably hearty laugh, which was renewed when the sound of the horse's feet made them certain that their friend was actually off the premises. Dr. Henry died that night.—*Cockburn's Memorials.*

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DEATH AND DELIRIUM.

Delirium often takes place in consequence of an accident of no very momentous kind: it may occur without fever, or it may be accompanied with that irritative sympathetic, which is often the "last stage of all, that closes the sad eventful history" of a compound fracture. Delirium seems to be a very curious affection; in this state a man is quite unconscious of his disease, he will give rational answers to any questions you put to him when you rouse him, but he relapses into a state of wandering, and his actions correspond with his dreaming. I remember a man with compound fracture in this hospital, whose leg was in a horrible state of sloughing. I have roused him and said, "Thomas, what is the matter with you? how do you do?" He would reply, "Pretty hearty, thank ye; nothing is the matter with me;

how do you do?" He would then go on dreaming of one thing or another; I have listened at his bedside, and I am sure his dreams were often of a pleasant kind. He met old acquaintances in his dreams, people whom he remembered *lang syne*, his former companions, his kindred and relations; and he expressed his delight at seeing them. He would exclaim every now and then, "That's a good one; well, I never heard a better joke," and so on. It is a curious circumstance that all consciousness of suffering is thus cut off, as it were, from the body; and it cannot but be regarded as a very benevolent effect of nature's operations that extremity of suffering should thus bring with it its antidote.—*Sir H. Halford's Essays: Death and Madness.*

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THE "LIGHTENING BEFORE DEATH."

A YOUNG gentleman, twenty-four years of age, who had been using mercury very largely, caught cold, and became seriously ill with fever. His head appeared to be affected on the fifth day; and on the seventh, when I was first called into consultation with another physician who had attended him with great care and judgment from the commencement of his illness, we found him in the highest possible state of excitement. He was stark naked, standing upright in bed, his eyes flashing fire, exquisitively alive to every movement about him, and so irascible as not to be approached without increasing his irritation to a degree of fury. He was put under coercion, and amongst other expedients emetic tartar was ordered to be administered to him, in doses of a grain each time, at proper intervals. On the eleventh day of his disease I was informed that he was become quite calm, and seemed much better. It was remarked indeed that he had said repeatedly that he *should die;* that under this conviction he had talked with great composure of his affairs; that he had mentioned several debts which he had contracted, and made provision for their payment; that he had directed messages to his mother, who was abroad, expressive of his affection, and had talked much of a sister who had died the year before, and whom he said he knew he was about to follow

immediately. To my questions, whether he had slept previously to this state of quietude, and whether his pulse had come down, it was answered no, he had not slept, and his pulse was quicker than ever. Then it was evident that his specious improvement was unreal, that the clearing up of his mind was a mortal sign, "a lightening before death," and that he would die forthwith. On entering his room he did not notice us, his eyes were fixed on vacancy, he was occupied entirely within himself, and all that we could gather from his words was some indistinct mention of his sister. His hands were cold, and his pulse immeasurably quick; he died that night.—*Sir H. Halford's Essays: Death and Madness.*

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MADAME SEVIGNE ON THE DEATH OF LOUVOIS THE JESUIT MINISTER OF LOUIS XIV.

I am so astonished at the news of the sudden death of M. de Louvois that I am at a loss how to speak of it. Dead however he is, this great minister, this potent being, who occupied so great a place; whose *me* (*le moi*), as M. Nicole says, had so wide a dominion; who was the centre of so many orbs. What affairs had he not to manage! what designs, what projects, what secrets! what interests to unravel, what wars to undertake, what intrigues, what noble games at chess to play and to direct! Ah, my God, give me a little time: I want to give check to the Duke of Savoy, checkmate to the Prince of Orange. No, no, you shall not have a moment, not a single moment. Are events like these to be talked of? Not they. We must reflect upon them in our closets.—*Madame de Sevigné and her Contemporaries.*

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THE DEATH OF A HOLY NUN.

This excellent nun became, under the M. Angelique and Suireau des Anges, a most exemplary and devoted Christian. She lived to a very advanced age, and her sight became much affected; notwithstanding which, when she was past eighty, she was to be seen every morning at matins, reading

her homily by the light of four large wax tapers, which four novices held near her for that purpose. God, whom she had so faithfully served, according to her degree of light, bestowed upon her the blessing of a most happy and edifying death. Her last illness continued eight days, during which she enjoyed great peace. Her joy increased as she approached death. Beginning to be in the agony of death, she asked the M. Suireau des Anges, who never left her, to send in for the nuns to sing the creed with her, that she might joyfully declare her profession of faith. This was done, the sisters standing in two rows and singing antiphonally. She then recounted the mercies of her life, how it had pleased God to answer her prayers and lead her from darkness into His marvellous light. She then said with extraordinary joy, "We must praise God, I must wish the *Te Deum* to be sung." Instantly the Abbess Des Anges ordered it to be done. The precentress began, and the whole choir followed. As they sang the very words, "*In Te, Domine, speravi, non confundar in æternum,*" the good mother breathed her last, in a joy and peace which passes all understanding.—*Shimmelpenninck's Tour to Alêt*, vol. ii.

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THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

Mr. Watson, uncle to the late Marquis of Rockingham, a man of immense fortune, finding himself at the point of death, desired a friend who was present to open him a drawer, in which was an old shirt, that he might put it on. Being asked why he would wish to change his linen when he was so ill, "Because I 'm told that the shirt that I die in must be the nurse's perquisite, and that is good enough for her!" This was as bad as the woman, who with her last breath blew out an inch of candle—"Because," said she, "I can see to die in the dark."

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SIR WALTER SCOTT'S JOURNAL ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

May 15.—Received the melancholy intelligence that all is over at Abbotsford.

Abbotsford, May 16.—She died at nine in the morning, after being very ill for two days—easy at last. I arrived here late last night. Anne is worn out, and has had hysterics, which returned on my arrival. Her broken accents were like those of a child, the language as well as the tones broken, but in the most gentle voice of submission: "Poor mamma—never return again—gone for ever—a better place." Then, when she came to herself, she spoke with sense, freedom, and strength of mind, till her weakness returned. It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger—what was it then to the father and husband? For myself, I scarce know how I feel, sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family, all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections. I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not, my Charlotte—my thirty years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form, those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic; but that yellow masque, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look on it again. Anne thinks her little changed, because the latest idea she had formed of her mother is as she appeared under circumstances of extreme pain; mine go back to a period of comparative ease. If I write long in this way I shall write down my resolution, which I would rather write up if I could. I wonder how I shall do with the large portion of thoughts which were hers for thirty years. I suspect they will be hers yet for a long time at least. But I will not blaze cambric and crape in the public eye, like a disconsolate widower, that most affected of all characters.

May 17.—Last night Anne, after conversing with apparent ease, dropped suddenly down as she rose from the supper table, and lay six or seven minutes as if dead. Clarkson however has no fear of these affections.

May 18.—Another day, and a bright one to the external world, again opens on us; the air soft, and the flowers smiling, and the leaves glittering. They cannot refresh her to whom mild weather was a natural enjoyment. Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gaiety and pastime. No, no, she is sentient and conscious of my emotions somewhere, somehow; *where* we cannot tell; *how* we cannot tell; yet would I not at this moment renounce the mysterious yet certain hope that I shall see her in a better world, for all that this world can give me. The necessity of this separation, that necessity which rendered it even a relief, that and patience must be my comfort. I do not experience those paroxysms of grief which others do on the same occasion. I can exert myself, and speak even cheerfully with the poor girls; but alone, or if anything touches me, the choking sensation. I have been to her room: there was no voice in it, no stirring; the pressure of the coffin was visible on the bed, but it had been removed elsewhere; all was neat, as she loved it, but all was calm, calm as death. I remember the last sight of her. She raised herself in bed, and tried to turn her eyes after me, and said with a sort of smile "You all have such melancholy faces." These were the last words I ever heard her utter, and I hurried away, for she did not seem quite conscious of what she said. When I returned, immediately departing, she was in a deep sleep. It is deeper now; this was but seven days since. They are arranging the chamber of death; that which was long the apartment of connubial happiness, and of whose arrangements (better than in richer houses) she was so proud. They are treading fast and thick. For weeks you could have heard a footfall. Oh, my God!—*Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott*, vol. vi.

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VICISSITUDES OF WAR.

How many circumstances occur during the heat of battle which are worth recording for their singularity! Amongst this number are the following:—Whilst I was giving some directions to a sergeant of the regiment, during the time we were under a smart fire from the enemy's guns on the 28th, he was suddenly wheeled about by the effect of a round shot, which struck the end of his knapsack, and tearing it from his back, scattered the contents of it in the air, without doing him the slightest injury. At the same moment I received a musket-ball, which struck the front of my cravat, which it tore, and passing under the collar of my coat, grazing the skin of my shoulder, escaped through an aperture of its own making. Not so fortunate was Lieut. Galway, who, during our first charge, received two musket-balls in his body, from the effect of which I found him, on returning to our ground, lying upon a heap of stones, and bleeding rapidly to death. Whilst we were rendering him every assistance (no medical man being with us), we were called away from our exertions by the return of the enemy; and when they were again driven back, and we regained our former ground, Lieut. Galway was discovered lying upon his back where we had left him; his pulse had ceased to beat, and life to all appearance had passed away. "Is he beyond all hope, and can nothing be done for him?" inquired one of the party. The reply was, "Nothing—he is dead." At that moment, to our astonishment, he rose upon his seat, and staring wildly about him with apparent surprise said "Dead!" It was the last effort of nature; he had no sooner uttered this than, falling upon his back, he died without a struggle.—*United Service Journal.*

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DEATH-BEDS NOT TO BE ENVIED.

Instances of the ruling passion strong in death are numerous. Stories of Rabelais' sportiveness and wit to the last are familiar to every one; such as his dressing himself in a domino a short time before he died, and sitting in it by his bedside, in order, when asked why he committed so ill-timed an extravagance, he might reply, "*Beati qui in Domino*

moriuntur." An anecdote of Malherbe, who was "nothing if not critical," is not perhaps so well known as those relating to Rabelais. An hour before his death, says Bayle, after he had been two hours in an agony, he awakened on a sudden to reprove his landlady, who waited upon him, for using a word that was not good French; and when his confessor reprimanded him for it he told him he could not help it, and that he would defend the purity of the French language until death. When his confessor painted the joys of paradise with extraordinary eloquence, and asked him if he did not feel a vehement desire to enjoy such bliss, Malherbe, who had been more attentive to the holy man's manner than to his matter, captiously replied, 'Speak no more of it; your bad style disgusts me.' He was critical to the last gasp Poor Sheridan, like Rabelais, in the midst of all his miseries preserved his pleasantry and his perception of the ridiculous almost as long as life lasted. When lying on his death-bed, the solicitor, a gentleman who had been much favoured in wills, waited on him; after the general legatee had left the room another friend came in, to whom the author of the "School for Scandal" said, "My friends have been very kind in calling upon me and offering their services in their respective ways; Dick W. has been here with his *will-making face.*"—*Physic and Physicians.*

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DEATH OF ELIAS HICKS.—THE RULING PASSION.

A STRONG and earnest preacher, by the name of Elias Hicks, made himself more offensive than others in this respect. He appears to have been a very just and conscientious man, with great reverence for God and exceeding little for human authority. Everywhere, in public and in private, he lifted up his voice against the sin of slavery. He would eat no sugar that was made by slaves, and wear no garment which he supposed to have been produced by unpaid labour. In a remarkable manner he showed the "ruling passion strong in death." A few hours before he departed from this world, his friends seeing him shiver placed a comfortable over him. He felt of it with his feeble hands, and made a strong effort to push it away. When they again drew it up over his

shoulders he manifested the same symptoms of abhorrence. One of them, who began to conjecture the cause, inquired, "Dost thou dislike it because it is cotton?" He was too far gone to speak, but he moved his head in token of assent. When they removed the article of slave produce, and substituted a woollen blanket, he remained quiet and passed away in peace.—*Life of Isaac T. Hopper.*

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AN OLD NEWGATE CEREMONY.

ANOTHER part of this custom used to be that the bellman came under the window of Newgate, as near to the prisoner's cell as he could, and after giving "twelve solemn towles" with a little hand-bell, repeated this quaint and solemn warning:—

"All you that in the condemned cell do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
Watch all, and pray, the hour is drawing near,
When you before the Almighty must appear.
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not t' eternal flames be sent.
And when St. 'Pulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord have mercy on your souls.
Past twelve o'clock."

—*A Famous Forgery.*

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THE ISLAND OF GRAVES IN SKYE.

THE Skye man likes to bury his dead in islands, and this one in the stream at Skeabost is a crowded cemetery. I forded the stream, and wandered for an hour amongst the tombs and broken stones. There are traces of an ancient chapel on the island, but tradition does not even make a guess at its builder's name or the date of its erection. There are old slabs lying sideways, with the figures of recumbent men with swords in their hands, and inscriptions—undecipherable now—carved on them. There is the grave of a Skye clergyman who, if his epitaph is to be trusted, was a burning and a shining light in his day—a gospel candle irradiating the Hebridean darkness. I never saw a churchyard so mounded, and so evidently overcrowded. Here laird, tacksman, and

cotter elbow each other in death. Here no one will make way for a new-comer, or give the wall to his neighbour. And standing in the little ruined island of silence and the dead, with the river perfectly audible on either side, one could not help thinking what a picturesque sight a Highland funeral would be, creeping across the moors with wailing pipe-music, fording the river, and his bearers making room for the dead man amongst the older dead as best they could. And this sight I am told may be seen any week in the year. To this island all the funerals of the country side converge. Standing there too, one could not help thinking that this space of silence, girt by river noises, would be an *eerie* place by moonlight. The broken chapel, the carved slabs lying sideways, as if the dead man beneath had grown restless and turned himself, and the head-stones jutting out of the mounded soil at every variety of angle, would appal in the ink of shadow and the silver of moonbeam. In such circumstances one would hear something more in the stream as it ran past than the mere breaking of water on stones.—*Alexander Smith's Summer in Skye.*

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DEATH OF A RABBI.

When Rabbi Jochanan, the son of Sachai, was ill and on his death-bed his disciples came to visit him. When he saw them he began to weep. "Light of Israel," said they to him, "main pillar of the right, thou strong hammer, why dost thou weep?" He answered, "Were I led forth to judgment before a mortal king, who is here to-day and in his grave to-morrow; whose anger, were it excited against me, would not be lasting; whose fetters, were he to chain me, could not confine the body; whose infliction of death, were he to kill me, would not be eternal; whom I could mollify with words or bribe with gifts—even then I would weep. How much greater is my cause for tears, now that I am to be led before the King of kings, the Holy One! Blessed be He who liveth and reigneth for ever! whose wrath, were it excited against me, is everlasting; whose fetters, were He to chain me, know no end; whose infliction of death, were He to kill me, would be eternal; whom I can

neither mollify with words, nor bribe with gifts. Moreover, there are two paths open before me,—the one leading to bliss, the other to torments; and I know not which of them it will be my doom to take. Then how can I abstain from weeping?" His disciples then said, "Our rabbi, give us thy blessing." He answered, "May the fear of the Deity be as strong on you as the fear of man!" One of them said, "What! no stronger!" He answered, "Oh that it were as strong! for you know that he that is about committing a sin says within himself, 'I must take care that no man seeth me.'"—*From Akedath Itzchack, by R. Isaac ben Moses.*

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DEATH.

In a previous part of this work we have recorded several instances in which the "ruling passion strong in death" has been remarkably displayed. A few more illustrations occur to our mind. Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness his physician observing, in the morning, that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night." The French Princess de Charolais, although in the agonies of death, for some time refused the entreaties of her confessor to take off her *rouge;* at last she consented, "But in this case," said she to the attendant woman, "give me some other ribands; you know that without *rouge* yellow ribands look frightful upon me." The last words of Mrs. Oldfield were, "One would not look a fright after one's death;" or, according to Pope,—

> "One would not sure look ugly when one's dead;
> Pray, Betty! give these cheeks a little red!"

Alonzo Carro, a celebrated Spanish artist, refused to look at the crucifix when the priest presented it to him in his dying moments, because the sculpture was so badly executed. He asked for a plain cross, which, being brought to him, he devoutly embraced, and expired. The Duke de Crillon was at Avignon at the period when the Duke of Ormond died there; and, having entered his chamber at the very moment when the latter was dying, he had nearly been a witness to a very remarkable scene which had just taken place between the

expiring nobleman, who was a true pattern of politeness, and a German baron, also one of the most polite men in the country. The duke, feeling himself dying, desired to be conveyed in his arm-chair, when, turning towards the baron, "Excuse me, sir," said he, "if I should make some grimaces in your presence, for my physician tells me that I am at the point of death." "Ah, my lord duke," replied the baron, "I beg you will not put yourself under any restraint on my account." The study of grammar was the great passion of the Abbe D'Angeau. On being seized with a fit of illness, and being told that he must be prepared for death, he said, "Whatever happens, I am extremely rejoiced that I have in my portfolio at least thirty-six conjugations perfectly completed." Garci Sanchez de Badajoz, when he was at the point of death, desired that he might be dressed in the habit of St. Francis; this was accordingly done; and over the Franciscan frock they put on his habit of St. Iago, for he was a knight of that order. It was a point of devotion with him to wear the one dress, and a point of honour to wear the other; but, looking at himself in his double attire, he said to those who surrounded his death-bed, "The Lord shall say to me presently, 'My friend Garci Sanchez, you come very well wrapt up!' and I shall reply, 'Lord, it is no wonder, for it was winter when I set off.'"—*Physic and Physicians.*

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"*HE BABBLED OF GREEN FIELDS.*"

Very solemn are the thoughts connected with the departure of souls. How impossible usually to fix the attention upon any truly sacred thoughts connected with the world of spirits! Miss Goodman, in her "Experiences," says one soldier was informed by the doctor that his end drew near, and he summoned the sister to his bedside. He says, "Sister, I may have anything I like." She waited for the important charge. "Of all things, I should enjoy to be propped up, with Fred to come and yarn a bit; and could you get me a draught of beer and a pipe?" Another, as he was departing begged, for a clean shirt, and when the sister sprinkled a little eau de Cologne on his pillow he expressed his grati-

tude,—"If ever I should recover I should like to take you for a walk in Phœnix Park." And then he added, "I always managed to have a little scent on Sundays."—"*Miss Goodman's Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy:*" *Eclectic Review.*

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DEATH OF A HIGHLANDER.

Even in death a weird spirit comes out among the strange people: when the daughter of the old minister shed a tear which fell on the face of her father as he was dying, old Rory carefully wiped it off, and rebuked her, because it is a Highland superstition that no tear should drop on the face of a good man when he is dying, as it adds to his burden; and even then the old minister suddenly stretched forth his hand and exclaimed, "I baptize thee into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and so in the fervour of some old baptismal service fell back and expired. The death of old Rory himself was folded in by a still more weird and spectral surrounding.

One evening, after weeks of illness, he said to his wife, "Dress me in my best; get a cart ready; I must go to the manse and bless them all, and then die." His wife thought at first that his strange and sudden wish was the effect of delirium, and she was unwilling to consent. But Rory gave the command in a tone which was never heard except when, at sea or on land, he meant to be obeyed. Arrayed in his Sunday's best, the old man, feeble, pale, and breathless, tottered into the parlour of the manse, where the family were soon around him, wondering, as if they had seen a ghost, what had brought him there. "I bless you all, my dear ones," he said, "before I die." And, stretching out his hands, he pronounced a patriarchal blessing and a short prayer for their welfare. Shaking hands with each, and kissing the hand of his old and dear mistress, he departed. The family group felt awe-struck,—the whole scene was so sudden, strange, and solemn. Next day Rory was dead.—"*Dr. Macleod's Annals of a Highland Parish:*" *Eclectic Review.*

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DEATH OF JOHN FLETCHER, OF MADELEY.

This good and great man departed to his eternal rest not with peace merely, but with extraordinary triumph. He returned home from his parish duties on a Midsummer day, exhausted and feverish with cold. On the ensuing Sunday, resisting, after two days' confinement, the admonitions of his friends, he went to his church; it was the last day of his ministrations there. Before he had read far in the service his countenance changed, he was seized with faintness, and could scarcely proceed. The congregation was alarmed and in tears; his wife pressed through the crowd, and entreated the dying man to desist; but he seemed to know it "was the last time," and persisted. The windows were opened and afforded him relief; his sermon surprised his hearers by its more than usual pathos and power, and "an awful concern was awakened through the whole assembly." Descending from the pulpit, he walked up to the communion table, saying as he went, "I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim, before the mercy-seat." Several times did he sink exhausted on the sacramental table, while the congregation wept and sobbed aloud at the sight. Having struggled through a service of four hours' duration, he was supported, while uttering benedictions on the people, to his chamber, where he fell in a swoon, and never again went out, but when borne to the grave. For several days he suffered much, but with continual praise upon his lips. "God is love! shout aloud! I want a gust of praise to go to the ends of the earth!" cried the sinking man. A visitor asked him if he thought God would not raise him up. "Raise me up in the resur——," he gasped. On the next Sunday a supplicatory hymn was sung for him in the church. A brother clergyman, who officiated on the occasion, says that there can be no description of the scene: the burst of sorrow that attended the supplication; the sadness, and even consternation, that prevailed through the village which had been consecrated so long by his holy life; the running to and fro of messengers with reports of his condition. "The members of every family sat together in silence that day, awaiting with trembling expectation the issue of every hour." The poor who came from a distance to attend the service, and

who were usually entertained at his house, begged to see him once more. They were allowed to pass along the gallery, and to take, through the opened door of his chamber, their final look at his beloved face. He died that night. "I know thy soul," said his wife as she bent over him, when he could no longer speak; "I know thy soul; but for the sake of others, if Jesus be present with thee lift up thy right hand." Immediately it was raised. "If the prospects of glory sweetly open before thee, repeat the sign." He instantly raised it again, and in half a minute a second time. He then threw it up, as if he would reach the top of the bed. After this his hands moved no more. Breathing like a person in common sleep, he died August 14, 1785, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. "Many exemplary men," said Wesley, "have I known, holy in heart and life, within fourscore years; but one equal to him I have not known; one so inwardly and outwardly devoted to God, so unblamable a character in every respect, I have not found either in Europe or America, nor do I expect to find another such on this side of eternity." Weeping and lamenting thousands bore the remains of Fletcher to the grave, singing on the way:

"With heavenly weapons he has fought
The battles of his Lord;
Finished his course, and kept the faith,
And gained the great reward."

—*Stevens' History of Methodism,* vol. ii.

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DEATH OF THOMAS WALSH.

Wesley seemed to regard him with a sentiment which could hardly be called respect; it was reverence, if not awe. Of no other one of his contemporaries, young or old, has he left such emphatic expressions of admiration as for this young man—a youth of hardly twenty years when he began his ministry, and but twenty-eight when he descended into the grave. All contemporary allusions to him, found in Methodist books, express similar reverence, if not indeed wonder. Not merely his great learning, nor his talents in the pulpit, where he often seemed clothed with the ardour and majesty of a seraph, but something in his character,

something of saintly dignity and moral grandeur, impressed thus his friends, and those most who were most intimate with him. His Roman Catholic education and reading seemed to have given to his piety an ascetic tinge, which the confiding and joyous trustfulness of his Methodist faith could not entirely correct. He fasted and denied himself excessively. At twenty-five he looked like a man of forty. He persisted in preaching when "one would have thought he must drop down dead immediately after." His friends represent him as seeming not to belong to this world; nor could a person better conceive of him, they say, than by forming an idea of one who had returned from the happy dead to converse with men. "Thou knowest my desire," he wrote; "thou knowest there has never been a saint upon earth whom I do not desire to resemble, in doing and suffering Thy whole will. I would walk with Thee, my God, as Enoch did. I would follow Thee to a land unknown, as Abraham did. I would renounce all for Thee, as did Moses and Paul. I would, as did Stephen, seal Thy truth with my blood!" One who from study of the Scriptures understood what manner of person a Christian approved of by God must be, and who from his religious solicitude read, conversed, and thought of little else, says that in Thomas Walsh he saw clearly what till then he had only conceived, that in him his conceptions were truly exemplified. Prostrate upon his face, kneeling, standing, walking, eating—in every posture, and in every place and condition, he was a man mighty in prayer. "In sleep itself, to my certain knowledge," says one of his associates, "his soul went out in groans, and sighs, and tears to God. His heart, having attained such a habit of tendency to its Lord, could only give over when it ceased to beat." He is represented as sometimes lost in mental absence on his knees, with his face heavenward and arms clasped upon his breast, in such composure that scarcely could one hear him so much as breathe; as absorbed in God, and enjoying a calmness and transport which could not be expressed; while from the serenity, and something resembling splendour which appeared on his countenance, and in all his gestures afterward, one might easily discover that he had been on the mount of communion, and had descended, like Moses, with the Divine

glory on his brow. His public prayers were attended with such ardour, pertinence, and faith, that it appeared, says his biographer, "as though the heavens were burst open, and God Himself appeared in the congregation." He was sometimes wrapt away as from earth, in his devotions, being quite lost to himself and insensible of everything around him, absorbed in the visions of God; and in these profound and solemn frames of mind he has remained for hours, still and motionless as a statue. It has already been remarked that the death of this saintly, this seraphic man, was attended by circumstances deeply afflictive to his friends, and affording a suggestive lesson. Bunyan shows his sagacity in representing his hero as beset with terrors and demoniacal mockeries before his final triumph; for the characters of neither good nor bad men can be inferred from their dying words. It pleases God usually to comfort exceedingly His children in the solemn crisis of death; and even the phantasies of the struggling and disordered mind generally then take their character from the habitually pious or godless course of the preceding life: but it is sometimes otherwise; disease and drugs have much effect on the shattered sensibilities; and Christian biography teaches that surviving friends should attach but little significance, whether saddening or consoling, to the last expressions of the dead; life, not death, reveals the probable fate of the soul. Thomas Walsh once heard Fletcher, of Madeley, preach in Wesley's chapel, in London, on the dying trials of good men. Fletcher supposed that some comparatively weak believers might die most cheerfully; and that some strong ones, for the further purification of their faith, or for inscrutable reasons, might have severe conflicts. At the subsequent meeting of the bands Walsh opposed this opinion, and said he thought it bore hard against God's justice, faithfulness, and covenant love to His servants. Fletcher modestly observed that God's wisdom was sovereign and unsearchable; and though he was sorry he had given offence, yet he could not with a good conscience retract what he had said. With some degree of warmth Walsh replied, "Be it done unto you according to your faith, and be it done unto me according to mine!" and here the matter rested. Two years afterward

Walsh needed in death the consolatory opinion of Fletcher. During some months he struggled with what was doubtless the agonies of a disordered nervous system. He was brought almost to the extremity of mental anguish, if not despair of his salvation. To his Christian brethren it was a mysterious spectacle, and public prayers were offered up for him in Dublin, London, and other places. "His great soul," says his biographer, "lay thus, as it were, in ruins for some considerable time, and poured out many a heavy groan and speechless tear from an oppressed heart and dying body. He sadly bewailed the absence of Him whose wonted presence had so often given him the victory over the manifold contradictions and troubles which he endured for His name's sake." But as sometimes the clouds, thick on the whole heavens, are rent at the horizon the moment the sun seems to pause there before setting, and his last rays stream in and flood with effulgence and joy the whole sky, so was the darkness lifted from the last hour of this good man. After prayers had been offered in his chamber by a group of sympathising friends, he requested to be left alone a few minutes that he might "meditate a little." They withdrew, and he remained in profound prayer and self-recollection for some time. At length he broke out with the rapturous exclamation, "*He is come! He is come! my Beloved is mine, and I am His; His for ever!*" and died. Thus lived, and thus in his early manhood died, Thomas Walsh, a man whose memory is still as ointment poured forth in the sanctuaries of Methodism.—*Stevens' History of Methodism*, vol. i.

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DEATH OF REV. J. WESLEY.

The closing scenes of his life were worthy of its pure and beneficent history. On the Sunday morning after his last sermon he rose with apparently improved health, and, sitting in his chair, with his habitual cheerfulness quoted from his brother's hymn, entitled "Forsake me not when my strength faileth," the stanza—

"Till glad I lay this body down,
Thy servant, Lord, attend;
And oh, my life of mercy crown
With a triumphant end!"

Death was a welcome rest to him; and immediately after he had concluded the hymn he uttered with peculiar emphasis the words of Christ, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." He attempted to converse, but was quickly exhausted, and was obliged to lie upon his bed. The group of friends around him knelt in prayer; he responded the Amen with unusual fervour. Soon after he exclaimed, "There is no need for more than what I said at Bristol, my words then were—

"'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me:'"

"Is this the present language of your heart?" asked one of his friends, "and do you now feel as you did then?" "Yes," he replied. "'Tis enough," rejoined his friend; "He, our precious Immanuel, has purchased, has promised all." "He is all! He is all! I will go!" responded the dying man. The evening came on. "How necessary it is," he exclaimed, "for every one to be on the right foundation:

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'

We must be justified by faith, and then go on to full sanctification." The next day he was lethargic. "There is no way into the holiest but by the blood of Jesus," he said in a low but distinct voice; shaking off the languor of disease, he repeated three or four times during the day, "We have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus." On Tuesday the 1st of March he sank rapidly; but he was to depart, as so many thousands of his lowliest followers had, with "singing and shouting." He began the day by singing one of his brother's lyrics:

"All glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restored;
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear, our omnipotent Lord;
Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to Thy people return,
And reign in Thy kingdom of grace.

Oh, wouldst Thou again be made known,
Again in Thy Spirit descend;
And set up in each of Thine own
A kingdom that never shall end

Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to Thy sway."

His voice failed at the end of the second stanza. He asked for pen and ink, but could not write. A friend, taking the pen to write for him, asked "What shall I write?" "Nothing," replied the dying patriarch, "but *that God is with us.*" During the forenoon he again surprised his mourning friends by singing the rapturous hymn:

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures."

Still later he seemed to summon his remaining strength to speak, but could only say in broken accents, "Nature is—nature is—" One of his attendants added, "nearly exhausted; but you are entering into a new nature, and into the society of blessed spirits." "Certainly," he responded, clasping his hand and exclaiming "Jesus." But his voice failed; and though his lips continued to move his meaning could not be understood. He was placed in his chair, but seemed suddenly struck with death. With a failing voice he prayed aloud: "Lord, Thou givest strength to those that speak and to those that cannot. Speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know Thou loosest the tongue." Raising his voice, he sung two lines of the doxology:

"To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree—"

But he could proceed no further. "Now we have done, let us all go," he added. The ruling passion was strong in death; he evidently supposed himself dismissing one of his assemblies. He was again laid upon his bed, to rise no more. After a short sleep he called all to offer prayer and praise. They knelt around him; and, says one of them, "the room seemed filled with the Divine presence." A second time they knelt in like manner, and his fervent responses showed that he was yet able to share in their devotions. He uttered an emphatic Amen to a part of the prayer which alluded to

the perpetuation and universal spread of the doctrine and discipline to which he had devoted his life. When they rose from their knees he took leave of each, grasping their hands and saying, "Farewell! farewell!" Soon after another visitor entered the chamber: Wesley attempted to speak, but observing that he could not be understood, he paused, and collecting all his strength, exclaimed, "The best of all is, God is with us." "And then," says a witness of the scene, "lifting up his dying arms in token of victory, and raising his feeble voice with a holy triumph not to be expressed, he again cried out, "The best of all is, God is with us." "Who are these?" he added, noticing a group of persons by his bedside. "Sir," replied Rogers, who with his wife, Hester Ann Rogers, ministered to him in his last hours, "Sir, we are come to rejoice with you; you are going to receive your crown." "It is the Lord's doing," he replied, "and marvellous in our eyes." On being informed that the widow of Charles Wesley was come, he said, in allusion to his deceased brother, "He giveth His servants rest." He thanked her as she pressed his hand, and affectionately endeavoured to kiss her. As they wet his lips, he said, "We thank Thee, O Lord, for these and all Thy mercies; bless the church and king; and grant us truth and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for ever and ever!" It was his usual thanksgiving after meals. "He causeth His servants to lie down in peace;" "The clouds drop fatness;" "The Lord is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." Such were some of his broken but rapturous ejaculations in these last hours. Again he summoned the company to prayer at his bedside; the chamber had become not merely a sanctuary, it seemed the gate of heaven; he joined in the service with increased fervour. During the night he attempted frequently to repeat the hymn of Watts which he had sung the preceding day, but could only utter—

"I 'll praise—I 'll praise—"

The next morning the sublime scene closed. Joseph Bradford, long his ministerial travelling companion, the sharer of his trials and success, prayed with him. "Farewell!" was the last word and benediction of the dying apostle. While

many of his old friends, preachers and others, were prostrate in prayer around him, without a struggle or a sigh his spirit took its flight, and the unparalleled career of John Wesley was ended.—*Stevens' History of Methodism,* vol. ii.

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DEATH OF ALEXANDER COATES.

The next year Alexander Coates, the oldest lay preacher then in the Connexion, departed to his rest, venerable with years and usefulness. He had preached about a quarter of a century. His pulpit talents are said to have been very extraordinary; he was exceedingly popular, and his conversation "wonderfully pleasant and instructive." He always called Christ his "Master." He was one of the many humble founders of Methodism, who left no account of their laborious lives, but whose record is on high. One of his brethren inquired, a short time before he ceased to breathe, "if he had followed cunningly devised fables." "No! no! no!" was his emphatic reply. "Do you see land?" he was then asked. "Yes, I do," he answered, and after waiting a few moments at anchor, he put into the quiet harbour. His old friend and faithful co-labourer, Christopher Hopper, says, with an affection and pathos which only such fellow-labourers and fellow-sufferers could feel, "I saw him fall asleep in the arms of our adorable Saviour without a doubt. Farewell, my brother, for a season. But we shall meet again to part no more."—*Stevens' History of Methodism,* vol. i.

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DYING WORDS.

Lord Macaulay tells an anecdote of Michael Godfrey, the deputy-governor of the Bank of England, who was standing near King William and under fire at the siege of Namur. "Mr. Godfrey," said William, "you ought not to run these hazards; you are not a soldier; you can be of no use to us here." "Sir," answered Godfrey, "I run no more hazard than your majesty." "Not so," said William; "I am where it is my duty to be, and I may without presumption commit my life to God's keeping; but you——." While

they were talking, a cannon ball from the ramparts laid Godfrey dead at the king's feet.

The dying words of Wolfe are well known, and well authenticated. On hearing an officer exclaim—"See how they run!" he eagerly raised himself on his elbow, and asked, "Who run?" "The enemy," answered the officer; "they give way in all directions." "Then God be praised," said Wolfe after a short pause; "I shall die happy." His antagonist, the Marquis of Montcalm, received a mortal wound whilst endeavouring to rally his men, and expired the next day. When told that his end was approaching, he answered, "So much the better; I shall not live then to see the surrender of Quebec." Dying words and speeches present an ample field for the inventive faculties of biographers and historians. It is reported that Louis XIV.'s to Madame de Maintenon were—"We shall soon meet again;" and that she murmured, "A pleasant rendezvous he is giving me; that man never loved any one but himself." Of Talleyrand M. Louis Blanc relates: "When the Abbé Dupanloup repeated to him the words of the Archbishop of Paris, 'I would give my life for M. de Talleyrand,' he replied, 'He might make a better use of it,' and expired." Do such narratives command implicit faith? Did Goethe die calling for light? or Frederic Schlegel with *aber* (but) in his mouth? or Rabelais exclaiming, "Drop the curtain; the farce is played out"? or Chesterfield, just after telling the servant with characteristic politeness, "Give Dayrolles a chair"? or Locke remarking to Mrs. Masham, "Life is a poor vanity"? Did the expiring Addison call the young Earl of Warwick to his bedside, that he might learn "how a Christian could die"? Was Pitt's heart broken by Austerlitz? and were the last words he uttered—"My country, oh, my country"? George Rose, who had access to the best information, says they were; and says also that the news of the armistice after the battle of Austerlitz drove Pitt's gout from the extremities to the stomach. But the Duke of Wellington, who met Pitt at Stanmore Priory shortly after the arrival of the news, always maintained that Pitt's spirit was not by any means broken by the disappointment. On plausible grounds it has been alleged that Canning's last

illness was aggravated by suppressed anger at one of Lord Grey's attacks; that he had serious thoughts of being called up to the House of Peers to answer it, and his dying words were—"Give me time! give me time"!—"*Mock Pearls of History:*" *Quarterly Review*, No. 218.

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JOHN HOWE'S PRAYER.

"LORD, I have viewed this world over, in which Thou hast set me; I have tried how this and that thing will fit my spirit and the design of my creation, and can find nothing on which to rest, for nothing here doth itself rest, but such things as please me for awhile in some degree vanish and flee as shadows from before me. Lo! I come to Thee—the Eternal Being, the Spring of life, the Centre of rest, the Star of the creation, the Fulness of all things. I join myself to Thee; with Thee I will lead my life and spend my days, with whom I aim to dwell for ever, expecting when my little time is over to be taken up into Thine own eternity."—*Life of John Howe.*

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DYING WORDS OF NAPOLEON.

THE following words were addressed to one of his generals, who appeared to consider Christ merely in the light of a great genius:—

"The triumph of love is, without dispute, the greatest of the miracles of Christ. He, and He only, has succeeded in raising the heart of man above visible things, even to the sacrifice of time; He alone, by establishing such an immolation, has established a link between heaven and earth.

"All those who sincerely believe in Him experience this admirable, supernatural, all-powerful love, which is an inexplicable phenomenon, and cannot be attained by the reason and strength of man; it is a sacred fire which has been given to earth by this new Prometheus, and of which time, that great destroyer of all things, can neither waste the strength nor limit the duration. I, Napoleon, admire this fact more than any other, because I have often reflected

upon it, and it affords me complete proof of the Divinity of Christ!

"I have fascinated multitudes who would have died for me. God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of my soldiers and Christian charity, which are as different from one another as their causes!

"But, in fine, it was by my presence, by the electricity of my glance, by one single word, that I lighted the sacred fire in all hearts. . . . Certainly I possess the secret of that magic power which carries the mind of man along with it: but I could not communicate it to any one; not one of my generals has received or imbibed it from me; neither have I the secret of causing my name and my love for ever to remain enshrined in the heart of man, and of working wonders therein, unassisted by matter.

"Now that I am at St. Helena, ... now that I am fastened down alone upon this rock, who fights my battles and conquers empires for me? Where are the courtiers of my misfortunes? *Do men think of me?* Who exerts himself for me in Europe? Who has remained faithful to my cause? Where are my friends? . . . . Yes, two or three, immortalised by their fidelity, partake and console my exile! . . . .

"Such is the fate of great men! such is the fate of Cæsar and Alexander; and then we are forgotten! and the name of a conqueror, as well as that of an emperor, is nothing more than the subject of a college theme! Our exploits are at the mercy of any pedant who chooses to praise or insult us!

"How many and various judgments are passed on the great Louis XIV.! Scarcely was he dead than the great king himself was left alone in the solitude of his bedroom at Versailles . . . . neglected by his courtiers, and perhaps their laughing-stock! He was no longer their master, but a corpse, the tenant of a coffin and a grave, and an object of horror from the fear of that decomposition which had already begun!

"Such is the approaching fate of the great Napoleon! *What an abyss is there between the depths of my misery and the eternal reign of Christ, who is preached, praised, loved, adored, and living throughout the universe!* . . . *Can*

that be called death? Is it not rather life? Behold the death of Christ! behold the death of a God!"

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CURIOUS RESURRECTIONS.

THERE was a French captain in the reign of Charles IX., who used to sign himself "François de Civile—thrice dead, thrice buried, and by the grace of God thrice restored." The testimony seems striking: as he himself related his history to Misson the traveller, either Civile was a liar, says our author, or the story is true. But without taking much from the romance of his adventures, the details are fatal to the value of the precedent. His first burial, to begin with, occurred before he was born. His mother died when she was advanced in pregnancy, during her husband's absence; and nobody before committing her body to the ground thought of saving the child. His father's return prevented his going altogether out of the world before he had come into it; and here was concluded the first act of the death, burial, and restoration of François de Civile. His next death was at the siege of Rouen in 1562, where he fell senseless, struck by a ball, and some workmen who were digging a trench immediately threw a little mould upon his body, which was burial the second. The servant tried to find out his remains, with the intention to bestow on them a formal interment. Returning from a fruitless search, he caught sight of a stretched-out arm, which he knew to be his master's by a diamond ring that glittered on the hand; and the body, as he drew it forth, was visibly breathing. For some days life and death waged an equal contest; and when life was winning, a party of the enemy, the town having been taken, discovered him in bed, and threw him from the window. He fell on a dung-heap, where they left him to perish, which he considered was death and burial the third. Civile's case would never have been quoted on its own merits; the prominence given it is entirely due to the imposing description which a passion for notoriety made him write after his name, and which still continues to arrest the imagination. He survived to have a fourth funeral; and we hope when he was finally laid in the earth

that he did not verify a proverb, much in vogue in his day, that a sailor often wrecked gets drowned at last.—"*Fontenelle on the Signs of Death:*" *Quarterly Review.*

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SHOT DEAD.

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and the mind to reflect. On the first attempt by one of the fanatic adherents of Spain to assassinate the William, Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bones of his face and brought him to the ground. In the instant of time that preceded stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The cannon shot which plunged into the brain of Charles XII. did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack and the necessity for defence were impressed upon him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought. But it by no means follows that the infliction of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang. From what is known of the first effects of gunshot wounds, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death is immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up. But there is nothing singular in the dying sensations; though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity that the expression is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab the countenance reflects the traits of natural character—of gentleness or ferocity—to the latest breath. Some of the cases are of interest to show with what slight disturbance life may go on under mortal wounds, till it suddenly comes to a final stop. A foot soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket-ball in the hips, begged water from a trooper who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and having proceeded a dozen yards in his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs concluded his career. "Yet his voice," says the

trooper, who himself tells the story, "gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness." Captain Basil Hall, who in his early youth was present at the battle of Corunna, has singled out from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance extremely similar, which occurred on that occasion. An old officer, who was shot in the head, arrived pale and faint at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced to be mortal. "Indeed, I feared so," he responded with impeded utterance; "and yet I should very much like to live a little longer, if it were possible." He laid his sword upon a stone at his side, "as gently," says Hall, "as if its steel had been turned to glass, and almost immediately sunk dead upon the turf."—*"Fontenelle on the Signs of Death:" Quarterly Review.*

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THE EXECUTION OF SIR THOMAS BLOUNT.

Executions in England were less appalling than in France, and the circumstances of cruelty became sooner abhorrent to the disposition of the nation. But there was enough which revolts our humaner feelings, and the embowelling of traitors in particular was a frequent horror. A contemporary writer has preserved the details of the death of Sir Thomas Blount, in the reign of Henry IV. He was hanged in form, immediately cut down, and seated on a bench before the fire prepared to consume his entrails. The executioner, holding a razor in his hand, knelt and asked his pardon. "Are you the person," inquired Sir Thomas, "appointed to deliver me from this world?" And the executioner having answered "yes," and received a kiss of peace, proceeded with the razor to rip up his belly. In this way perished many of the Roman Catholics who had sentence for conspiracies against Elizabeth. Either from the caprice of the executioner, or the private instructions of his superiors, the measure dealt out was extremely unequal. Some were permitted to die before the operation was begun, some were half strangled, and some, the instant the halter had closed round their throats, were seized and butchered in the fulness of life. In the latter cases at least, much of the rigour of

the sentence was at the discretion of the wretch who carried it into effect; and as the friends of the criminal bribed him, when they could afford it, to plunge the knife into a vital part, it is to be presumed that he regulated his mercy by his avarice. Lord Russell remarked that it was a pretty thing to give a fee to be beheaded. But the custom of presenting fees to the headsman had the same origin with these gratuities to the hangman—the desire of his victims to propitiate a functionary who, unless they paid him like gentleman, had it always in his power to behave like a ruffian.—*"Fontenelle on the Signs of Death:" Quarterly Review.*

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DEATH OF HAMPDEN.

THERE is a tradition preserved in the neighbourhood that when Hampden, for the first time in his life, left the field of battle before its termination, he was seen with his head bending down over the saddle, and his hands resting on his horse's back, moving in the direction of Pyrton House, the residence of his father-in-law, Edmund Symeon, Esq. There, says Lord Nugent, he in youth had married the first wife of his bosom, and thither now would have gone to die. But the situation of the enemy's cavalry prevented this, and he turned and rode across the grounds of Hazely towards Thame. A brook crossed his way, which, summoning up all his remaining strength, and setting spurs to his horse, he safely leaped. On reaching Thame he was conducted to the house of one Ezekiel Brown, where in a few days he died. Did we know nothing of the life of Hampden, we could not but revere and love the memory of the man whose dying words breathed forth so pure a spirit. We cannot better conclude this paper than with these few and simple but most touching and noble sentences: "O Lord God of Hosts, great is Thy mercy, just and holy are Thy dealings unto we sinful men. Save me, O Lord, if it be Thy good will, from the jaws of death. Pardon my manifold transgressions. O Lord, save my bleeding country: have these realms in Thy especial keeping. Confound and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty and

lawful prerogative. Let the king see his error, and turn the hearts of his wicked counsellors from the malice and wickedness of their designs. Lord Jesu, receive my soul"!—*Penny Magazine*, vol. viii.

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AN AFFECTING STORY OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

Not very long before I left Scutari I was attending to my work in the ward, when I became aware that there was some object in the corridor attracting general attention; and at the same time it appeared, on looking at their countenances, that the gazers were not only surprised, but this feeling was mingled with pleasure and respect. Not being able at the moment to ascertain what was coming, my first thoughts were of flight; for I concluded that some military chief was paying a visit, as the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Cardigan had done during my sojourn at the hospitals. But there was no need for me to flee; for I found at the corridor an old, white-headed, clean-looking English labourer, who greeted us all with a trusting, pleasant, simple look. What added to the fascination of the old man was the fact of his wearing a tall black beaver hat; and how this article had escaped the voyages and the campaign was a mystery to us all, which was never unravelled. The venerable owner belonged to the Army Works' corps, and ever, in the ward, was known as "grandfather with the hat." When the hospital sergeant, as was usual, came to take possession of the patient's effects, the old man desired him to be sure and take care of the hat, because it was his Sunday one; the sergeant looked aghast at such a charge, declaring that he had nowhere to stow it unless he first cut it in pieces. At this juncture "Black Tom," the orderly, came to the rescue, saying, "The old cove is but a civilian after all, so he need not be tied up so close as we are; I should think the hat can stand on the window-sill over the head of his bed." The sergeant offered no opposition, and the arrangement was an immense relief to us all. At the suggestion of the patient, a red cotton handkerchief was spread over it, and then, as he remarked, it was as safe as though it were standing in its ordinary place upon the chest of drawers.

He often spoke of "his old woman," as he always termed his wife, and of the trials and comforts they had shared together during a union of more than forty years. I asked him what could have induced a man of his years, more than sixty, to venture out to the Crimea. "Why, you see," he answered, "I thought I would try and make something comfortable for my poor old woman; I was always dreading a time when I might be taken away or unable to work for her, and so she be obliged to spend her last days in the workhouse;" he had, he went on to say, paid some years to a benefit society, but the club broke; and, when engaged on a railway, had saved a comfortable sum; but a son met with an accident, which, after a long illness, ended in his death, and thus a great expense fell upon him during the illness, and finally in the bringing up of grandchildren.

The patient walked into hospital, but in a few days was confined to his bed, where he lingered some weeks, the progress of the disease being most gradual. His military associates were uniformly attentive and kind, for, as some of them said, he reminded them of the old governor at home; the medical gentlemen also had a little extra tenderness for him, and even the stern old chief winked at the hat of iniquity, of which we deemed him ignorant until he was overheard remarking to the ward doctor that he feared the old man with the hat was gradually sinking. Each week a cheerful letter was written, at his dictation, to his wife; for he positively forbade his amanuensis telling her how ill he was, because, as he explained, he had two sons in the Crimea, and the blow would be less severe, if when they saw her they broke the sad news. When I perceived him drawing near his end, I suggested that perhaps his letters had better be written in rather a different strain; he replied, "If she knew I was lying here in this state she would have no rest, but always be trying to come out and nurse me;" and then he added, "She is very fond of me; we were never separated before since our marriage, forty years ago." I remember my last visit to his bedside. Although there were no hopes of prolonging his life by means of medicines, the doctor sent up a draught which he trusted might stop a hiccup, from which the old man was suffering when he left

him. The phial was labelled "immediate," but perceiving the dying man apparently lost in meditation, I felt unwilling to disturb him; after some minutes, during which I looked into his placid countenance and regarded him as one whose mind had soared beyond things earthly, he awoke from his reverie, and said, "This is Saturday night, sister?" I assented. "Just about this time my old woman and I would be starting off to market; I had used to leave work about four o'clock, and she would have my clean things for the next week ready for me, so after tea I had used to jog off as clean as a new pin, arm in arm with the old woman; that was always a very comfortable time."—*Miss Goodman's Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy.*

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THE END OF A LONG ENGAGEMENT.

"A NON-COMMISSIONED officer, whose time of service, twenty-one years, had nearly expired, being unequal to his duty in barracks, came into hospital to wait until a vessel should sail for England. As we have seen occur in many instances, a violent illness attacked him shortly after his admission; and when the *Homeward Bound* steamed out of the Golden Horn, he himself and those around him were alike sensible that but one more voyage lay before the soldier—that by which he should cross the river of death. After the departure of the ship, he prepared to send, through us, directions and loving remembrances to those he felt to be nearest to him. Now in middle life, he had been engaged from his youth to a respectable person who was maintaining herself by keeping a little shop of some kind, and who deemed his return so near and so certain that the savings of years had been expended in furnishing anew the small place which was to serve for their future home. Taking from under his bolster the letter in which she enumerated her purchases, and described minutely the humble home in which they were to "settle down" after his long wanderings, and many perils and privations, he expressed a wish to hear it read. Poor fellow! he had it by heart already; for when I, from unacquaintance with the handwriting, faltered, he immediately supplied the word or passage. When I had con-

cluded, he called my attention to a ring he wore, and went on to say, "This is a present she made me twenty years ago, and I promised never to part with it while I lived; when I am dead will you take it off and send it to her, and at the same time tell her that in whatever part of the world I might be quartered I never forgot her, but loved her to the end as when we were boy and girl together?" He lived about a week after the conversation I have narrated, but never again made any allusion to the subject. To my great disappointment the ring was stolen during the unconsciousness immediately preceding death. The tale was told to the ward doctor, who joined most vigorously in the search to recover the token of the dying; but we could obtain no clue to it."—"*Miss Goodman's Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy.*"

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DEATH OF HIGHLANDERS.

THERE is a touch of that strange quicksilver and fairy blood in the veins of all these Highlanders, even more than is peculiar to most primitive people; he has not entertained us indeed with many stories of second sight, though the tender tradition of the grassy hillock, the grave of Florry Cameron, is just one of those tales which impress with that kind of wild fancy of character; but in innumerable ways what we call the superstitions of the Highlanders peep out: in the plate of salt placed on the breast of the corpse, and the candles lighted round the coffin; in the care with which provision is made, even by the poorest, that all their "dead clothes" may be prepared, even years before they are needed; in the universal belief in the shadowy and spectral funeral processions which wind through the churchyards, or among the lonely hills, preceding the real ones; in the still more universally believed warnings, crowing of cocks, the howling of dogs, the ticking of the death watch, or the sudden appearance of phantoms, probably the especial property of a household, before the death of a member of it. Still more remarkable is the yearning desire of the Celt to lie down with his kindred dust; the pauper will save his last penny to secure this birthright and privilege; Dr. Macleod says:—

"I have known a poor man selling all his potatoes, and reducing himself to great suffering, in order to pay the expense of burying his wife in a distant churchyard among her people; and that, too, when the minister of his parish offered to bury her at his own expense in the churchyard of the parish in which the widower resided. Only a year or two ago a pauper in the parish of K—— begged another poor neighbour to see her buried beside her family. When she died, twelve men assembled, carried her ten miles off, dug her grave, and paid all the expenses of her funeral, which, had she been buried elsewhere, would have been paid by the parish.

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"A woman, for example, from 'the main land,' somewhere in Kintail, was married to a highly respectable man in one of the Hebrides, which need not be specified. When she died, twelve of her relations, strong men, armed with oak sticks, journeyed sixty miles to be present at her funeral. They quietly expressed their hope to her husband that his wife should be buried in her own country and beside her own people. But on ascertaining from him that such was not his purpose, they declared their intention to carry off the body by force. An unseemly struggle was avoided only through the husband being unable to find any one to back him in his refusal of what was deemed by his neighbours to be a reasonable request. He therefore consented, and accompanied the body to the churchyard of her family.—*"Dr. Macleod's Recollections of an Highland Parish:" Eclectic Review.*

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THE SON OF BURKE.

It is not always that sickness merges into the agony. The strained thread may break at last with a sudden snap; this is by no means rare in consumption. Burke's son, upon whom his father has conferred something of his own celebrity, heard his parents sobbing in another room at the prospect of an event they knew to be inevitable; he rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavoured to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke continued silent, choked with grief. His son again made an effort to console

him. "I am under no terror," he said; "I feel myself better in spirits, and yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray talk to me, sir! talk of religion; talk of morality; talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects." Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed, "Does it rain? No; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees." The whistling of the wind and the waving of the trees brought Milton's majestic lines to his mind, and he repeated them with uncommon grace and effect:—

> "His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
> Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines:
> With every plant, in sign of worship, wave!"

A second time he took up the sublime and melodious strain; and accompanying the action to the word, waved his hand in token of worship, and sunk into the arms of his father—a corpse. Not a sensation told him that in an instant he would stand in the presence of the Creator to whom his body was bent in homage, and whose praises still resounded from his lips. But commonly the hand of death is felt for one brief moment before the work is done. Yet a parting word, or an expression of prayer, in which the face and voice retain their composure, show that there is nothing painful in the warning. It was in this way Boileau expired, from the effects of dropsy. A friend entered the room where he was sitting; and the poet in one and the same breath bid him hail and farewell. "Good day, and adieu," said he; "it will be a very long adieu"—and died instantly. —*"Fontenelle on the Signs of Death:" Quarterly Review.*

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THE BLISS OF DYING.

The pain of dying must be distinguished from the pain of the previous disease, for when life ebbs sensibility declines. As death is the final extinction of corporal feeling, so numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what may be seen in those lofty mountains, whose sides exhibiting every climate in regular gradation, vegetation luxuriates at their base, and dwindles in the approach

to the regions of snow till its feeblest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is the last to go, and the mind preserves to the end a rational cognisance of the state of the body; yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than the close. "If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." "If this be dying," said the niece of Newton of Olney, "it is a pleasant thing to die;" "the very expression," adds her uncle, "which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed, a few years ago." The same words have so often been uttered under similar circumstances, that we could fill pages with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker. "If this be dying," said Lady Glenorchy, "it is the easiest thing imaginable." "I thought that dying had been more difficult," said Louis XIV. "I did not suppose it was so sweet to die," said Francis Suarez, the Spanish theologian. An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment with them all; they expected the stream to terminate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentlest current. The whole of the faculties seem sometimes concentrated on the placid enjoyment. The day Arthur Murphy died he kept repeating from Pope:—

> "Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
> To welcome death, and calmly pass away."

Nor does the calm partake of the sensitiveness of sickness. There was a swell in the sea the day Collingwood breathed his last upon the element which had been the scene of his glory. Capt. Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship; "No, Thomas," he replied, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end."—*Fontenelle on the Signs of Death.*

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DYING: THE RULING IDEA STRONG IN DEATH.

Disease has more frequently an injurious effect, and the mind is heavy, weakened, or deranged. Of the species of idiocy which ushers in death Mrs. Quickly gives a perfect description in her narrative of Falstaff's end; an unrivalled piece of painting, and deeply pathetic in the midst of its humours. "After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' end, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields." Falstaff, to whom a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity, and whose heart was never open to rural impressions, amusing himself with flowers like a child—Falstaff, the impersonation of intellectual wit, and who kept a sad brow at the jests which moved the mirth of every one besides, regarding his fingers' ends with simpering imbecility—there is an epitome of the melancholy contrasts which are constantly witnessed, and which would be mournful indeed if we did not know that the bare grain is not quickened except it die, and that the stage of decay must precede its springing into newness of life. The intellect of Falstaff has degenerated into silliness, but he knows what he says, and comprehends what he sees. When the sensibility to outward impressions is lost or disordered, and the mind is delirious, the dying dream of their habitual occupations, and construct an imaginary present from the past. Dr. Armstrong departed delivering medical precepts. Napoleon fought some battles o'er again, and the last words he muttered were *tête d'armée*. Lord Tenterden, who passed straight from the judgment-seat to his death-bed, fancied himself still presiding at a trial, and expired with, "*Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider of your verdict.*" Dr. Adam, the author of the "Roman Antiquities," imagined himself in school, distributing praise and censure among his pupils: "*But it grows dark,*" he said; "*the boys may dismiss;*" and instantly died. The physician, soldier, judge, schoolmaster, each had their thoughts on their several professions, and believed themselves engaged in the business of life when life itself was issuing out through their lips. Whether such words are always an evidence of internal consciousness may admit of a doubt.

The mind is capable of pursuing a beaten track without attending to its own operations, and the least impulse will set it going when every other power has fled. De Lagny was asked the square of twelve when he was unable to recognise the friends about his bed, and mechanically answered, "*one hundred and forty-four.*" Repetitions of poetry are frequent in this condition, and there is usually a want of coherence and intonation which appears to indicate a want of intelligence, and leaves the conviction expressed by Dr. Symonds, that the understanding is passive. But upon many occasions it is perfectly obvious that the language of the lips is suggested by the mental dream. The idea of Dr. Adam, that it was growing dark, evidently arose from the fading away of the vision, as the thick darkness of death covered his mind and clouded his perceptions. The man himself is his own world, and he lives among the phantoms he has created, as he lived among the actual beings of flesh and blood, with the difference, perhaps, that the feelings like the picture, are faint and shadowy.—*Fontenelle on the Signs of Death.*

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MODES OF DYING.—"NONE PLEASE ME."

Old Fuller, having pondered all the modes of destruction, arrived at the short and decisive conclusion, "None please me." "But away," the good man adds, "with these thoughts; the mark must not choose what arrow shall be shot against it." The choice is not ours to make, and if it were, the privilege would prove an embarrassment. But there is consolation in the teaching of physiology. Of the innumerable weapons with which Death is armed, the worst is less intolerable than imagination presents it, his visage is more terrible than his dart.—*Fontenelle on the Signs of Death.*

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CRUCIFIXION.

The Head, the Hope, the Supporter of those who gave their bodies to be burnt, drank Himself of a bitterer cup. Of all the devices of cruel imagination, crucifixion is the masterpiece. Other pains are sharper for a time, but none are at once so agonizing and so long. One aggravation, however,

was wanting which, owing to the want of knowledge in painters, is still, we believe, commonly supposed to have belonged to the punishment. The weight of the body was borne by a ledge which projected from the middle of the upright beam, and not by the hands and feet, which were probably found unequal to the strain. The frailty of man's frame comes at last to be its own defence; but enough remained to preserve the pre-eminence of torture to the cross. The process of nailing was exquisite torment, and yet worse in what ensued than in the actual infliction. The spikes rankled, the wounds inflamed, the local injury produced a general fever, the fever a most intolerable thirst; but the misery of miseries to the sufferer was, while racked with agony, to be fastened in a position which did not permit him even to writhe. Every attempt to relieve the muscles, every instinctive movement of anguish, only served to drag the lacerated flesh, and wake up new and acuter pangs; and this torture, which must have been continually aggravated until advancing death began to lay it to sleep, lasted on an average two or three days.—*Fontenelle on the Signs of Death.*

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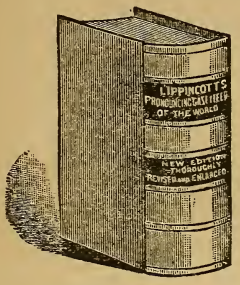

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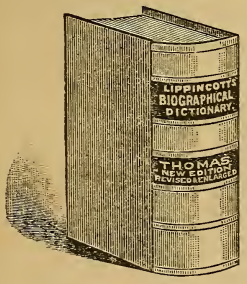

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